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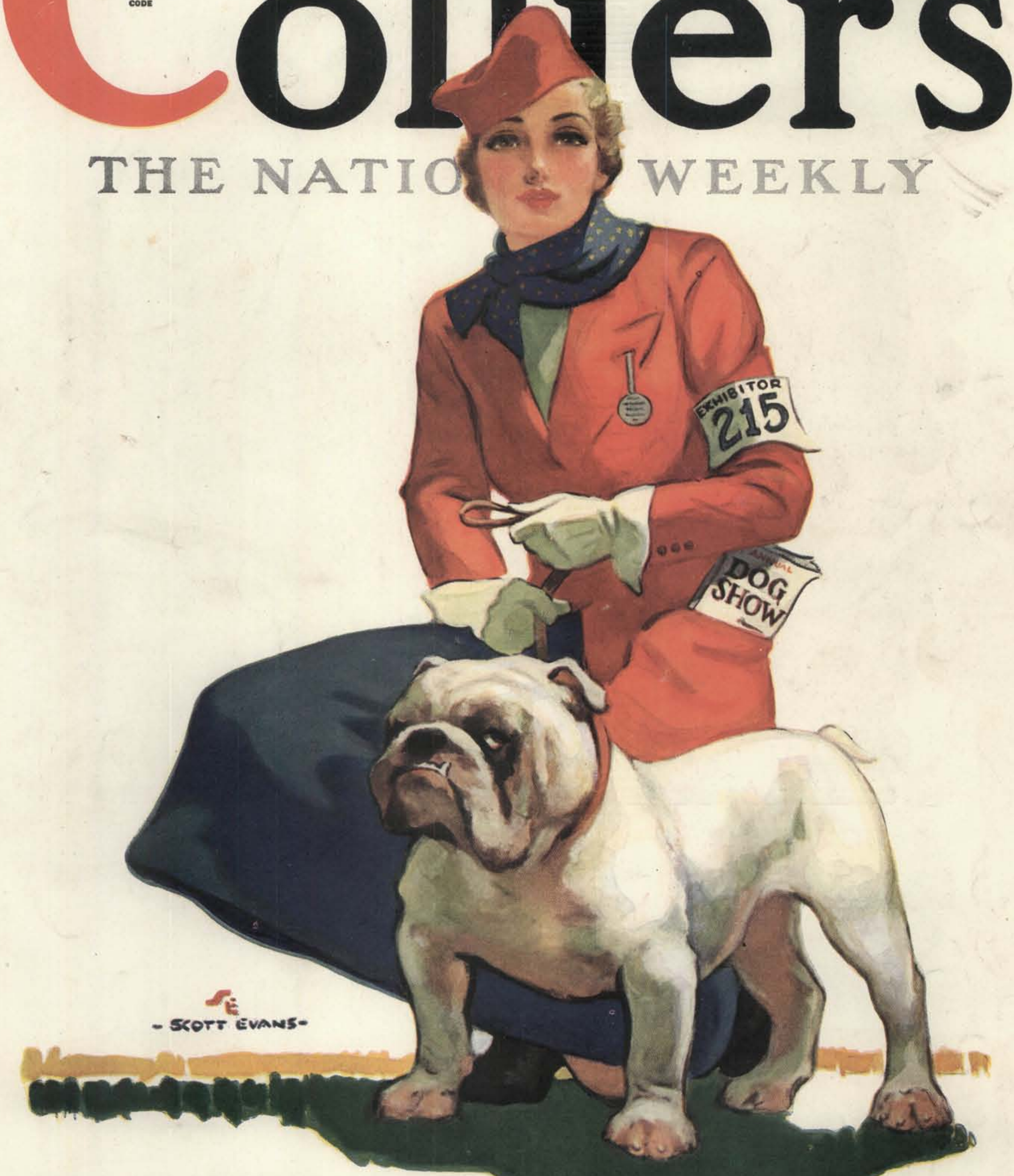
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A Dollar to Windward

Our big drive against fear **By John T. Flynn**

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March 9, 1935

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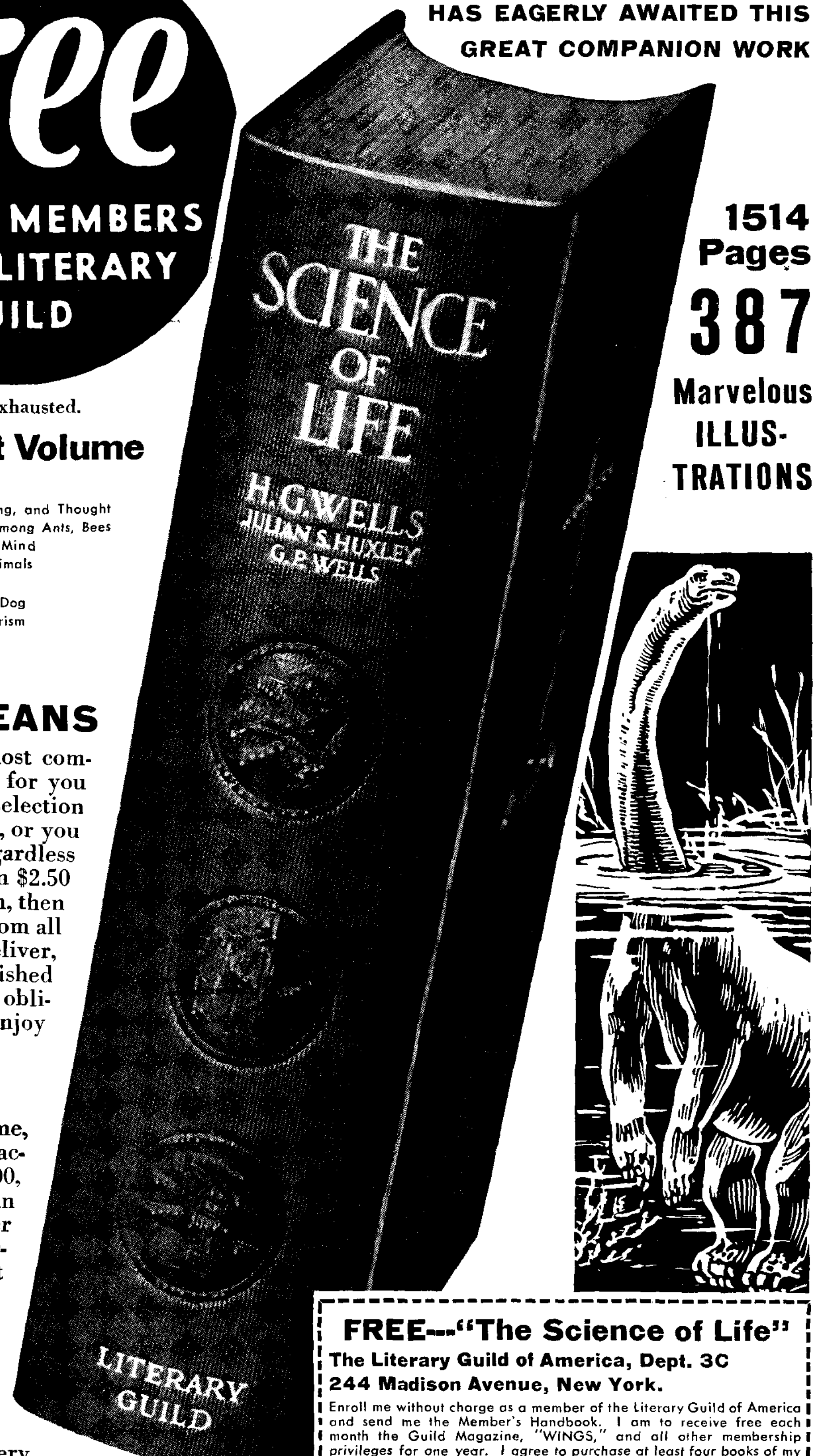

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

DR. CARDWELL was under thirty, but his life was behind him. He was sure of it. Love and success were things of the past. Dr. Cardwell had buried himself in the town of Big Bend and was resigned to a life of unspectacular failure.

That was before Red Bastian's gang exploded like a bombshell in the district, before Cardwell got mixed up with bank robbers and gun molls, before Josephine Gray came to live in his house. In short, before romance stopped in to call. His adventures begin next week in W. R. Burnett's rapid-fire short serial, "Dr. Socrates."

A LITTLE over a year ago the Honorable Herbert Durrett Stephens, then senator from Mississippi, made what might be called a tactical blunder. He appointed one Mr. Bilbo as director of a clipping bureau. Oddly enough, from that time on the bureau collected a surprising number of items about one Mr. Bilbo. Now the Honorable Theodore Gilmore Bilbo is senator from Mississippi and Mr. Stephens is out of a job. Walter Davenport describes the new senator's colorful and ingenious personality in "Brethren and Sisters."

WHEN Gloria Cherington, the most conspicuous débutante of the season, suddenly eloped with Van Blarcom, the polo player, they left behind them two broken hearts—for at the time each was engaged to someone else. Thus the elopement instantly created one man-hater and one woman-hater. What happened to them is told by Lucian Cary in "Double Rebound."

GO TO Mexico. Or, if you haven't time, George Creel will tell you about it. Mexico is run by the National Revolutionary party. She prides herself upon being the reddest of the Red. No self-respecting Mexican politician ever opens his mouth without damning the capitalistic system and all its works. What's life like in so red an atmosphere? Mr. Creel tells the story in "Mexican Red," which turns out to be somewhat pink.

DESPITE warnings from her uncle and from us, Miss Lucie Mott has indulged in another dangerous adventure. Luckily, E. Phillips Oppenheim was there to watch over her and help her outthink Scotland Yard. This he does in "Against Orders." Thus compounding an indiscretion.

KATHARINE NEWLIN BURT writes the Short Short Story. Roark Bradford, Quentin Reynolds, Phyllis Duganne, Katharine Roberts, Alan LeMay and others keep up the average. Brisk movement in literature.

This Week

March 9, 1935

Cover by Scott Evans

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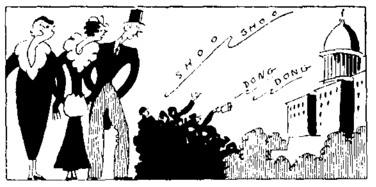
Any Week

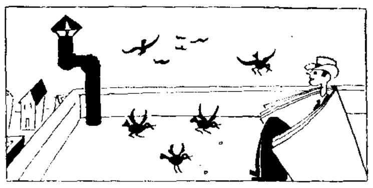
A NASTY cold is making life for Mr. Edward L. Mildrum of Lowell, Massachusetts, tedious. "I think," says he, "I got it from getting my feet wet in the tears of those broad-gauged anti-Administration patriots who weep in floods to think of the burden relief is placing upon unborn generations of Americans. As I get it, these weepers would prefer to have the unemployed starve to death. Then there wouldn't be any generations to come. However, I think I detect a mite of insincerity in those who state publicly that industry should be permitted to take up the burden and then either lay off a couple of hundred hands or cut wages to the starvation point."

"ABOUT that Townsend Plan," writes Mr. Gene Lauterback of Chicago, Illinois. "The boys up here are all set for it no matter when it comes and no harm done if it doesn't. I got the low-down the other day from one of our local politicians. You see, you'd have to produce receipts to show that you had spent your two hundred dollars in a month before you got your next handout. But if you voted right you'd get your receipts. Within a couple of months our back yards would be full of buried treasure and the government, wondering where all the dough went, would have to print a lot more."

WE MAY as well tell you what Mrs. Orville B. Camp of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, ran into while entertaining two cousins from England who had several irritating convictions about the way we conduct our governmental affairs in Washington. She took them to the Capitol just to show them how wrong they were. "Imagine," she cries, "my embarrassment when the first thing we saw was a large number of my fellow citizens ringing cowbells and blowing fish horns at the outside walls of the Capitol itself. They were also shouting 'shoo' and clapping their hands. They told us they were relief workers assigned to the noble task of making life intolerable for the thousands of starlings that live in the eaves of our public buildings. My English cousins insist that Congress is jealous of the noise the starlings make and is taking these Alice in Wonderland measures to get rid of feathered competition."



ANYONE looking for Mr. Mack Kirkland of Norwood, Ohio, after March 1st, will find him on the roof of his garage. Observing an annual custom, Mr. Kirkland "established a bread-crumb line for the birds on the garage roof this winter. But now," mourns he, "with a three per cent sales tax added to our already doubled, tripled and overlapping taxes, I am being forced to join the birds. I shall depend upon your brilliant magazine to keep me warm."



MISS LAURA HOHAUSER of St. Joseph, Missouri, wants to know "why my state needs one hundred and fifteen counties and therefore county governments to make it a desirable place to live in. Is this necessary? Or do we need 115 counties just as Mississippi needs 82, Pennsylvania needs 67, California needs 58 and Texas—oh, dear, oh, dear—needs 254?"

ANYWAY, says the Rev. A. R. Adams of Petal, Mississippi, we need a "New Deal in religion." The Reverend Mr. Adams speaks from a deep experience, having, he says, served churches north and south. He asks for "a church that will welcome all who believe in Christ regardless of their personal opinions about baptism, election, etc., where every man can have his own private convictions but all work together for decency and justice."

WE SUSPECT that Mrs. Theodore M. Gaddis of Syracuse, New York, would find such a church pleasant. Mrs. Gaddis is now seeking "some way of getting over the sickening feeling I got seeing the superintendent of a large Sunday school downstate spending his time and money in a passionate effort to block the adoption of the national child labor amendment. He gives and collects thousands of dollars to maintain lobbies to fight child-labor prohibition and then drools the injunction 'Suffer little children—' "

TRULY an admirable gentleman. However, someone in Los Angeles, California, has sent us a pamphlet wherein all these problems are solved for us. The index tells us we are in for another war, for Fascist dictatorship, for an epidemic of uncontrolled inflation and, among other blessings, the collapse of our educational system.

JOLLY little volume.

Vol. 95, No. 10. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by The Crowell Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, Publishers of Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine, Collier's, The Country Home. Copyright, 1935, The Crowell Publishing Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Lee W. Maxwell, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Gertrude B. Lane, Vice President; John S. Brehm, Vice President; Frank Braucher, Vice President; Charles J. Bevan, Vice President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Alfred D. Mayo, Secretary. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts. 5 cents a copy in United States, $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
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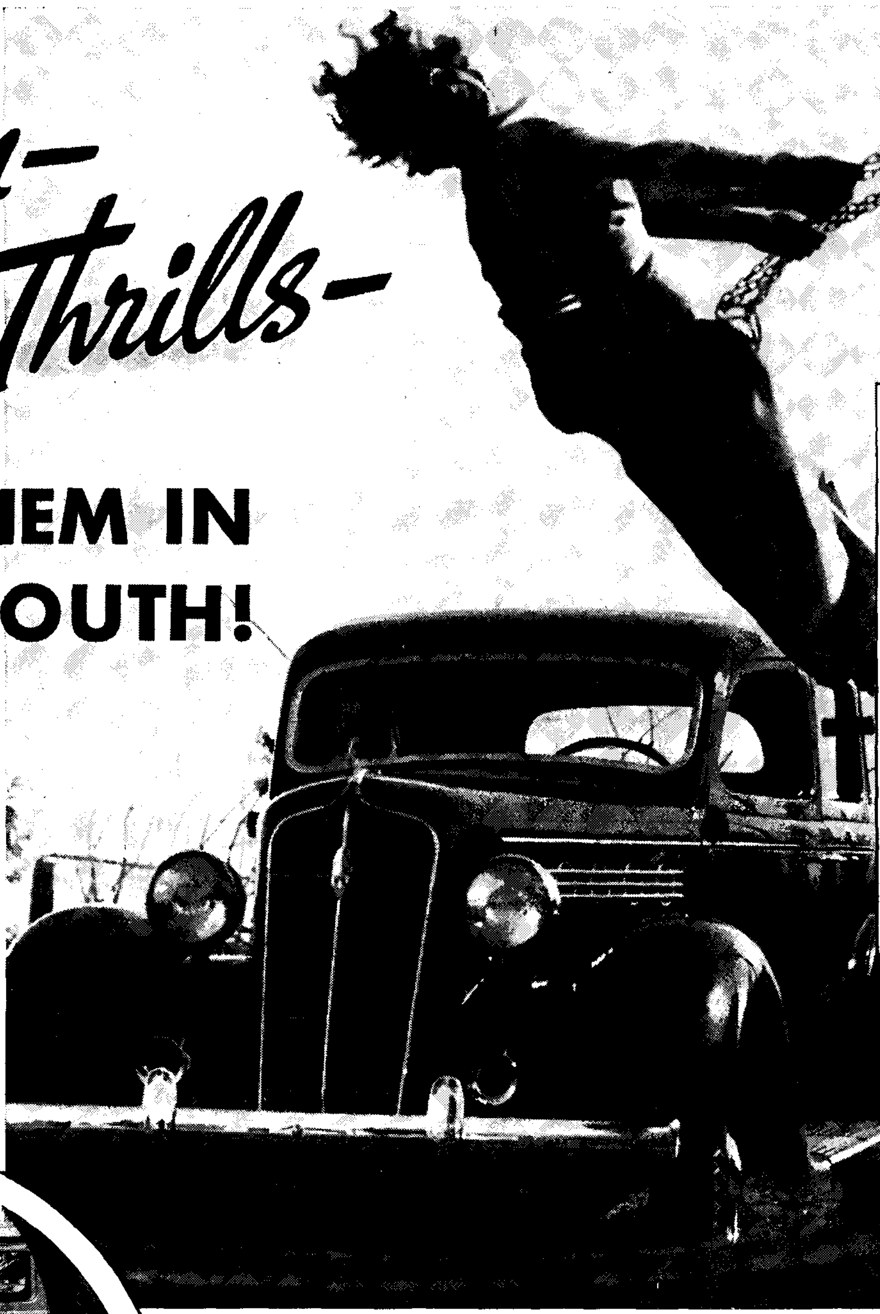
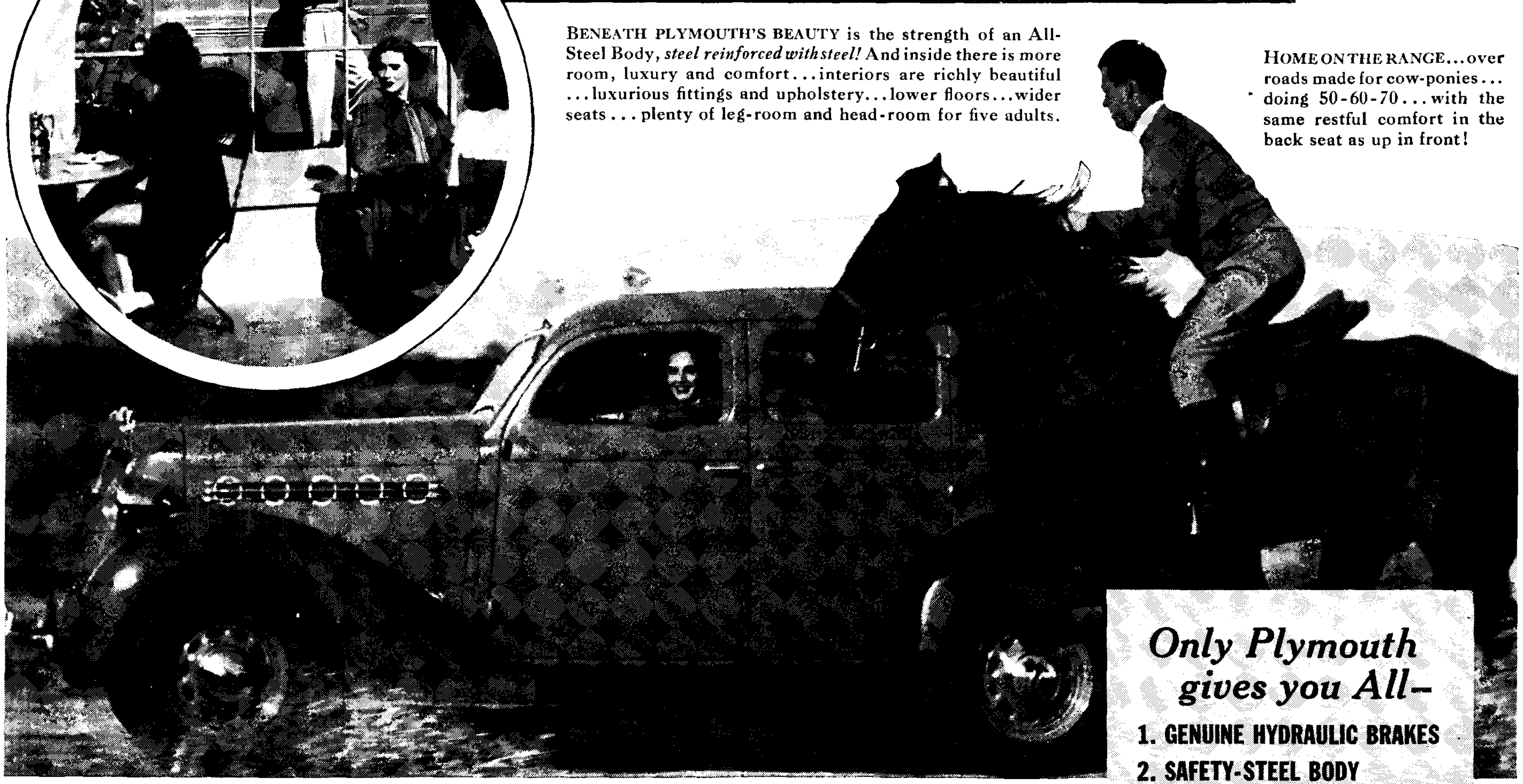


(*Left*) MORE FUN when you "get there" because driving is fun... when clutch, gear-shift, brakes and steering require so little effort. And Plymouth has the "Floating Ride" as introduced by the famous "Airflow" cars.

(*Above*)

GO EXPLORING! Plymouth's shock absorbers, new springs, and sway eliminator give you luxurious comfort, a "Floating Ride" over roughest roads.



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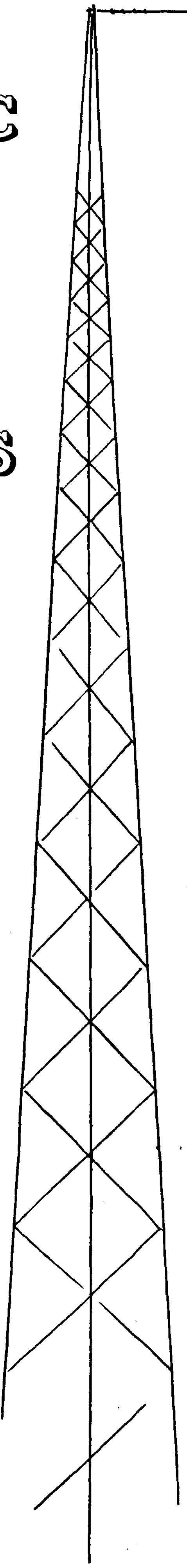

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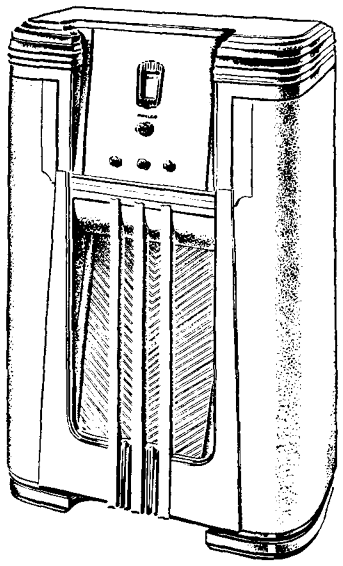

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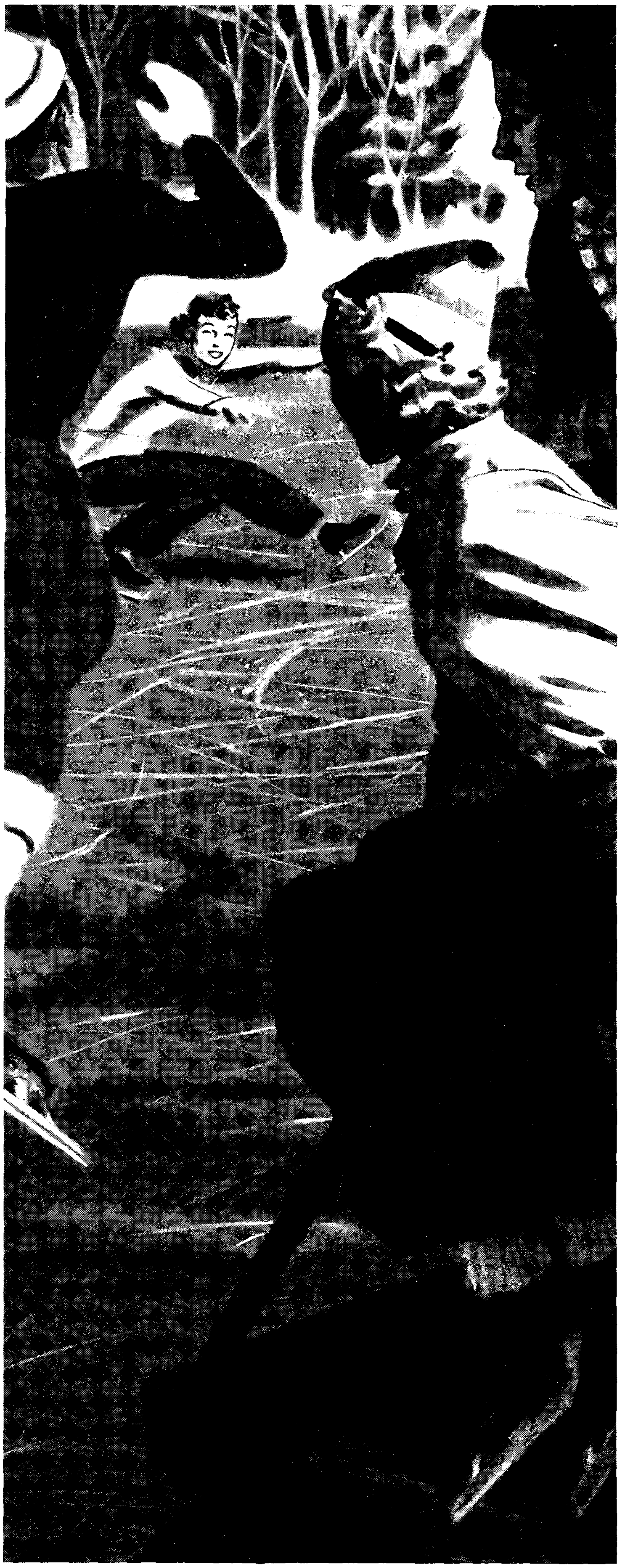
Flight Into Youth

By Teresa Hyde Phillips

Gadding about with an attractive young playboy — that was Audrey Knapp's job, for which she was paid. Easy money?

ILLUSTRATED BY AL PARKER



"Skates marvelously, doesn't she? United will use her as a sports girl"

ON AN afternoon in mid-February Audrey Knapp walked up Park Avenue. At this point in the season almost everybody else was sick to death of New York and of winter; but Audrey wasn't. She loved it. New York was young, it was vital, it was all the things for which she had hungered and thirsted. Never, she knew, could she have enough of it.

She liked the cold which required strength and defiance; she liked the Persian Room of the Glorioso at teatime; she liked the Rainbow Club sixty-five stories up among the stars; she liked the slush and the traffic and Sandra Swanska at the Chapeau Rouge, singing with a wide grin about love and its horrors. She liked the warm blossomy windows of florists and the mink ruffles of her green coat and the silver-fox cape which she could wear over anything.

She loved it all, she hugged every bit of it to her breast because it was young. Young. It was all the things she had craved in those years of death-in-life on the yacht in faraway ports peopled only by venerable age. It was New York. *Her* New York, so crude and lovely and blatant. Everyone's New York, all present and future, and with hardly any past. Almost no past to remind you that what's past is so seldom dead.

"You look all of sixteen," Cora Braing had said only yesterday. "You could make all kinds of money posing for advertising—you photograph like nobody's business. If you come into the office and sign up, I can give you lots of work."

"Well, I'm not sixteen," Audrey said. "You can't get around it—I'm twenty-eight." Horrible thought. She, who loathed everything mature or elderly, was twenty-eight!

"I don't care if you're ninety-eight. You don't look it. And do you want to make some money or doesn't that interest you?"

"Interest me, honey? If you only knew!"

So here she was turning into the marble foyer of the Travis Building, taking the elevator, walking down the corridor to the quarters of United Models and Advertisers, intent on getting a job, reflecting that in her past she may have been attractive to a few persons, but was that any guarantee that anyone on earth would find her attractive enough to have it cost him money? At least, thought Audrey, while she hung suspended over the yawning moment, she had nice clothes. She had noticed that all those glossy girls one sees in the advertisements smiling firmly and saying, "My skin never roughens; I use Drapon's," always wear nice clothes.

She opened a door and walked in. Cora was standing behind a counter, talking into three telephones at once. She nodded at Audrey, who sat herself on an exhausted sofa and watched tall girls walk in and out and reflected that she had never seen so much beauty all in one place in her life.

"Why, I couldn't come within yards of competing with them," she thought, forgetting the effect she had produced since childhood on young men and men not so young. She drooped, she who a few minutes before on bright Park Avenue, in this sparkling young city of escape, had felt capable of dealing with the drawbacks of the whole world.

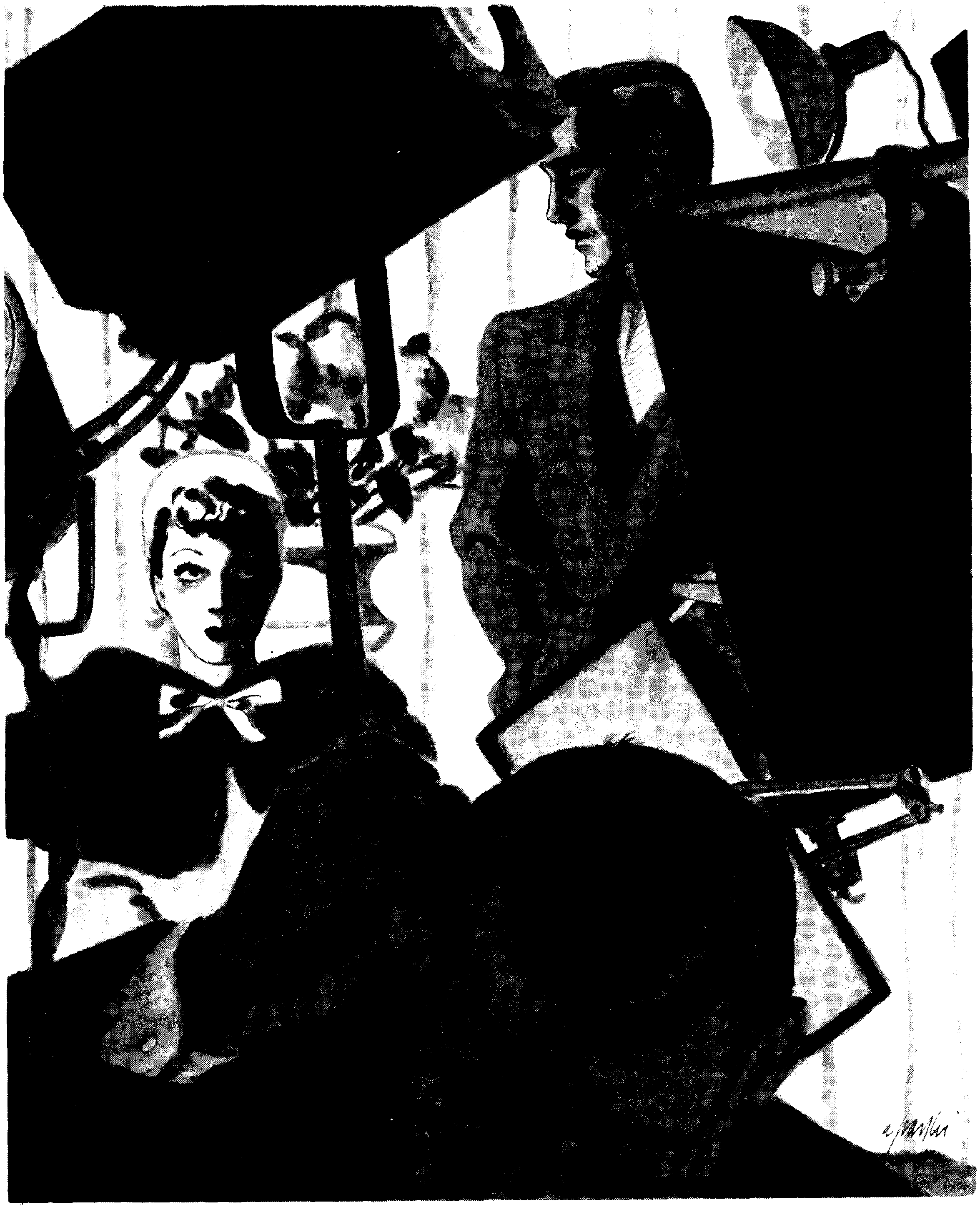
"Our photographer's ready for you," Cora said, as if she had never seen Audrey before. "Sorry to keep you waiting, Mrs. Knapp."

A SMALL, dark man walked briskly in. "Will you come this way, please?"

Audrey, it was manifest, he meant. So there she was, in that inner room where most of the city's loveliest girls aspired sometime to arrive. There she was, those years on the yacht like some dark tunnel through which one emerges into sunshine. Happy, even though she had nothing—no money and, really, no friends. And the past was over and done with. Or so she thought.

For a minute she thought it, until the past stood before her.

"Why, Bill Graves!" she said, when her astonishment would let her open her lips. She stared. It really *was* Bill with all his lean looks, with his manner cooler than ever, with his dark, clear skin just as it was two years before.



"Must you really have more photographs?" he asked

"Hello," he said, turning from the little photographer. "Nice to see you, Audrey." Not surprised. Not displeased. Not pleased. Not giving out anything. Just coolly looking down at her with his air of not giving a darn, of not being surprised at anything. Just as she had known him among the ruins and the antiquity, only more so.

"Good gosh, Audrey," he said. "Must you really have more photographs?"

"So Cora said."

"Didn't know you knew Cora."

"We went to school together. Miss Rance's."

You could see what he was thinking—about those crowds of photographs taken of her around the world: "Mrs. Jasper Knapp taken at Cairo"—"Mr. Jasper Knapp and his lovely wife, the former Audrey Nicoll, snapped boarding their yacht at San Remo"—"The beautiful Mrs. Jasper Knapp wintering near Athens." Those photographs sat and looked at them both, hemming her in like the facts of her life.

"It has to be a new photograph," she said. "Done in just a certain way. I don't know—but somehow. For the book. For the book of models the advertisers choose from."

"Yes, I know." Not explaining how he knew, how he happened to be there. It was unreal that he should be there and done just to provoke one. And what affair was it of his about her photographs? None at all. None at all, Mr. Graves. He was leaving the room. How she hated that sort of thing. What rudeness it was. After two years. Not to say he was glad to see her. Not to ask how she came to be there. Not to say that she looked well.

"DO YOU think it is any use, that I shall be any good?" So low-spirited again, so afraid that she could not, all by herself, make money.

"Why not?" He regarded her. "Aren't you one of America's most beautiful women, been regarded so for years?"

For years—he made it sound like centuries. "You would think I was Dolly Madison!"

"For ten years," he said imperturbably.

"Well, what do *you* think?"

"You'll get by." He went out and closed the door. He would say nothing pleasing, nothing comforting. No, indeed. He had said all the nice things he intended to say two years ago in Naples, Audrey saw. Well, that was all right, too. That was better, much better. She didn't need to worry about hurting him as she had then. It was clear that she could hurt him no longer. He was through, cared nothing about her, he who two years ago had loved her so, had begged her to marry him. And what was he doing here, anyhow? Well, she could get along without him—oh, so beautifully, she whose life was so full of emptiness. How emptiness can cram every corner of a life!

The photographer went about his work, intent only on lights and shadows.

"What was Mr. Graves doing here?" she asked. "Is he posing, too?"

The photographer expected beauty to be witless. "He's the boss," he said, "that's all. He's United Models and Advertisers!"

HE WAS talking to Cora when she went back into the office, and otherwise the room was empty.

"Audrey," said Cora, "this is my boss, Bill Graves. Mrs. Knapp."

"I know Audrey," said Bill.

"We are old friends," said Audrey. There was a second's silence while Cora looked at them—were her eyes cold as ice? "We met in Naples, a few months after Jasper—" she still found it hard to use the word; so strange to think that Jasper, old and feeble though he had been, was dead.

She tried to keep her voice casual but somehow it seemed to speak of that meeting, to disclose Bill so in love with a strange girl off a yacht. A girl suddenly widowed and waiting, with consuls and lawyers hovering about, to decide what she should do. For by this time her mother, who had married her off so successfully to a large if paper-profits fortune in her débutante year, too, was dead.

Audrey had stayed on for months in a small villa outside Naples because she had to live somewhere. Everybody had to live somewhere, even widows. Finally, in the juiceless and watchful manner of good lawyers administering bad news, one of them had told her that the bubble of the great Knapp fortune had burst. Apparently he laid reproach and blame on Jasper.

"But what does it *matter?*" Audrey had cried, laughing, she so quiet always, so careful never to show the least excitement. *She* did not blame poor Jasper. His mistakes, if such they were, had freed her. Through and beyond the lawyers and the business representatives and the creditors she saw doors flying open; walls falling flat, walls that had been built high around her by all that money.

And then Bill, the friend of some consul or other, had appeared. And there he had stayed, a highly distressing example of hopefulness being dashed.

"No, I can't marry you," Audrey had told him. He seemed so old to her; not old in years—that had nothing to do with it—but old and fixed in attitude. And she could never, never have enough of youth who had had so much of age.

AFTER a time Bill, wasting no more words, had marched back to the States. Horrid having him go, she had missed him. She wished people weren't so pitiful and yet Bill wasn't pitiful at all. Just unsmiling and furious and—this was strange—looking, somehow, as if *she* were the one who was pitiful. And then he was gone with his tanned skin and his gray eyes and his sudden ways.

And now here he was. And here was Cora, all blandness, carefully unnoticing anything about Audrey and Bill. So hard to tell about Cora; but Audrey had a feeling that Cora liked him extremely.

Cora said: "Audrey, we can start you to work at once. Some of our girls have to wait weeks but we are going to be marvelous to you."

Bill said: "You haven't heard the good word, Audrey. It's plenty and awfully good. As an agency we're the answer to a maiden's prayer."

"Everybody says you're wonderful—"

"One sweeping statement, that covers us: We're wonderful. And we serve all kinds—including lunatics."

Audrey had heard all sorts of stories about weird advertisers, so she waited.

(Continued on page 35)

A Dollar to Windward

By John T. Flynn

The proper time to prepare for unemployment and old age is when you still have your youth and your job. Years late, the United States is actually adopting unemployment insurance and the old-age pension. But who will pay the bill—the state, the country, the employer, the employee—and how? Here are the plans

CARTOONS BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

LIFE'S a pretty risky business. But you can get an insurance policy on most of its special riskiness. The fat lady in the circus usually carries a policy against loss of weight, just as the vampires in Hollywood take out insurance against gaining it. A man in London with a shop near the Monument, who lived in fear that it would one day fall on him, had no trouble getting insurance against that risk. You can insure your picnic against bad weather, just as the prize-fight promoter takes out a policy against rain on his big open-air battle of the century. It is very common in America for people to take out insurance against having twins, against typhoons, hurricanes and civil commotion. The concert pianist insures his valuable fingers, just as the dancer insures her no less valuable legs. But the biggest and worst risk of all, somehow, does not seem to have come in for any of this precious insurance. There is no insurance against losing your job and no insurance against old age except your own savings.

In the fall of 1928 I stood in the office of a large mill in New England. The president of the company directed my attention to a man walking a little dolefully down the front steps.

"Do you see that man?" he said. "He is a walking germ." Then he explained.

"We have just let him go. Twenty others are being let out today. Next week we will let twenty more go and so on until we have dismissed one hundred. We should discharge 200, but we are trying to fit the other one hundred into other parts of the plant. Now that man you see there was getting about $28 a week. It may be a month or even six months before he finds a job. That means he is going to stop buying. So he will pass on the effect of his unemployment to his grocer and others. They will pass it on to the wholesalers and factories. That's why I say he is a germ. He has the disease of unemployment. He will infect others with it. It wouldn't be so bad if he were the only one. But there must be a million men like that in America today. There is a kind of contagion in that man. And we had better do something about it, just as we do something about men with tuberculosis and typhoid, or he will give his disease to others."

It is too bad we did not have that lesson knocked into our heads a little earlier. As far back as 1921, Secretary of Commerce Hoover named a committee to study unemployment insurance. But before it could report, prosperity flooded in over the land and we thought unemployment and poverty would soon take their place on the scrap heap of history with smallpox and the buggy whip.

Now, however, after the epidemic has been under way for five years, we have gotten around, in our slow, lumbering way, to the subject. At this moment some forty-three legislatures, plus our national Congress, are discussing it and actually proposing to do something about it.

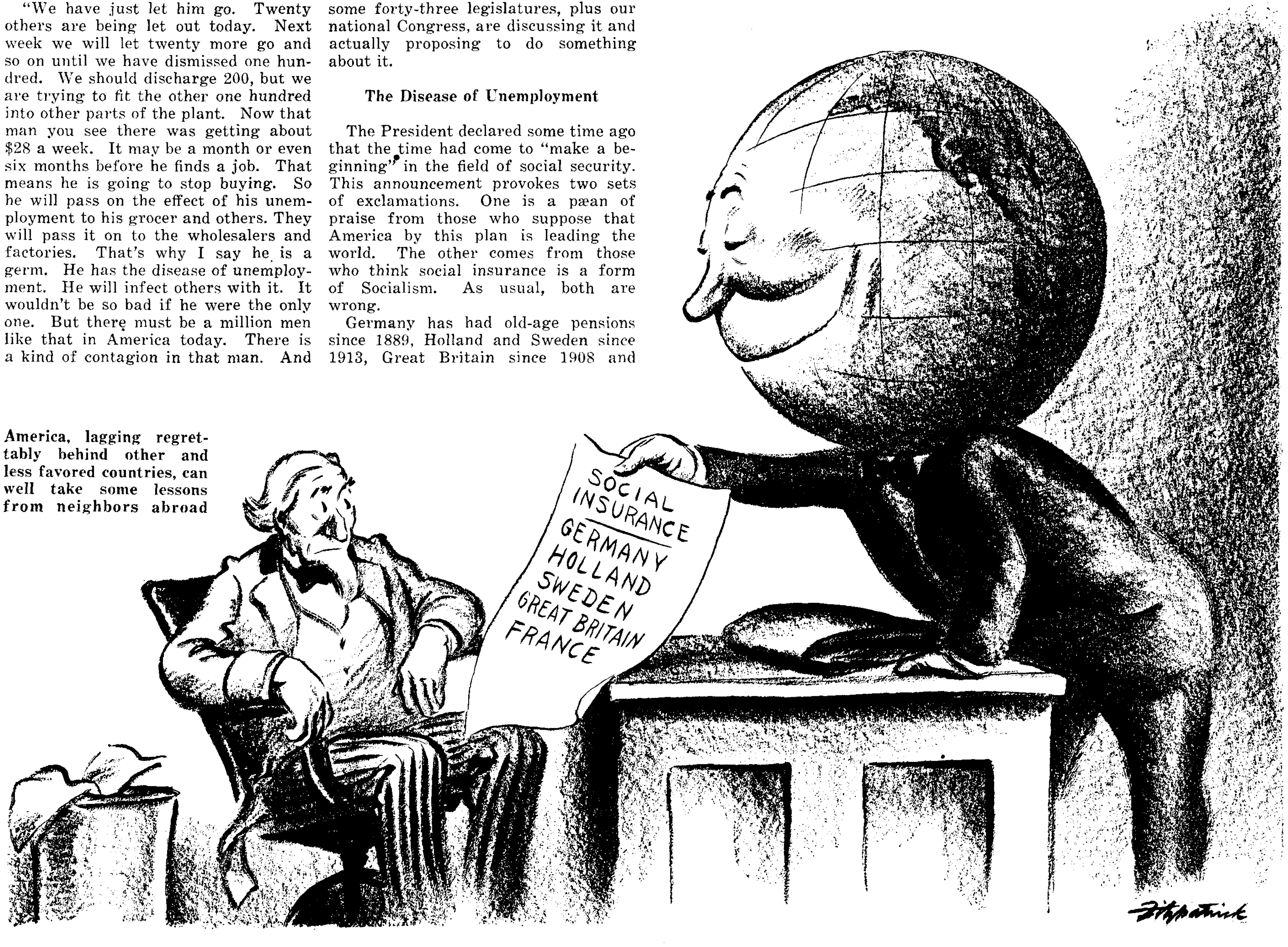
The Disease of Unemployment

The President declared some time ago that the time had come to "make a beginning" in the field of social security. This announcement provokes two sets of exclamations. One is a pæan of praise from those who suppose that America by this plan is leading the world. The other comes from those who think social insurance is a form of Socialism. As usual, both are wrong.

Germany has had old-age pensions since 1889, Holland and Sweden since 1913, Great Britain since 1908 and France since 1928. And twenty-eight American states have adopted old-age pensions, many of them well before the depression began—Montana as far back as 1923. As for unemployment insurance, the English system dates back before the war, though it has been greatly enlarged since. America, far from leading the world, is the last of the great nations to bring up in the rear.

And as for these proposals being just another splash of red across the New Deal picture—well, here is a sentence or two about the matter: "The state must take the matter in hand, since the state can most easily provide the requisite funds. It must provide them not as alms but in fulfillment of the workers' right to look to the state in matters where their own good will can achieve nothing more." That sounds as if it might have been cut out of some New Deal speech. But it was uttered in 1871 by the man who was the pioneer in social security legislation in imperialist Germany, Prince Bismarck, the Iron Chancellor, who can hardly be called a precursor of Bolshevism. Indeed, he was only repeating sentiments which had been uttered already by Napoleon III. And the German old-age pension law of 1889 was one of the first acts of that red radical—Kaiser Wilhelm II. When, forty-five years later, an American President belatedly catches up with the social security views of a German Imperial Chancellor, he is called, variously, an evangelist of a New Deal or the unconscious agent of socialist doctrinaires. Another red—John D. Rockefeller, Sr.—tried his hand at making a beginning in the field of old-age pensions in this country over thirty years ago. It is more than time we made a beginning.

The time is, indeed, so seriously overdue that the question has almost fallen into the hands of the crack-pot reformer. Last year a Western gentleman, for the payment of a dime, would guarantee you at forty-five a pension



America, lagging regrettably behind other and less favored countries, can well take some lessons from neighbors abroad

of $30 a month for life. This was not very much, but considering the youthful retiring age and the small payment, it was pretty soft. The fly in the ointment was the gentleman himself, who had already served two terms for mail frauds in the Era of Plenty. But now a more formidable evangelist appears—Dr. F. E. Townsend of California. He has a coterie of supporters in Congress. A bill embodying his plan is introduced. And he has Washington a little bit frightened. Under his plan, as one of his congressional supporters puts it in an impassioned oration, "every man, woman and child who reaches the age of 65 years" will be entitled to a pension of $200 a month, on one condition, that he or she spend it within the month. Where will the money come from? From a sales tax. A pension of $2,400 a year for perhaps eight million old people will foot up to the tidy sum of twenty billion dollars a year. This will be collected as a sales tax. Take out the exempt sales, and you would have about thirty billion dollars of sales which could be taxed. To raise fifteen billions would require a sales tax of fifty per cent, though the Townsend bill promoters think a two per cent sales tax will do it.

But when the people's rulers lag, you cannot hope to see the crack-pots abdicate. And up to now America—the land of universal insurance—has been unwilling to face these two worst risks—unemployment and old age. Don't blame the wicked big-business barons only. The American Federation of Labor has been unalterably opposed to unemployment insurance because, it is said, "it would tend to lower the American standard of living," whatever that means. Now, however, it has changed its tune, while many business leaders—though not all—have come to see the commanding need for action of some sort.

The Purpose of Insurance

Now that we are about to make a beginning in this neglected field, it is important that no false ideas get into circulation about what it will do.

For one thing, it is not a recovery measure. It won't bring back good times. It will not provide with an unemployment benefit anyone who is now out of work. It won't provide jobs for anyone now. It is designed, not for the victims of this depression, but for the benefit of the people who are already at work or who may get work in the future. And it will not provide any benefits of any importance for at least a year.

Furthermore, the United States government does not plan to shell out any money on the plan. It proposes to put it all up to the states. What will be done at Washington, whatever form it takes, will be to put pressure on the states to adopt unemployment insurance.

We must, therefore, keep in mind that there are two kinds of unemployment. We may be blown out of our jobs by the boss himself for reasons which seem good to him. We may be blown out by a depression. Unemployment insurance is intended to apply to the former kind of unemployment.

Even in good times men are constantly being separated from their jobs. The boss wants to cut down his force for economy's sake. He is losing money. He fires a man to hire a better one or a cheaper one. He wants to shut down his plant for repairs. He plans to move to another town. He wishes to go into a different business. Styles change. Tastes change. Old industries sink. New ones arise. Machinery displaces its thousands. Little depressions turn up in single industries. Local depressions hit single towns. Back in the prosperous twenties, there were plenty of little depressions hanging around turning men out of work. *Unemployment insurance is designed to cover this* kind of unemployment, the temporary loss of the man in normal employment.

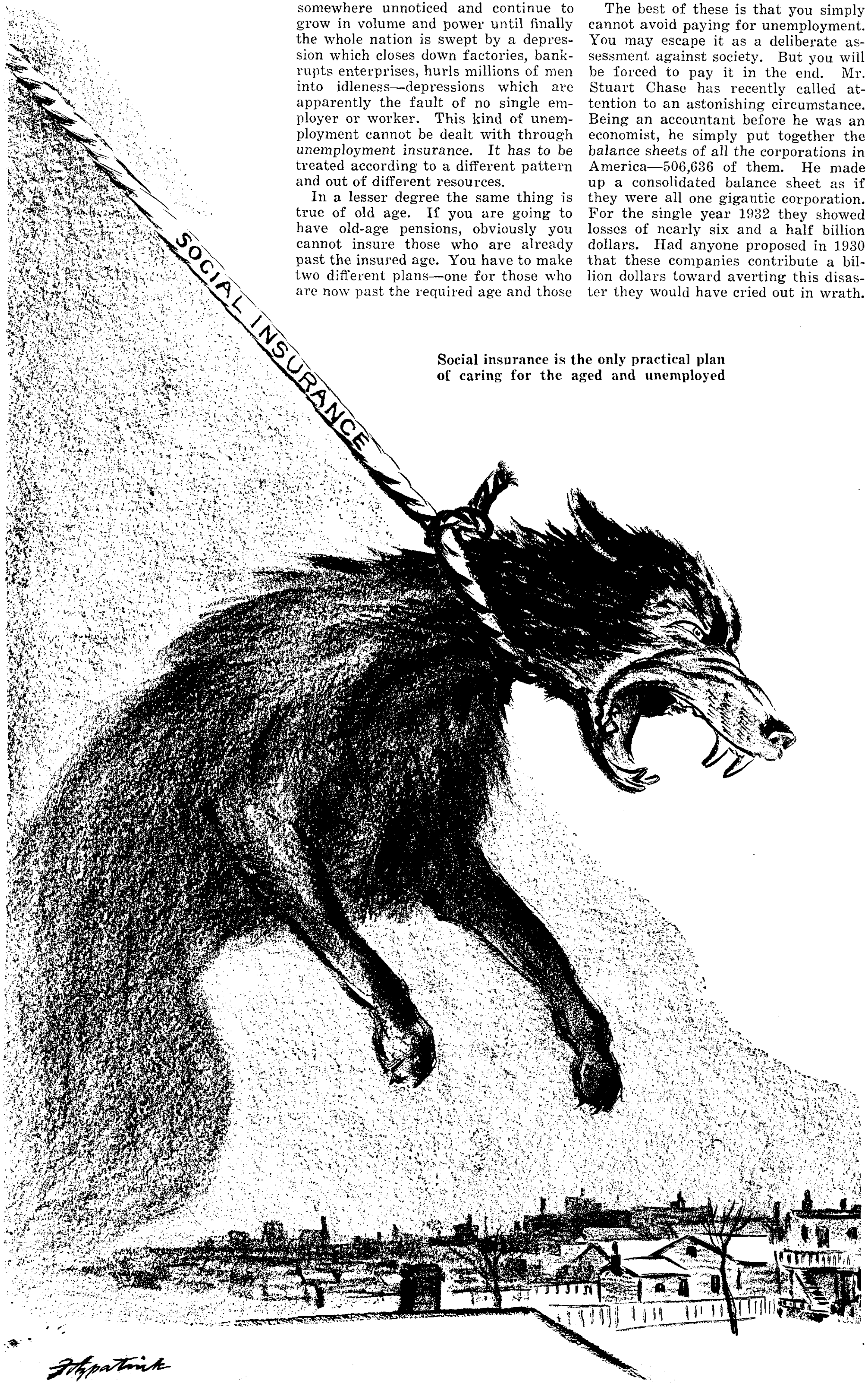
Then there is the sort which neither the boss nor the worker can control—those mysterious forces which begin somewhere unnoticed and continue to grow in volume and power until finally the whole nation is swept by a depression which closes down factories, bankrupts enterprises, hurls millions of men into idleness—depressions which are apparently the fault of no single employer or worker. This kind of unemployment cannot be dealt with through *unemployment insurance. It has to be* treated according to a different pattern and out of different resources.

In a lesser degree the same thing is true of old age. If you are going to have old-age pensions, obviously you cannot insure those who are already past the insured age. You have to make two different plans—one for those who are now past the required age and those who will reach it in the future. That is what the government plans to do.

There are still business groups which *oppose these measures.* But the reasons for them are commanding. There is an economic reason and a social reason.

Society's Responsibility

The best of these is that you simply cannot avoid paying for unemployment. You may escape it as a deliberate assessment against society. But you will be forced to pay it in the end. Mr. Stuart Chase has recently called attention to an astonishing circumstance. Being an accountant before he was an economist, he simply put together the *balance sheets* of all the corporations in America—506,636 of them. He made up a consolidated balance sheet as if they were all one gigantic corporation. For the single year 1932 they showed losses of nearly six and a half billion dollars. Had anyone proposed in 1930 that these companies contribute a billion dollars toward averting this disaster they would have cried out in wrath.



Social insurance is the only practical plan of caring for the aged and unemployed

But the billion has been devoured and along with it nearly five more billions. Society can no more escape paying for unemployment than a man can escape the fatal fruit of infection in one part of his body.

The social reason ought to be equally imperious with a nation which pretends to be civilized. Once it was supposed that a man without a job was one who would not work. No one believes that now. Some years ago I described in Collier's an incident in my own neighborhood—under my nose, where I could not escape it. One fine morning a great crane with a fifty-foot beam-arm turned up in a factory yard. The first act of that mighty arm was a cruel gesture which swept half a hundred laborers out of that yard. That crane was part of what we call technological progress.

But the men—what were they? They were not shiftless. They had no part in the plan or the result. They were the helpless victims of that progress. They dispersed, looking eagerly, even panic-stricken, for other jobs. But the jobs were not ready to hand. It took months to reabsorb such men even in prosperous times. But meantime they pay the bitter bill for a new and better way to do business. We have set up this new and complicated method of doing the world's work. It is too big, too vast, too tortuous, too enigmatical for these perplexed men to deal with. Simple justice requires that society, which rears and runs the machine, shall accept responsibility for its sins as well as the enjoyment of its fruits.

As for old age, that is a more or less new problem. We talk of how the old were cared for in other days. Men begot whole flocks of progeny into whose arms they could sink when obsolescence overtook them. A large brood of boys was as good as an old-age pension to Mother and Dad. But poor Junior today, the lone cub, on short rations himself, can do nothing for the old folks. But in those "good old days" they had a better way of handling the problem. Dad just didn't grow old. He died and settled the matter. Old age then was a luxury reserved for the man or woman with cast-iron glands. Back in 1850 in America only one out of thirty-three persons was over 65. Now one out of every fourteen is over 65. And even in times of prosperity one out of every four between 65 and 69 is out of work and two out of every four over 70 are out of work. And but very few of those at work are found in industrial labor.

America can no longer dodge an obligation which every other important nation has recognized. Great Britain has had compulsory unemployment insurance since 1911, Austria since 1920, Italy since 1919, Germany since 1927. Voluntary systems have been in force in Belgium, Denmark, France, Netherlands, Norway, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland and Czechoslovakia. And in every one of these compulsory and voluntary systems the state makes a contribution. As for old-age pensions, they have been in force in Poland since 1911, Britain since 1908 and 1925, France since 1928, Spain since 1919, Germany for forty-six years, and in twenty-one other countries of the world.

The only question which confronts this country is what form the discharge of these obligations shall take. Life being a thing of endless disputes, the moment you decide to have social insurance, you are embarked on another apparently endless argument as to what sort of plan you will have.

Who will pay for the unemployment insurance—the United States government, the state, the employer, the employee or a combination of some or all?

If the government contributes how will the funds be raised?

Who will be covered by the insurance —all employees or just certain types?

Who will manage the plan—the national or the state government or business itself?

Will it be compulsory or voluntary? How much in benefits will be paid and for how long and on what conditions?

We are approaching the settlement of at least some of these puzzles. The first big question, of course, is: Shall we have a national plan, set up, supported, arranged and managed by the federal government? Or shall this be left to the states? Most authorities on the subject agree that the plan should be national, but they have felt that this was impossible of enactment. The President has not favored it and without pressure from him it could not be adopted. I understand that when the President set up his Committee on Economic Security he strictly limited it to formulating a plan for unemployment compensation through state action and without any contributions by the national government. For my part I think the President was wrong in this and that the advocates of national action surrendered too easily. But they have surrendered and the President has settled the matter by presenting bills providing for unemployment insurance plans by the states.

The President's Plan

This point out of the way, the choice was between the Wagner-Lewis plan and the plan of the American Association for Social Security.

Both propose that the subject be left to the states, but that the federal government establish minimum standards and exercise supervision over the state plans. The Wagner-Lewis bill proposes a device to force the states to action. The American Association plan proposes an inducement.

Here is the big point of difference: Under the Wagner-Lewis bill the federal government will levy a tax of three per cent on all employers of a certain type. This will be a tax on pay rolls. But the employer in a state may claim as an offset against this tax any amount which he pays under a state unemployment benefit system. The effect of this will be to force states to pass laws in order to collect the tax within their own borders and hold control over the disposition of the fund. The American Association plan would provide for no federal tax on pay rolls, but for grants-in-aid by the federal government to states which set up unemployment insurance laws of their own. This would "induce" states to pass the necessary laws in order to bring the federal subsidies into the state.

Both, of course, would insist that federal grants or tax offsets be allowed only where adequate unemployment insurance laws are established and where honest administration is assured.

The President adopted the Wagner-Lewis plan, even though his own Committee on Economic Security decided against him on the matter of federal contributions and recommended grants-in-aid to the states. He is opposed to federal contributions and is interested merely in bringing pressure on the states to act. Contributions by the federal government will be sanctioned only if they cannot be avoided.

Briefly, the federal law will impose a tax on the pay rolls of employers—persons or corporations—employing four or more persons for as much as thirteen weeks in any calendar year. The tax will begin January 1, 1936. For that year it will be one per cent, if the Federal Reserve index of production is eighty-four or under; two per cent if it is between 84 and 96, and three per cent if over that. The tax will be the same in 1937. After 1937 it will be three per cent.

The state may adopt any sort of law it wishes, save that it must be a genuine unemployment benefit law. The only requirement exacted of the state law is that it shall not discriminate against an employee because he refuses to take a job in a plant where there is a lockout or strike, or below the prevailing scale or if the employer discriminates against trade unions. The employers will make their pay-roll tax payments to the states, but the states must turn this revenue over to the federal government, which will safeguard it and invest it. It will be held in an Unemployment Trust Fund in the Federal Treasury.

With the federal bill passed, however, there will still be no effective unemployment insurance until our forty-eight bewildered and more or less busted sovereign states act. Forty-three legislatures are now in session and the giant minds therein are wrestling with the problem. Bills have been introduced in practically all of them; several bills in most of them. In Massachusetts, for instance, when the last returns were in there were thirty different bills. The states have to choose from many plans and all legislatures are not as docile as that amazing body of law-manufacturers in New York.

There are a variety of plans. Chief among these are the Wisconsin plan (the so-called American plan), the Ohio plan, the New York plan and the Swope plan.

The Swope plan, of course, differs from all the others in that it proposes to leave the whole thing in the hands of business enterprise. Corporations will set up their own unemployment and old-age reserves, though the state may compel them to do so. Contributions are to be made by employers and employees. The fund is to be in the hands of a board representing employers and employees, and the whole obligation is to rest on the individual private enterprises.

Apparently this plan has few supporters anywhere and will probably be ruled out by the federal government as an inadequate form of social insurance. For remember, while the government will leave the states free it will enumerate minimum standards as a condition for receiving federal offsets or grants. And it will probably eliminate the Swope plan from the minimum standard requirement.

This leaves the choice between the other plans. All of these plans resemble one another in certain important particulars. All declare for the insurance feature. All are compulsory and provide for state-wide coverage. All exclude farm and domestic labor. All provide for benefit payments for a limited period—that is from sixteen weeks up. All provide for what is called a waiting period—that is, the benefits are not to begin until the worker has been unemployed for from two to three weeks. All provide for the payment of the fund into the hands of the state. All provide for payments into the fund by the employers.

Scaling Payments

But they differ on whether employees or state should contribute, on who shall manage the affairs and on the manner in which the risk of unemployment is to be spread.

The Ohio plan provides for a tax on pay rolls of three per cent—two per cent by employers and one per cent by workers, the Wisconsin plan for a pay-roll tax of two per cent and one tenth of one per cent for administration, all levied against employers. The New York plan (known as the Byrnes-Condon bill, prepared by the American Association for Economic Security) provides a pay-roll tax of four per cent —two per cent by employers, one per cent by employees and one per cent by the state. The Ohio and New York plans call for complete management by the state. The Wisconsin plan puts management in the hands of the individual corporation or employer.

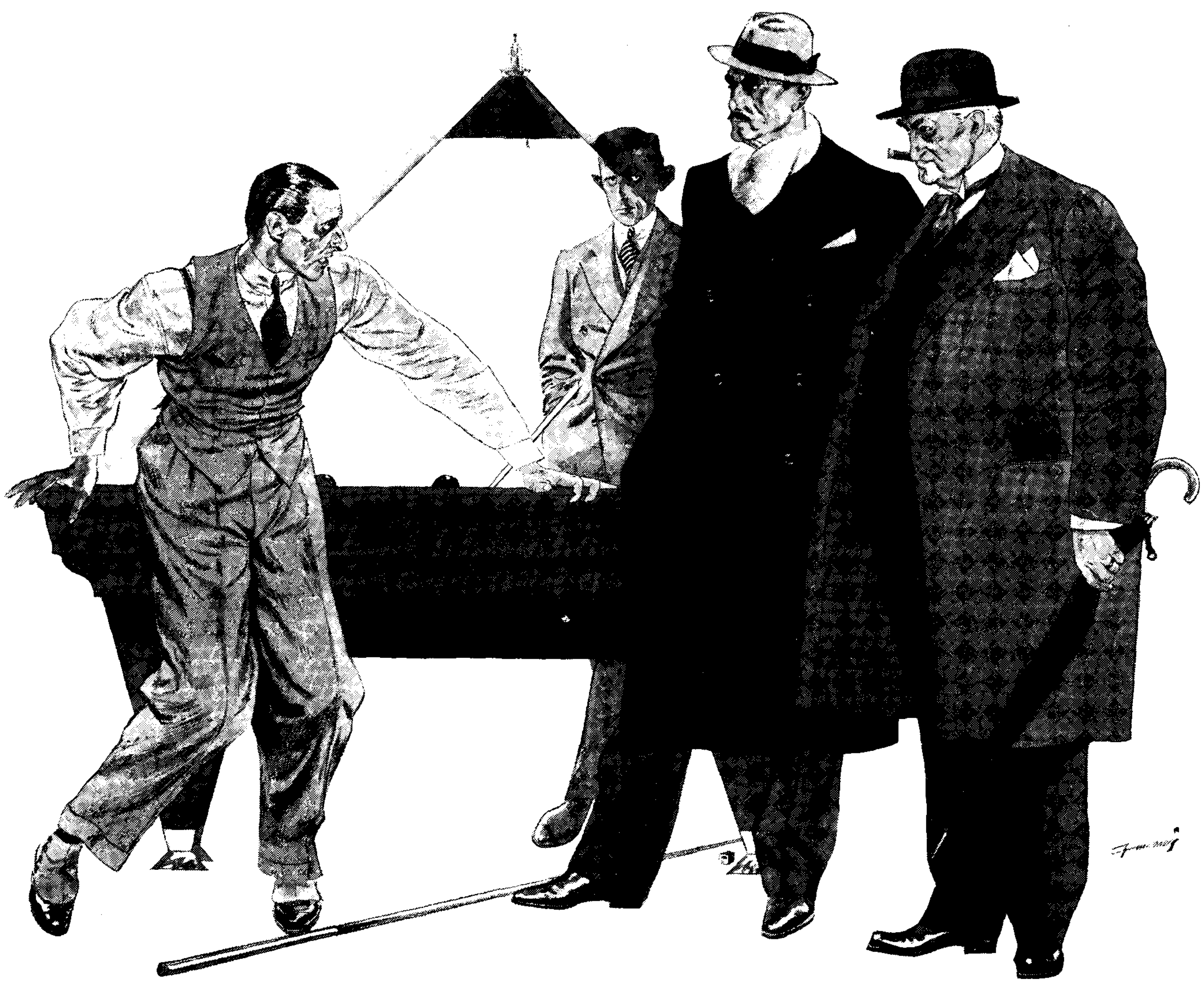
The chief difference, however, in these plans is that in the Wisconsin plan each employer's payments into the funds are held separate from all others and his employees must receive their unemployment benefits out of that single fund. In the Ohio and New York plans all payments go into a single state-wide fund, on the general insurance principle of spreading the risk over the greatest possible number.

This, it would seem, is the wisest course. No individual employer, particularly the smaller one, can provide the necessary assurance of safety to a plan. All the eggs of the plan are thus carried in a single basket. It is too dangerous. The chief argument in support of it is that it gives to the employer a powerful incentive to regularize his employment, so to manage his business as to cut down his payments into the unemployment fund. The law provides for gradual scaling down of the employer's payments as he reduces unemployment in his plant and establishes regular guaranteed work quotas to his workers.

For my part I believe that, in this field of what might be called emergency unemployment, the government should without delay organize a permanent system which would consist of two parts. For the able-bodied workers it should provide, not unemployment benefits, but guaranteed employment. This should be for but a few days a week at moderate wages and in useful work, carefully planned. There is an immense amount of work which private business has never undertaken to do because it is not profitable—recreational, hygienic, educational, cultural, social.

In this field would be a permanent program of low-cost housing. These

(Continued on page 47)



"Where were you last night, Henry Leneven?" a stern voice asked

The House by the River

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY FLOYD M. DAVIS

Scotland Yard gets a hard one to solve: A singular drama, wherein a great sleuth figures—but a great girl stars

MISS MOTT sat before her desk, worshiping a large bunch of violets. They were very beautiful and they filled her small office with fragrance. Her eyes shone as she looked at them. She buried her small, dainty nose and her flushed cheeks in their cool sweetness. But when she sat back in her swiveled chair and tried to look and feel as a young woman of business should, she came to the firm determination that something must be done about them. She felt that their daily arrival and constant presence upon her table were creating a false impression.

Her juvenile secretary sighed sentimentally as she looked at them. Her errand boy grinned. Her male protector, Sergeant Harrop—a lusty commissionaire whose chest was covered with medals, a guard insisted upon and paid for by her uncle, regarded them evidently as a sign of weakness, and her uncle himself, when for the third visit in succession he had found a similar bowl of loosened violets perfuming the musty air, suddenly realized their significance and indulged in more or less mild badinage.

Miss Mott decided then that it was time something was done about it and, accordingly, next time an offering was due—they came with singular regularity every third day—she arrived at the office half an hour earlier and detained the messenger boy. With the information which she secured from him, she presented herself later on in the day at one of the two famous flower shops of Bond Street. She interviewed the manager with confidence and retreated in humiliation. She discovered that silence was the etiquette of his vocation; the words of his dismissal were final.

"If our clients wish their names divulged, madam," he said, "they send a card. When they do not, we assume they wish their offerings to be anonymous and we respect their wishes. . . ."

OUTSIDE in the street, Miss Mott, who was very angry, met her uncle, Superintendent Wragge of Scotland Yard. He shook his head at her sorrowfully.

"Sending flowers to yourself," he accused her. "I thought only actresses did that."

She indulged in a little grimace.

"I went to find out where my violets came from," she confided, "and the man wouldn't tell me."

"Quite right too," was the only sympathy she received. "A most improper curiosity on your part, I call it. If your mysterious admirer had meant you to know who he was, he'd have sent a card. I can guess why he didn't, though," the superintendent concluded with a chuckle.

Miss Mott felt her cheeks burn.

"I'm sorry I met you," she said spitefully.

"You won't be when I tell you the news," he replied. "The Liverpool Express was held up in Derbyshire yesterday and five chests of bullion for a Liverpool Bank were stolen — sixty thousand pounds at least."

Miss Mott's eyes were round with excitement. She glanced at the passing crowd.

"Do you believe—?"

"The same lot beyond a doubt. Not that your friend's in it: the belief of the Yard is that he's broken with them. It's that long Mephistopheles who's escaped us twice who's worked this."

"Are you on the case?" she asked.

"Yes," he admitted. "And I'm in a hurry. Goodby."

Very reluctantly Miss Mott made her way back to her office. All day long she was occupied in writing little sympathetic messages to her various correspondents. She wound up with one on her own account and her fingers trembled on the typewriter as she struck it out:

To Violet J.
Thank you so much; but, please, no more.

Miss Mott, somewhat to her surprise, found herself, in obedience to a message from Scotland Yard, taking a cocktail with her uncle that evening, at a very cosmopolitan café in the neighborhood of Regent Street. She had had rather a dull day and she found the atmosphere refreshing.

"WHY do you never come near me now?" she asked.

"Because we are better apart," he replied. "I've arrived at the conclusion that that long devil we're after is about the most dangerous fellow who ever declared war against us, and from several small things which have come to my notice," he went on, looking intently into his cocktail, "I think that, although that marriage certificate business was all bunkum of course, he would run almost any risk to get hold of you again."

Miss Mott shivered. She laid her fingers upon her uncle's large hand.

"Why don't you make use of me?"

"No more of that, Lucie," her uncle interrupted more sharply, perhaps, than he had ever spoken before to his niece. "I've had my lesson and I've finished. Why I sent for you this evening to have this little chat was just to warn you once more, and more than warn you. No theater tickets, mind, no free automobile trials, no acceptance of invitations even from well-known people and no strange taxis. Walk to your flat, or take a bus, or if you don't want to do that, have my car. I can get one from the Yard at any time."

She laughed.

"I'll take care," she promised, "and I wouldn't think of having your car. Don't imagine, though, that I don't notice. You've got a man from the Yard in as commissionaire at the flats besides my friend Harrop. I'm not sure about the lift boy. And there's a second man about the place who doesn't seem to have much to do."

"I've taken some precautions," Superintendent Wragge admitted, "for our sake as well as yours. Meredith's hiding places have, so far, beaten us. Where he got to after the Club raid the other night, for instance, is a mystery, but I am convinced of this—if anything'll bring him up to the surface, it will be you."

Miss Mott laughed softly.

"I suppose I should be flattered," she murmured. "I don't know whether I am or not: I can never think of the man without a shiver. . . . Now, I want to ask you something, Uncle. Do you see a man opposite, rather thick-set, not very tall, wearing glasses and reading a French newspaper? He was angry with the waiter because he didn't give him enough absinthe."

"Yes, I see him," Superintendent Wragge admitted.

"Is he my watchdog?" she inquired.

HER uncle was a little annoyed.

"Yes," he acknowledged, "but you just let him alone, Lucie. You're not to speak to him, look at him or address him at any time. You understand that?"

"Perfectly."

Wragge paid for the cocktails and rose. He drove his niece back to the building in which her residential club was situated, and wished her an affectionate good night.

Miss Mott laughed to herself as she passed across the cheerful hall of her club and rang for the lift. The man who had been in the café was making some inconsequential inquiry of the concierge. It was, after all, rather exciting to be guarded by detectives. Here, too, she was so safe. A benign and virtuous committee had excluded, by their rules, the presence of men except in the dining- and smoking-rooms. Miss Mott dined at her favorite table, with a book propped up in front of her, smoked a cigarette afterwards in the lounge, played a fifty-up at billiards with Mrs. Hart-Williams—the lady manageress of the club—and at the latter's insistence, indulged in the unusual luxury of a lemon squash.

At ten o'clock she ascended to her small but comfortable bedroom on the second floor back, especially chosen by her—when her uncle had insisted upon her leaving her flat—because there were trees waving in the wind outside, a strip of waste land which might have passed as a garden, and no disturbing traffic. She undressed slowly and, in full peace and security, went to bed and to sleep. When she awoke, she found herself in a perfectly strange room and by the side of her bed a gaunt, familiar figure with a thin scar running down one side of his face.

SUPERINTENDENT WRAGGE, mounting the stairs to his office the following morning, a cigar between his teeth, and his hat, as usual, a little on the back of his head, was met with tragic news. In less than a quarter of an hour he was seated by the side of one of the cots in the casualty ward at St. George's Hospital, listening to the choked words of a dying man. The drawn, white face was scarcely recognizable, but to Superintendent Wragge it was familiar enough and he only cursed himself that he had not given the job of looking after Miss Mott to a younger man. The doctor who had been Superintendent Wragge's escort whispered in his ear:

"Better get his story. He can't live an hour."

The detective shivered, for he was a man of kindly temperament. Nevertheless he steeled himself to listen.

"Tell me anything you can remember, Burrows," he enjoined.

The dying man plucked feverishly at the bedclothes.

"I was supposed to have finished for the day when Miss Mott reached the club," he began. "Those were your own instructions. I didn't like the looks of the back of the place at all, though. It seemed made for a ramp—a few sheltering trees, a bit of rough land and then the huge hotel they're building—room for a hundred people to hide there on a dark night—and a half-made road leading up to within a dozen yards of the back of the club. I sent my card in to the manageress—Scotland Yard on it, remember—and asked to have Miss Mott's room pointed out to me. She refused. *I'd* get a—a line on her, sir. She had a diamond ring on, I'd swear was new, that must have cost a small fortune. I tried the concierge. He'd been spoken to by the manageress and he wouldn't say a word. Something odd about this, I thought. Oh, God!"

The man's face was convulsed with pain. His voice was perceptibly weaker.

"I didn't bother them—any more—I thought you'd deal with them—in the morning, sir. Refusing information to the police! I made up my mind to watch. No danger before one o'clock, I thought, so I had a bit of a rest, and then I came on duty again. I sat in a dark corner behind some mortar tubs. I didn't know for certain that Miss Mott's was a back room, but I decided to act as though it was. It must have been about four when I saw a man, carrying what seemed to be a bundle, and dragging a ladder after him. He threw the ladder down on the grass and came on towards me, and just then I heard a motor not far behind—kind of sobbing—high-powered engine running slow.

"I pulled my gun and came out when he was twenty paces away. 'What have you got there?' I cried, all ready to shoot. Then with my finger on the trigger I had to stop, for I could see that what he was carrying was a woman, seemingly drugged or unconscious, and I was afraid of hitting her. I tried to run him instead but he got me. Scarcely a sound, just a spit of fire and a stab in my chest—one of these new-fashioned ones. . . . I wasn't done, though. I fell, but I got up again and I staggered after him. The car had come into sight and he pushed the woman in. Then he looked back and I let go at him.

"Just as I pulled the trigger, I got my second one a little lower down. I don't know whether I hit him or not, but he'd have been in the next world all right if he'd been a second later."

"You can't remember what he looked like—or anything about the car?" Superintendent Wragge asked with almost pathetic wistfulness.

"I couldn't see his face," the sinking man groaned. "He had a black hat pulled over his eyes, and he was dressed so that he seemed a part of the darkness, but the chauffeur—oh, my God!—"

Twice the lips opened and closed without speech.

"There is something you can tell me," Wragge murmured, bending lower still. "The chauffeur? It may save a girl's life."

"The chauffeur—Miss Mott—motorcycle—flood," the man gasped—and died.

IN THE billiard-room of a large public house, somewhere between Aldgate and Shoreditch, a young man, flashily dressed, his coat removed for the purpose of the game, was busily chalking his cue. He felt a light touch upon his shoulder. The cue fell with a clatter to the floor, the chalk rolled away under the table. The young man cowered back.

"Where were you last night, Henry Leneven?" a stern voice asked.

The youth was incapable of speech. Neither Sergeant Betts nor his companion was in uniform, but there wasn't a man in the room who didn't recognize them as detectives.

"Quick! Out with it!" Sergeant Betts insisted. "We know, but I want to hear it from your own lips. Where were you? And where were you driving that car to?"

Henry Leneven made a weak effort to pull himself together, and faced his questioner.

"In 'ere playing billiards, s'elp me God, Sergeant," he avowed. "You ask any of 'em. They'll tell ye. In 'ere I was from seven o'clock till closing time," he went on, raising his voice and looking appealingly around.

THERE was a confirmatory murmur of voices. Sergeant Betts regarded them all scornfully.

"An alibi from this place wouldn't be much help to you, young fellow," he declared. "Put on your coat and come along with me."

"What for?" was the sullen demand. "You've nothing against me."

"Nothing whatever," the Sergeant assured him. "All the same, Superintendent Wragge wants a few words with you at the Yard. Come on, we've a car outside."

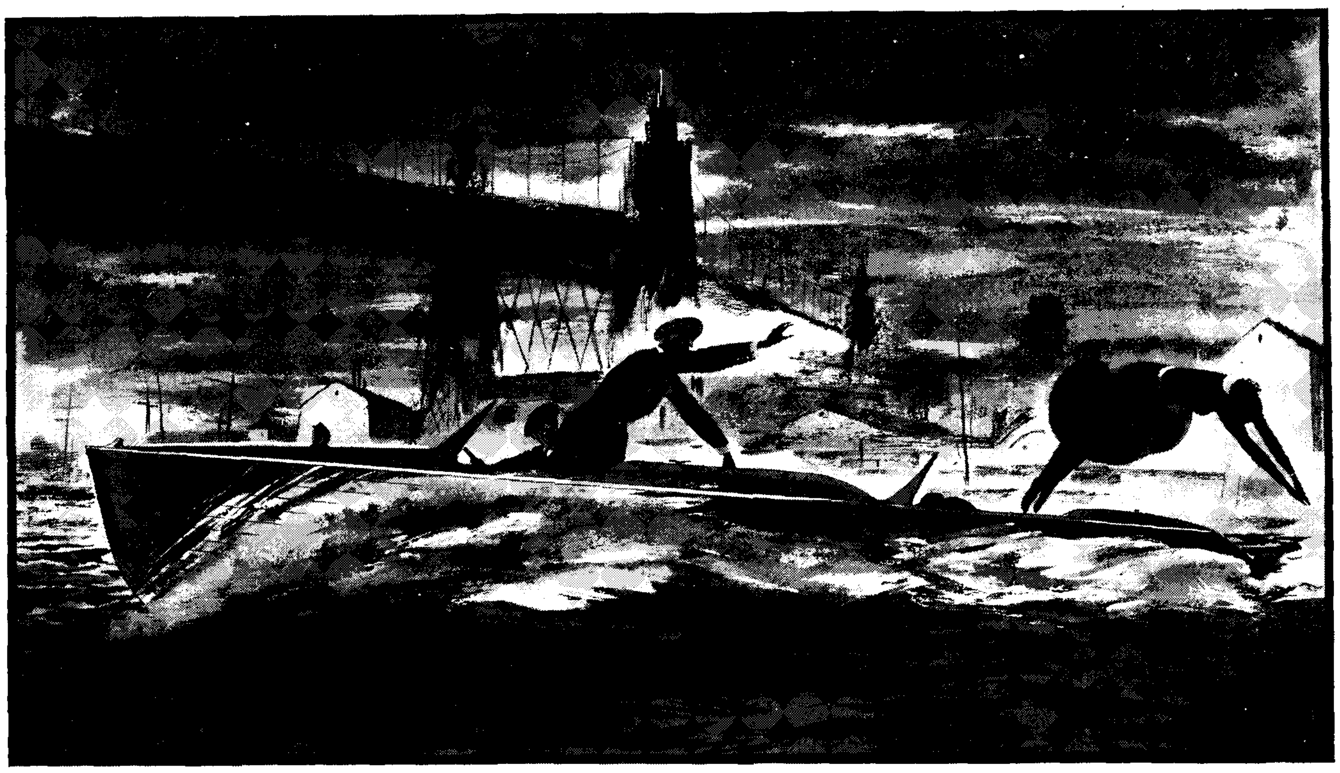
Sergeant Betts having failed in his first frontal attack, neither asked nor answered any questions on the way to the Embankment, a journey which was completed in almost unbroken silence. Arrived at the Yard, Superintendent Wragge, who had been awaiting his visitor eagerly, pointed to a chair close to his desk. No one else was present in the room but an anemic-looking man bending over a notebook. The superintendent seemed to have forgotten his haste. He filled his pipe slowly and lit it. Most of the time he was looking at his victim.

"Henry Leneven," he said at last, "we've got enough against you, if we cared to use it, to put you away for five years. You're more useful to us out, because you're easy to watch. Now, no nonsense about it! Where did you drive that car to last night from the back of Dorset Street?"

The young man's expression was one of almost exaggerated surprise.

"I, driving a car last night, Superintendent?" he exclaimed. "You've got hold of the wrong end of the stick, I'm afraid. I was playing billiards till closing time."

"Well, we'll call it this morning, if you like," the superintendent suggested.



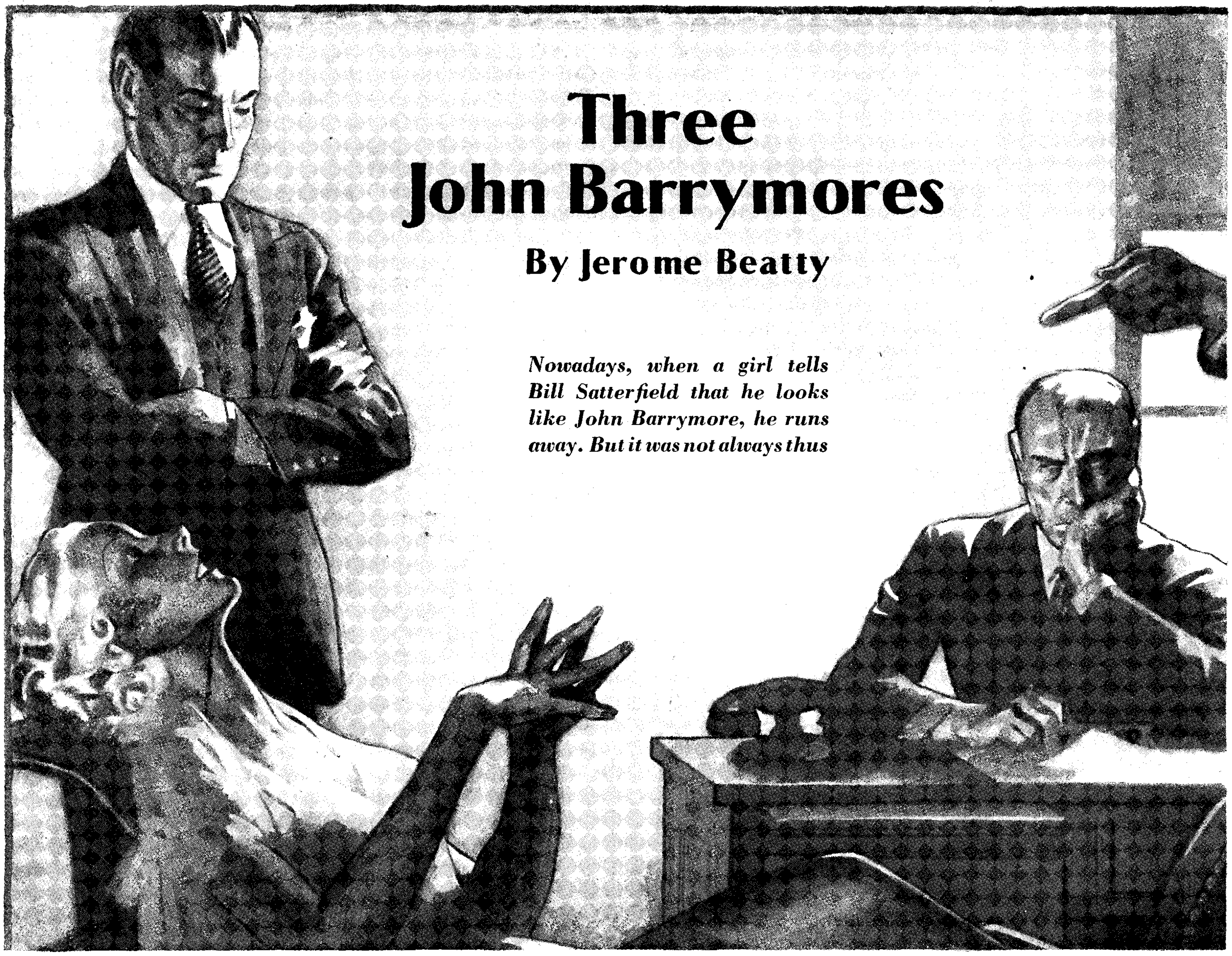
Meredith saw her, and a great agonized shout burst from his lips. He leaped toward her. Too late! There was a splash, and nothing to be seen

(Continued on page 44)

Three John Barrymores

By Jerome Beatty

Nowadays, when a girl tells Bill Satterfield that he looks like John Barrymore, he runs away. But it was not always thus



She looked from one scowling man to another. "Have I done something I shouldn't?" she asked

THE first Hollywood convention of the Sales Department of Amalgamated Pictures Corporation was ended. Two hundred and four branch managers, salesmen and bookers in stages of mental and physical exhaustion ranging from almost entire to practically complete had dragged themselves aboard trains that would carry them out of this whirlpool of whoopee back to their wives and children and the dead calm of Atlanta, Portland or Omaha.

Only Bill Satterfield and Eddie Doak, his boss, remained behind.

The convention had closed with a banquet and dance, with more than two hundred stunning actresses and extra girls for dinner and dancing partners, bringing together, as one of the speakers so well put it, "the colossuses of Art and Commerce of the cinema."

It was now the morning after.

Young Bill Satterfield, a colossus of Commerce, who had ended the fiscal year eighteen points over his quota in the Evansville, Indiana, territory leaped from his hotel bed in answer to the telephone bell.

"Criminy!" said Bill, as he looked at his watch. It was nearly noon. He picked up the telephone and said " 'Lo?"

"This is Doak," said a sharp voice. "Beat it right over here to the studio."

"Wha-what's the matter, Mr. Doak? I thought you didn't want to see me until after lunch."

"There's a girl here; says you promised to make a star out of her. Know anything about it?"

"Well, er, you see, Mr. Doak, at the banquet last night I—"

"Make it snappy," said Doak, and hung up.

Bill Satterfield's hand trembled as he dropped the phone into its cradle.

"Hell's bells!" he breathed. "He's going to fire me!"

He rushed into the bathroom, discarded his pajamas and turned on the shower.

"Oh, very well," he said, reaching for the soap, "if he wants to fire a man who can sell rings around any two salesmen on the pay roll— What'd I do? I'll ask Eddie Doak that. What'd I do? I just broke one silly little order. And what was that order, Mr. Doak? I quote your own words, in part, as follows: 'There will be a tendency for you boys to lose your heads and try to show off when you meet these beautiful dames. After Red Star had its sales convention in its studio, for two weeks the front entrance was mobbed by extra girls trying to see directors and carrying letters of introduction from salesmen. We won't have any of that. I'll fire any salesman who makes a sap of himself over any doll and tells her he'll get her a better job!' "

NOW Bill was shaving. "I resent that, Mr. Doak. I did not make a sap of myself." His mind went back to the banquet. "What a night!" he breathed. "What a girl!"

He was dancing with an extra girl, one of the colossuses of Art; the most beautiful girl in the world, and the most discerning. No girl in Evansville, nor even in Indianapolis, where you find girls who have been around, ever had sensed the John Barrymore in him.

"You're just like John Barrymore," Gladys said.

That was a new idea, and well worth considering. He did have a rather good profile at that, he confessed to himself.

"Aw," he protested mildly, "John Barrymore is—well, you know—I don't think I'm like John Barrymore, do you? Really?"

"You're like two John Barrymores."

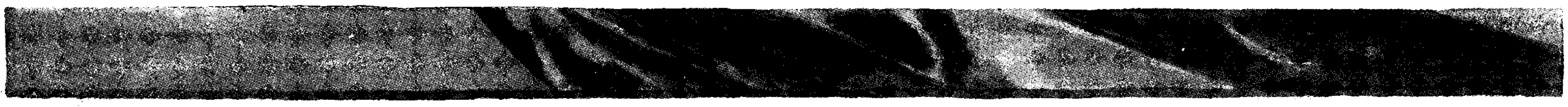
He cleared his throat and felt of his tie.

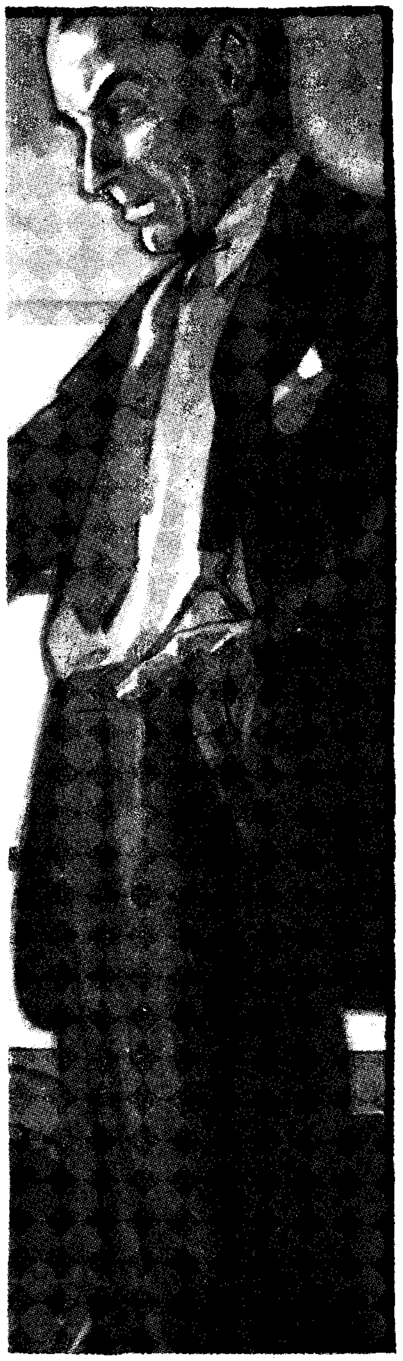
She confided: "I guess I'm going to be an extra girl all my life, I guess. The mean old directors, Mr. Satterfield, you wouldn't believe it; they never, just never *will* give a girl even a teeny-weeny chance. Not even that much." She held up thumb and forefinger about half an inch apart.

Bill regarded the infinitesimal chance that the mean old directors wouldn't even give a girl and bristled with honest resentment at the injustice of it all, as he breathed the perfume that made his head spin.

"Why," he protested, "you're a knockout!"

She snuggled closer. "You are a great big executive with the company," —thus condensing into a few words the general idea Bill had been trying to convey for the last fifteen minutes—"so





ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

can't you get me a teeny-weeny chance?"

She looked up at him as they danced. Her eyes were big and melting and round and brown. Her skin! Her nose! Her lips! Her hair! Her little silver-and-white-clad body that clung close to him as if she were a persecuted orphan seeking protection from the big, bad world! *Wow!*

When he left her after the banquet, at the little bungalow where she roomed, the last words of the two John Barrymores were: "Honey, I'm going to get you your chance!"

"Oh," she cried, and gave him a grateful squeeze, "you're just precious."

For the first time in his life—it happened *whamo!* Just like that!—Bill Satterfield really was in love.

Now, as a taxi carried Bill toward the studio, he tried to think what two John Barrymores would do under the present distressing circumstances, but he didn't get anywhere.

"Nerts to you, Eddie Doak," he said bitterly. "Some day you'll be sorry you fired me. I'll be the husband of the greatest star in pictures and you'll be trying to persuade me to let you hire her at ten thousand a week!"

Bill Satterfield entered the black-and-gold office, next to Joe Stone's, that was kept for executives from New York.

"Sit down, Bill," said Eddie Doak.

Eddie was medium-sized, dynamic, ambitious and impulsive. He was known in the trade as the Boy Wonder. He was a hard taskmaster but he knew his stuff.

Bill sat down.

"A girl came in this morning," Doak began, "asking for you. They sent her to me. Gladys Something-Or-Other."

"Gladys Devere, Mr. Doak—and let me tell you she's—"

"You heard what I said at the convention about anybody who tried to get a girl a job?"

"But, Mr. Doak, I was so sure—"

He didn't feel like even one John Barrymore now.

"Took a chance, hey? For the good of Amalgamated."

"Chief, you took the words right out of my mouth."

"That's what I figured." He lighted a cigarette. "You're even a better man than I thought."

"You're—you're not going to fire me?"

"Hell, no. You've delivered the goods, boy. This Gladys dame is just the girl I'm looking for!"

Bill swallowed twice, his eyes bulged and he gulped, "Wha—wha—what—! Well, I'm a son of a gun!"

"They're shooting tests of her now and if she holds up I want her to play the lead in The Mystery of the Dancing Blonde. Come on, Joe Stone wants to talk to you."

JOE STONE, the production manager, asked: "What do you know about this Devere kid? Is she O. K.?"

"Oh, absolutely. She came from Denver, where her father works in a department store. She's got two or three brothers and a sister who sings in a church. She's on the level, Mr. Stone. I'd risk my life on that."

Eddie Doak confirmed, "That's the way she struck me."

"Um," said Stone, turning to Eddie Doak. "There's a hundred in Hollywood like her, Eddie, but if the tests are O. K., I'll give her a trial. You're doing the picking, though, not me. If she flops, the sales department takes the rap."

"That girl'll make good," Eddie Doak declared. He grinned. "Come on," he said to Bill.

Gladys, her tests finished, was waiting in Eddie Doak's office. Bill's temperature went up several degrees when he saw those warm eyes, that flawless complexion, those sheer silk stockings, those tiny patent leather pumps.

She cried: "Bill! You precious! I'm going to be a star!" She threw her arms around him and kissed him, taking it for granted that everything was settled.

"Hey, what about me?" Eddie Doak complained, laughing.

"And one for you, Mr. Doak," she agreed, and kept her word. "You're both just darling."

"What if the tests are no good?" Eddie Doak said, teasingly.

"They'll be good," Bill declared. "Look, honey," he said eagerly, "let's put on the feed bag. Let's celebrate."

"Let's celebrate this afternoon," she parried, with a glance at Eddie Doak. "You see, Mr. Doak was so nice to me and he said he was leaving for Seattle tonight and he wanted to talk things over and he took me in to see Mr. Stone and we, er—"

"She promised to go to lunch with me, Bill," said the general sales manager.

"Oh." Eddie was stunned. He slowly picked up his hat. "Well," he dug a toe into the rug, "well, I'll—I'll be seein' you."

As he went out he heard Gladys' soft voice cooing, "You're simply marvelous, Mr. Doak. Honestly, you're just like John Barrymore."

IT HAD been a jumpy three weeks for Bill Satterfield, beginning with that afternoon when Gladys danced into his office after her luncheon with Eddie Doak.

"Don't you be mad with me now, Bill," she begged. "I *had* to be nice to Mr. Doak."

"But you said he was just like John Barrymore. I heard you," he complained. "Not—" he hastened to explain —"that I think *I'm* like John Barrymore, you understand. I haven't any nutty ideas like that. But listen, Gladys, a girl oughtn't to go around saying everybody's John Barrymore. People will think she's—you know, sort of unstable."

She patted his cheek and laughed. "I said you were *two* John Barrymores. Mr. Doak is one, but you are two. Do you want to take me to dinner tonight?"

"Do I!" And everything was jake again.

The tests were perfect and for a week Gladys was in the hands of dress designers, cameramen, lighting experts, make-up men, still photographers and interviewers.

Now and then Bill took her to dinner. Sometimes they went to the movies and sometimes they sat on the porch of the bungalow.

Eddie Doak, who had found a great deal of business to attend to on the Coast, dropped into town every Saturday night and took her dining and dancing.

As an actress she was doing fairly well, according to Jack Bowen, her director.

"With all the exploitation they're putting back of her," he told Bill, "she's bound to click. I hear they're spending fifty thousand dollars—taking full-page ads in the magazines."

"She'll be a riot," said Bill. "She'll be bigger than any of 'em."

"I don't know," Jack said doubtfully. "She's got the looks and the shape but she lacks something the big ones have, poise, depth—I don't know what it is. You know, Bill," he grinned, "she's not what you'd call a deep thinker."

"Fooey," said Bill, with some heat. "She's got brains, that girl."

"And fish have necks," said Jack, and went on about his business.

ONE evening when Bill called he found a stranger on the porch—a tall, slender, dark man in a checked overcoat.

"This," said Gladys, "is Mr. Ramon Alvarado."

"How do," said Bill.

Mr. Alvarado was just leaving.

"Who's the guy?" Bill demanded jealously. "Another John Barrymore?"

"Don't be silly, Bill. Come and sit down. He's an agent. He wants to handle my business affairs. But," she smiled shrewdly, "no agent is going to get any ten per cent away from me."

"Attagirl! Gee, you look grand tonight!"

"You're sweet, Bill."

"You mean it, honey?"

"You're precious."

"Well, then—" He finally got up his courage. "Will you marry me? You, a great big movie star, will you marry a good-for-nothing like me?"

She shook her head slowly. "I'm so bewildered," she said tragically. "You know, Mr. Doak's already asked me."

"Eddie Doak?"

She nodded. "And I sort of promised him I would, but I think I love you more. That's why—"

He took her in his arms. "Then you'll marry me, gorgeous. Eddie Doak doesn't count any more, hey?"

She kissed him and as her lips touched his she whispered, "You two John Barrymores, you."

After a while he announced, "Let's see, this is Monday. We'll fly to Yuma next Saturday, and be married."

"You're the sweetest boy I ever knew," she said, snuggling closer. She meant every word of it.

"O. K. Yuma," he said.

"O. K. Yuma," she agreed.

After all, you can't expect love in Hollywood to be exactly like love in Denver, where it is all-consuming and utterly loyal. Love is a very nice thing but everybody knows if you're in the movies and are going to be successful, you can't be rude to important men.

On Thursday night Eddie Doak dropped into town. Gladys decided she wouldn't tell Bill she went dining and dancing with Eddie and didn't get home until nearly four o'clock in the morning. And even when Eddie kissed her good night, she didn't have the heart to tell him she was going to marry Bill.

ON FRIDAY morning Bill strode whistling into his office and was greeted by his secretary, a blunt, gray-haired old lady who had worked for the movies for twenty years.

"There's hell to pay," she said. "Mr. Doak's in his office and he wants to see you *pronto!*"

"What's it about?"

"I don't know, but he's wild."

Bill walked quickly down the hall toward Eddie Doak's office, grinning. "He's heard that Gladys and I are to be married tomorrow," he said to himself. "There's nothing he can do about that."

Eddie Doak was sitting at his desk, running a hand through his hair. Joe Stone was at the broad window, looking out at nothing in particular.

"Morning, Chief," said Bill. "When'd you arrive in town?"

Doak's face was black. He handed Bill a folded newspaper and pointed to the headlines. "Did you see that?"

"No," said Bill, and read the headlines: "Emma Devere Signed by Glockheim Pictures. Twin Sister of Amalgamated's Gladys To Appear In Mystery of The Follies Girl."

"Well, that's fine," said Bill. "Gladys told me her sister was coming out to try to get into the movies."

"Fine?" Eddie Doak yelled. "A *twin!*"

"Well, what difference— Oh, criminy!" Bill groaned. "I didn't get it. Suffering wildcats, she never told me her sister was a *twin!*"

Doak said in a hard voice: "So far we've sunk two hundred thousand in The Mystery of The Dancing Blonde and we've got to go through with it. We've put nearly sixty thousand into advertising and now this twin signs up with a quickie company that's going to put her in a mystery with a plot that's probably stolen from ours. They'll take advantage of all our exploitation and sell the twin to exhibitors for half what we're asking for Gladys. We'll lose our shirts."

"I didn't know about the twin, honest, Mr. Doak. Please believe me," Bill pleaded.

Joe Stone snapped: "You guaranteed Devere was O. K. You said you knew all about her."

Eddie Doak announced: "You got us into this, Bill. If you want to stay with Amalgamated—get us out. Find this twin and send her back to Denver."

"Well, gee," said Bill, "that ought to be easy. When she sees what she's doing to Gladys she'll certainly refuse to—"

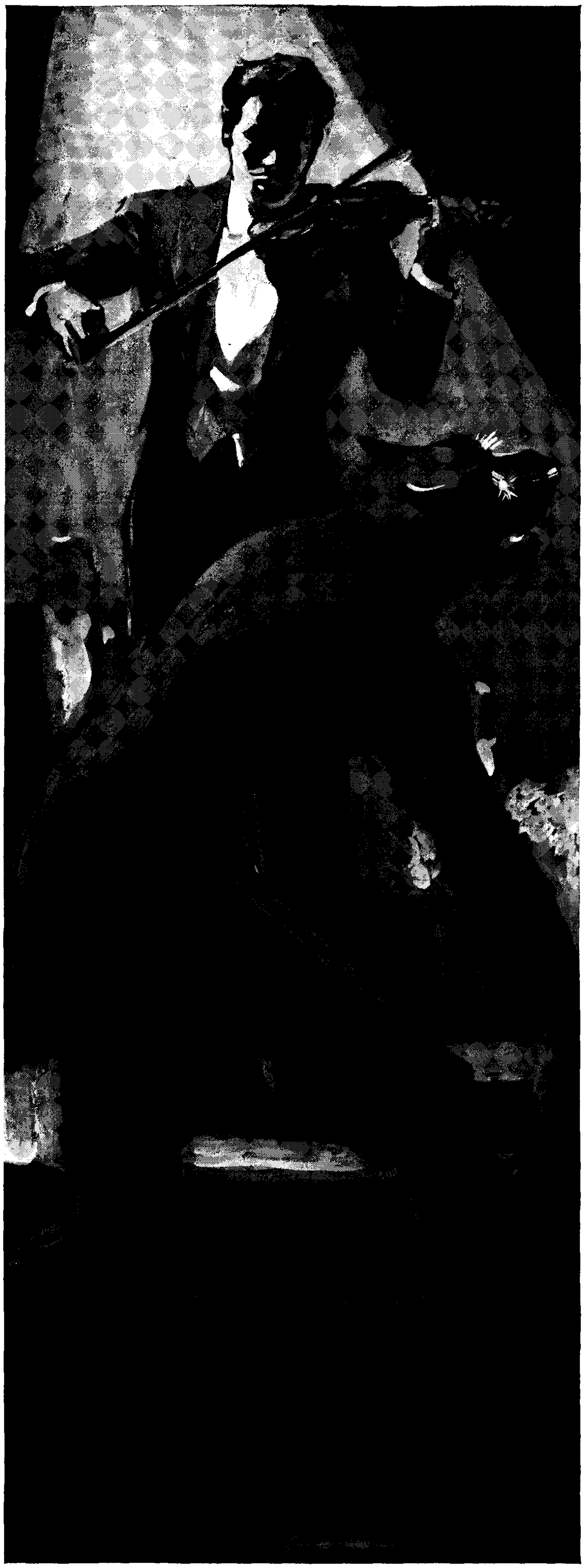
The door opened. Gladys Devere,

(Continued on page 48)

Woman of the Family

By May Edgington

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM



The Story Thus Far:

HAVING become the hostess of the Regalia, a London night club, through the friendly offices of Lennie Ward, a young dancing man, Eve Langham, a charming girl, meets and falls in love with one of the club's patrons: Captain Jonathan Horne.

She believes Horne to be a wealthy explorer. She is not aware that he is working with the police, who, trailing a band of jewel thieves, are planning to raid the Regalia, on "gala evening." She does not suspect that, strongly attracted to her, but believing her to be one of the gang, he is watching her; also, Fero, the club's manager; Tonetti, the orchestra leader; and some of the patrons—notably, Mrs. Louise Poinsetter, a wealthy American. . . .

Eve's sister, Sophia (a thoroughly unscrupulous girl), inveigles Lennie Ward into marrying her; then, learning that her husband has no income, begs Eve to find him a job. Eve knows of only one person who may possibly solve the problem—Jonathan Horne. But she hesitates to ask a favor of him. Louise Poinsetter has warned her against him, has intimated that he is a dangerous man. And following that warning, she and Horne have quarreled and parted, Horne announcing, in anger, that he is off for Le Touquet by plane.

Nevertheless, she asks Horne's aid. "I'll get Ward a job," Horne says coldly, "if you'll fly to France with me, *at once.*" Eve, in love with him, and desperate, agrees.

They board a plane, fly a considerable distance and descend. As they approach the ground—"This," Eve exclaims, "isn't Le Touquet!" Horne smiles. "Far from it, my dear," he replies calmly. "We'll go to Le Touquet tomorrow—*perhaps.*"

Conclusion

THEY skirted the belt of trees and she saw what must have been the smallest village in the world; a tiny hamlet, asleep except for a *dim light in a building only a little* larger than the other buildings clustering round it.

"That's not a bad little inn there," said Horne imperturbably.

"But we're . . . not staying here?"

He answered:

"I can promise you you'll be comfortable enough."

Without glancing at her again he knew: "She is afraid of me, and I don't wonder. She suspects I'm a queer fish. She probably knows enough about queer fish." And then he was glad that she might be afraid. It was salutary for her. The more unhappiness, even the more danger that he could bring to this evening's performance, would be all to the good.

She deserved it, and she should have it.

"This little village," he remarked, "is right off the beaten track. Even motorists haven't discovered it, to my knowledge. It has no attractions and very little beauty; but it's at least charmingly peaceful, isn't it? There's no one even stirring in the fields, for when the light fails, the thrifty French peasant goes to bed."

She said, "I didn't expect this."

And he answered equally, "I know that."

And they were at the open door of the tiny inn. An old woman kept it; a peasant, very aged and sleepy, deaf.

She had been on the point of going to bed like the other peasants, but she was glad to see custom, and she began to offer them a room garrulously.

Horne had a few minutes' swift conversation with her, which Eve could not follow, for he had dropped into the old woman's own *patois.*

Eve said to herself feverishly: "It's too primitive. It's too horrible here alone with him, in a place like this, thinking what he does of me!"

For what did he think? That she was a light girl, out for fun, for money, for gifts; for a "holiday."

And she recoiled from the thought that it would be like him devilishly to circumvent such a girl.

He was cruel.

Then he turned to her and made things clear.

"There's a room. I remember it, and the old lady remembers me. She'll take you some supper upstairs, and she'll look after you very well. Fortunately I have a couple of books in my case which I'll leave for you."

THEY were standing in the cramped café living-room. He began to open his bag and to take out the books, while she gazed at him speechlessly.

He had more information:

"There's a little twelfth-century church, and the *curé* will love to show it to you tomorrow. You won't be too bored, I hope, till I come back."

Now she would be frightened; now she would realize that no alluring female crook could play with Jonathan Horne.

"Till you come back?"

"I said 'till I *come back.*' It will be rather a change from an evening at the Regalia, but perhaps you will be all the better for resting. Let me mention, by the way, that there is no motorcar of any kind in this village; no general traffic goes through it. I don't believe there's even a telephone." He swept a look round the room to make sure. "The telegraph office is four miles away in the next village. Of course it's dark now, but in the morning you will see that it is really quite charming here, if one makes the best of it."

He kept his eyes on her face.

"I don't understand," she faltered.

"You needn't understand tonight." He swept her with that ice-gray look. "I'm returning to London—for gala night at the Regalia. I wouldn't miss it . . . even for you." His smiling voice changed. "And now—as for you . . . you'd better take my orders quietly. You will stay here till you're wanted."

"W-wanted?" The word offended her. It was a cut across the face. "Wanted—by you!" She hardly breathed it. He kept his eyes on her.

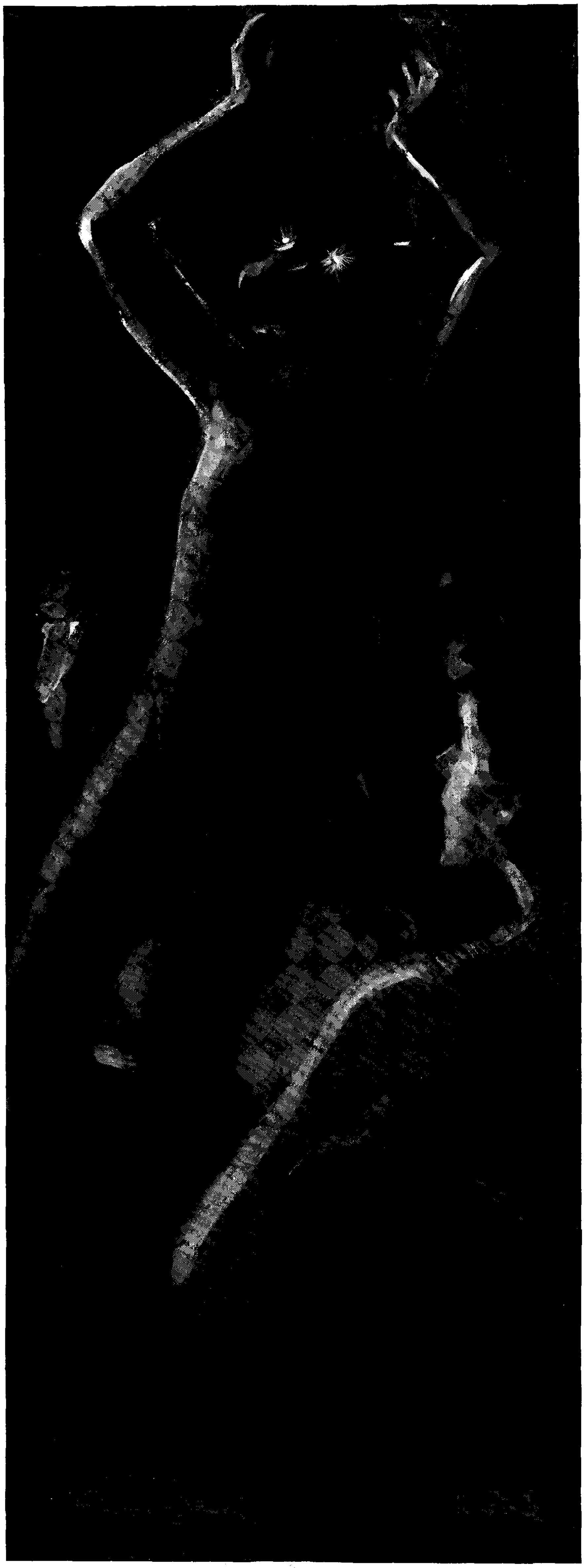
"You'll be lucky if you're only wanted by me. I may be . . . kind."

"Kind—you!"

She forgot Lennie and Sophia, forgot her intention to delight and appease Jonathan Horne; could only cry with all scorn in her voice:

"Kind—*you!*"

"I'm a man," he said. "Mortal. Human . . . I say I may be kind. Anyway, you'll wait here for me because there's nothing else to do."



Gasps, murmurs of admiration, rose from the audience sitting crowded together in the darkness

She wasn't frightened. . . . He stared at her. Oh, yes, she knew he was a man, mortal, human. She knew all right. So she wasn't frightened. Surely, though, she must be thinking of Fero, Tonetti, Louise. . . ?

"Good night," he said; and was gone.

She ran out of the inn, through the tiny cobbled courtyard; stood and listened.

In a few minutes she heard the rising hum of the engines; she heard the plane take off and go roaring up into the night sky.

His "Good night" seemed to linger in the still darkness.

Complete silence fell around her. She turned and saw the old woman gesticulating in the doorway, so she went back; she tried to make the old woman understand her, but she had not the *patois* of the district.

Shruggings, apologetic gesticulations, unintelligible torrents of words were all that met her questions or requests.

The old woman merely managed to make it clear that the inn must now be shut up; that madame must go to bed; and that supper would be in her room.

As Horne had said, there was nothing else to do.

LENNIE was tremendously pleased. It was a great night, the gala night; and, suddenly standing up to his rôle of family man—irksome as it threatened to be—he had brought Sophia.

Little thing. She was loving and she was bright, and she had lost the job which she had taken so that she might contribute to his support—not to mention her own. And she had been crying—such a pity for Sophia to cry—so he had made her a great, grand promise.

"Sweetheart, I will take you to the Regalia Club's gala night."

Tonetti had been good about it when he had asked permission to bring a lady—better not mention the word "wife." One had had enough of that with Sir Edgar Marter.

"Yes, yes. Oh, yes, Leonardo," Tonetti said, "but she must be a beautiful lady, and she mustn't interfere with your dancing too much. We've got to keep all our clients very well amused, you understand."

"She'll look wonderful, I promise you. As a matter of fact—I don't know if you noticed it—she was in here the other night with Sir Edgar Marter."

It was a good name to mention to such as Tonetti.

"Sir Edgar Marter, eh? Can't she bring him along?"

"Afraid—afraid she can't bring the old boy tonight, Tonetti."

"Ah, well," said Tonetti, with a wave of the hands, "there will be enough; enough."

Indeed he was right. The club was full; and the success for which Fero and little Captain Hopton had been working seemed to be achieved.

Some of the most distinguished of London's foreign visitors had tables tonight. Young society beauties glowed like hothouse flowers; a score of actresses, great and less great, had come on for supper after their shows. The jockey who should have won the Derby that afternoon had a party of fifty, all eminent in one way or another, and all jockey worshipers after the manner of the times.

"My God," breathed Lennie, standing tall, slim and elegant in the doorway, while he waited for his Sophia to emerge from the dressing-room. "My God, old Fero's done it."

His Sophia was a credit to him. He had selected her clothes himself, rejecting this and that article of her still scant wardrobe, and keeping her to unrelieved white.

"White's always white, and black's always black. If you wear colored things, they've got to be damned good."

"You'll dance with me, Lennie?"

"Of course I'll dance with you, but I shall introduce you to other fellows too."

AS HE said it, he rather wondered which of the Regalia's male clients he dared approach. For men had a nasty habit of snubbing him. "Because you see, Sophia, my sweet, there are various old ladies I have got to trot around; the princess, for example."

"Oh yes! Your princess. Of course, Lennie," she agreed tractably.

"And I shan't have to tell her that you're my wife," he added.

So they went quite blissfully to their table, the table at which he sat so often with Eve, but Eve was not at the table tonight.

"This is Eve's table," he said to Sophia. "I suppose she is dancing."

But there were no signs of occupation at that table, and Sophia answered, "No one's been sitting here."

Fero came up to them. He cast an appraising look over Sophia's soft fairness and took Lennie aside.

"A word with you, Leonardo. This young lady dances?"

"Like a dream. I may as well tell you she's Miss Langham's sister."

"*Si?* . . . That's good! Then, Leonardo, she is deputy hostess for tonight. Instruct her."

"But where is Miss Langham?" asked Lennie, who, even on this unprecedented occasion, was anxious to ask Eve what she had done for him and Sophia today.

"Who knows?" said Fero with a little shrug. He looked cunningly at Lennie. "I think she goes to Le Touquet with a friend."

"Le Touquet—*with a friend?*"

Fero gave his faint sinister simper.

"Tonight of all nights." Lennie cried. "You've let her off *tonight?*"

"Ah, well, Leonardo, we shall miss her, but it's a good miss all the same. And I am *simpatico.* It is something I understand."

"WHO'S she gone with?" Lennie asked breathlessly, for he thought that he would be a happy man if he could catch his sister-in-law in a transgression.

"Perhaps I know," said Fero cunningly, "but I shall not tell."

Lennie jumped to it.

"Is Horne coming in tonight? Has he a table?"

"He canceled it."

"Has Miss Langham gone with him?" cried Lennie breathlessly.

"Oh, what do I know?" smiled Fero. "What can I know? Do not ask me, Leonardo."

He moved away. His cares tonight were multitudinous. He must be everywhere, speak to everyone. Especially did he hover over the jockey's table, where diamonds were brightest and it might be supposed that men's pockets were fullest.

Lennie was almost the complete respectable family man for the next moment, as he sat down again by his young wife.

"Sophia, never let me hear another preachy word from that moral sister of yours again. I like to think *you've* never done what she's doing."

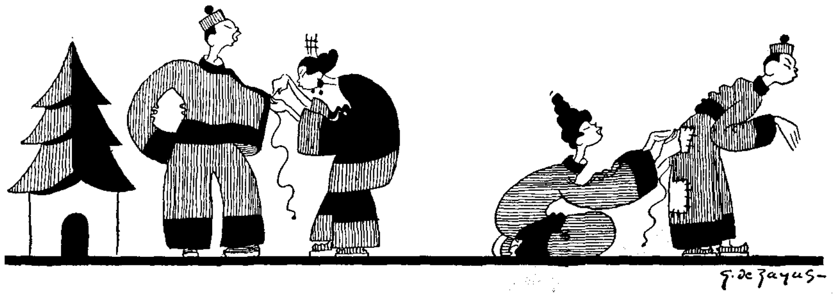
"Oh, Lennie!"

"Gone off to Le Touquet with Horne."

"Lennie!"

Then she begged with shining eyes: "One dance, Lennie. One dance together before you go to that princess."

It was a very happy dance for Sophia. She loved Lennie; she loved life.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The curbstands on the sidewalks of China not only sell every kind of commodity but also nearly every kind of professional service. Barbers, dentists, doctors, letter writers and others carry on their businesses in full view of the passers-by. Most interesting of all, however, are the mending maidens who, for a penny, quickly sew a button on your coat or a patch on your pants—while you hold still.

Among at least three quarters of the people of the world, goods bought and sold seldom have a fixed value. The price paid is determined only after negotiations between buyer and seller. When the parties wish to keep the price a secret between themselves, the negotiations are carried on in a finger code under cover. Prices for rugs in Persia and rubies in Burma are settled by the two men squeezing each other's hands beneath a table or a piece of cloth.

Of the many historic marks, spots and stains in existence today after several centuries, two are connected with the Reformation. The first are mud tracks of cannon wheels on a number of parchment volumes in Skokloster Castle in Sweden. The Swedish Army confiscated these parchments during the Thirty Years' War and used them to pave the miry roads on the way home about 1648. The second is a large ink spot on the wall of Luther's room in Wartburg Castle in Germany which he made when hurling his ink pot at the devil in 1521.

Teasing wild animals is not a safe sport—even from an airplane in the air. Recently an aviator, flying over an African plain, discovered a number of sleeping lions and decided to "run them." Three times he swooped down close to the ground, but none even stood up. The fourth time, however, one big fellow—then slightly annoyed—suddenly leaped in the air, caught one of the wings with both paws and damaged it badly.—*By Louis Straus, New York City.*

The discarded gasoline can is one of the most widely used objects throughout Asia and Africa. It is employed chiefly for carrying or storing water, milk, clothes and money. However, there are whole towns made out of these flattened tins and some people turn them into musical instruments and bird cages. In Tibet those with sacred animals stamped on their sides are even used in the temples for the burning of incense. — *By Katherine Gardner, Rapid City, South Dakota.*

Most of the arguments against war fail to mention the vast waste which occurs in the purchasing of war equipment and supplies. A classic example took place when America entered the World War. Although the Army had only 86,000 horses, some imaginative individual placed orders for 945,000 saddles, 1,000,000 horse covers, 1,500,000 horse brushes, 2,000,000 feed bags and 2,800,000 halters.

Cells in which two of the most famous men in history spent some time still are intact today after many hundreds of years. The first is the caged room in the Monastery of San Francesco del Deserto on an island off Venice where St. Francis of Assisi spent many months in 1220. The second is the prison, dug in the side of a stone cliff in Athens, where Socrates was confined up to the day of his death in 339 B. C.

The most widely used drug in history was theriaca, or Venetian treacle. For more than 1,700 years, from the day of Nero up to 1788 in England, this compound, which consisted usually of about 45 vegetable ingredients, opium, viper's flesh and honey, was extensively used in various modifications throughout Europe, Asia and Africa for almost every conceivable illness.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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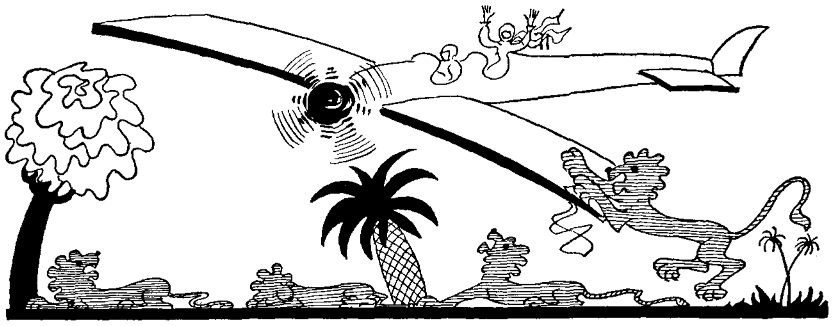


And after all, there was old Sir Edgar Marter clamoring for a table, and beside him the girl—another blonde—who now filled the secretary's chair.

It was sheer glory to be able to stare at that girl who had ousted her, and to murmur as one with the *entrée* to this place: "Oh, Sir Edgar, haven't you booked? Mr. Fero had been wondering about you. Is there really no table? Oh, how dreadful! But you mustn't go away. Come and sit at mine."

The girl had pearls round her neck. *Pearls!*

Given any chance of appraisal, Sophia knew real from false, although she had never possessed any but cheap strings of imitation beads. She stood close—those pearls were real—not like Mrs. Poinsetter's. . . . What she did not know was that poor old Sir Edgar had actually taken Lady Marter's own necklace out of the bank for this one night, at the urgings of his latest blonde.

After all, it wasn't necessary for Sir Edgar and his lady to squeeze in behind that really very inconspicuous and inconsiderable table which accommodated Sophia and Lennie, for the all-seeing Fero hurried up.

He looked at those two rows of pearls dropping over the blonde's flat and modish bosom, although his eyes seemed to go straight to Sir Edgar.

"Sir Edgar Marter? I can arrange for you to share one of the best tables, if you do not mind that! If the lady does not mind!"

THEY all knew that something special had been arranged in the way of entertainment.

Toward midnight, sense of expectancy soared. The music paused, Tonetti came right forward on his dais, spread his arms wide, held up his bow, smiled benignly down over the restaurant, and stood in that attitude of asking for a hush; and there was a hush.

Loitering dancers left the floor and there ensued the sound of a great settling down; the lights dimmed group by group, went out. Only a spotlight from on high, falling on Tonetti, showed him poised there, smiling, waiting.

Then into the center of the floor, which was now merely a faintly shining pool of blackness, rushed two of the most amazing dancers people had ever seen — the much-heralded two Black Devils. Masked in close black from head to foot, they wore painted gargoyle faces; they carried about them pin points of light from tiny batteries on their persons.

They began to dance.

Gasps, cries of astonishment, murmurs of admiration, rose from the audience sitting crowded together in the darkness.

Bravo! Bravo! Bravo!

For a moment the spotlight on Tonetti kept steady; then it too went out. The dancers danced now in absolute darkness except for the pin points of light on their persons. It was a fierce, fast, joyful, savage dance of ghouls; and the tribute paid to it was that queer audible sound of breathless people.

And the dancers left the floor and began to circle with incredible swiftness and sinuosity round about, and between, the tables.

Bravo!

People laughed and women uttered little shrieks all over the room, as in that congested space they felt the touch of the whirling dancers on their arms, or hair, or shoulders.

"I feel as if I was playing tag in the dark," Sir Edgar's blonde screamed out, feeling herself a wit.

Then, quite suddenly—how it happened, and where they went, which was their exit, nobody afterwards could say—the dancers had completely vanished, and there was a general rustle of spellbound people again moving in their seats. . . .

At least it seemed that the dancers had gone, but suddenly a half-muffled shout—loud above the renewed hum of voices—arose at the end of the room near the dais. Another shout checked itself near the door.

There was a big scuffle somewhere, and suddenly a sharp voice—it was the jockey's—called: "Put up the lights. *Put up the lights!*" And then other voices called: "Fero, Fero, put up the lights."

And just for a moment there was an intense silence except for that gathering scuffle near the main door.

And the main door showed no lighted aperture to the vestibule without. It remained shut.

"Music!" cried a voice. It was Fero's.

Music began in the darkness—one instrument; Tonetti's violin. His orchestra waited behind him for lights, but Tonetti played urgently.

"Lights, Fero! Lights!"

"A moment, a moment, ladies and gentlemen," came Fero's voice. "It is unfortunate, the main fuse has blown. It will be restored in a moment; a moment. We've an electrician on the premises. A moment, a moment, ladies and gentlemen."

And then as Fero spoke the lights went up and revealed Tonetti playing, with the eyes of a trapped demon; and Fero in the center of the floor, big and fat with a scowling white face surprised, dumfounded, by that rush of light that had not been restored at his bidding. Women clutched at their necks, their arms, crying out for their jewels; men sprang up, feeling their denuded pockets, and two groups still struggled at two closed doors, one at either end of the club—the only exits.

And the struggle ceased.

There was a squad of police, with the Rich Fellows already handcuffed; there was a nonentity in dungaree—that electrician who at Fero's instruction was to have kept the club in darkness, and he was also handcuffed; and there were three waiters in the police grip too. The two Black Devils were there to be unmasked and identified for the first time in their criminal careers.

And Louise Poinsetter stood there, also, a policeman beside her, quiet and wearing her bored look . . . very elegant.

AT THE other exit behind the dais two of the orchestra had been caught and held, and a moment after all the lights went up, a plain-clothes police officer—who, impeccably attired, had been giving a party at that end of the room—stepped forward and arrested Tonetti.

Little Captain Hopton was crying, "Good God!" and "What's up?" but no one took any notice of him. He was an honest man and, as such, out of this rogues' gallery.

And a quiet-looking man in his faultless evening black-and-white, a gala cap of crimson paper askew on his head, stood beside the table where Lennie huddled, aghast for Sophia.

He touched Lennie on the shoulder.

"I must trouble you to come with me."

"My husband!" little Sophia shrieked.

The man touched her too:

"I'll trouble you too, then, madam."

She fainted, and they let Lennie carry her to join the group at the main entrance.

In the midst of the floor Fero stood alone. Captain Jonathan Horne crossed the shining floor with his limping gait, and said easily: "Glad I got back for the kill. I will have the pleasure of taking you at last, Fero."

There was no fighting. . . .

(Continued on page 52)

Life on the Strand

By Kyle Crichton

In her early acting days Gladys George traveled through the country like the Lewis and Clark Expedition, discovering towns that had been lost to sight since the Civil War and walking back. Broadway has now discovered her as the star of the big hit, Personal Appearance

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

IF YOU are a theater-goer with any background at all, you have undoubtedly seen Little Gladys George and Company in the Doll's Dream. You may have thought you were living entirely away from civilization but if there was a hall of any sort which could be used for entertainment, you went in one night and there was Little Gladys George with her mamma and papa. This was entirely due to Miss George's father, who managed the troupe and had a remarkable faculty for discovering remote regions in which the company could be stranded. They were stranded so far north in Canada that the Northwest Mounted would have had trouble in finding them and they were later left to starve in a town in southwestern Texas, ninety miles from the railroad.

This was in the days when Gladys George was an infant prodigy but she was technically stranded in Hollywood last summer when Brock Pemberton rescued her with a play called Personal Appearance, which was the first big hit of the Broadway season. She had been in two Broadway debacles previously and her movie contract was the result of her effectiveness in those sad events, but her Hollywood progress was such that by the end of another six months she would have been evaded by even the electricians on the sets. When Mr. Pemberton air-mailed her the script of Personal Appearance he was merely acting as the kindly St. Bernard who was dragging Gladys out of the icy drifts. As a matter of truth, Gladys was also dragging Mr. Pemberton out of the crevasse in which he had been reclining since the success of Strictly Dishonorable four years before.

But this is all beside the point, which is that Miss George is an actress of a school that is fading rapidly away. Either the family was living in luxury or they were trying to hitch-hike back from one of Father's mistakes. But all the time they were acting and convincing themselves that rice was a dish fine enough for royalty and planning for a future which would see them running the Barrymores completely off the stage.

It all started when Miss George's father came to this country with the Kendalls. His name was Arthur Clare and he had played with Sir Henry Irving and other important English companies. On one trip to this country he married a Boston woman who had not until that time been a professional but who rapidly succumbed to the disease. Gladys was born at Patten, Me., at a time when the family was at liberty. She went into the act almost immediately, making her début in Waterbury, Conn., at the age of almost nothing, singing Back Among the Folks. She was considered not only competent but practically sure-fire.

On the Medicine Circuit

The family became known as the Three Clares and played The Parish Priest, Mr. Clare following Daniel Sully in the part. They toured New England and any other section which made a false move expressing interest in art. It was in this period that Gladys got her schooling. She went five months to the first grade in Lynn, Mass., and that was the end of her formal education. What she learned thereafter was from the rôles she played and from the Shakespeare her father used as part of his daily currency.

The Clares were still playing The Parish Priest when they landed in Napanee, Ontario. They were still in Napanee three weeks later, trying to get enough money to leave, when they were rescued by the Johnson Brothers Medicine Show.

"A very great man, the elder Johnson," says Miss George fervently. "We were almost frozen and we hadn't eaten even rice for two days when he came along. He wore long hair and hinted that he might have Indian blood and could sell that dishwater he peddled to anybody."

The Clares became the entertainment that attracted the multitude. They stepped through the flap in the wagon on to the platform and did songs, dances, specialties and sketches. The acetylene lamps flared and soughed in the wind, the faces peered up eagerly from below and Mr. Johnson oiled his cords and got ready for his spiel. He was a combination of William Jennings Bryan, Amy Semple McPherson and Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford. When he spoke, he sold, the inhabitants pleading with him to accept their money. The tour was particularly interesting because they never stayed longer than three hours in any one town by reason of the discontent of the purchasers when they found that Chief Johnson's Magic Elixir tasted a great deal like soda pop and had no effect whatever on warts, ingrowing nails or falling hair.

It was the Johnson Brothers, however, who got them to Toronto and it was a benefit for the stage hands which got them into vaudeville in a big way, which is to say a route on the Gus Sun time. The Toronto show was headed by none other than Frank Tinney and they could use anybody who had ever had professional experience, needing a list of names to attract the local trade. The Clares went in to help make the bill sound lengthy and it was there that they first startled the world with the Doll's Dream. It had to do with Mamma and Papa, who were quarreling. They go to bed, still quarreling, and as they sleep they dream that a doll comes to them and solves their problems. Gladys was the doll and she was such a success that Father Clare sacrificed his pride and renamed the act Little Gladys George and Company.

Father Played Hunches

In addition to the Gus Sun time, they also got a route on the Western Vaudeville Circuit and the Butterfield Circuit. The Doll's Dream held up for years, with Gladys inserting new business and new songs but retaining the structural groundwork of a great piece of art. Her singing voice was a trifle strident in the upper register but was all the more effective in vaudeville for that reason. She sang Why Did You Make Me Care?, I Know I Got More Than My Share, What Did You Want to Make Those Eyes at Me For?, and Fraidy Cat. She was extremely cute in Fraidy Cat.

In the course of time the family reached St. Louis, where Father waited for new bookings. Lured by the promise of split weeks in Oklahoma City and Tulsa, they started out to conquer the Southwest.

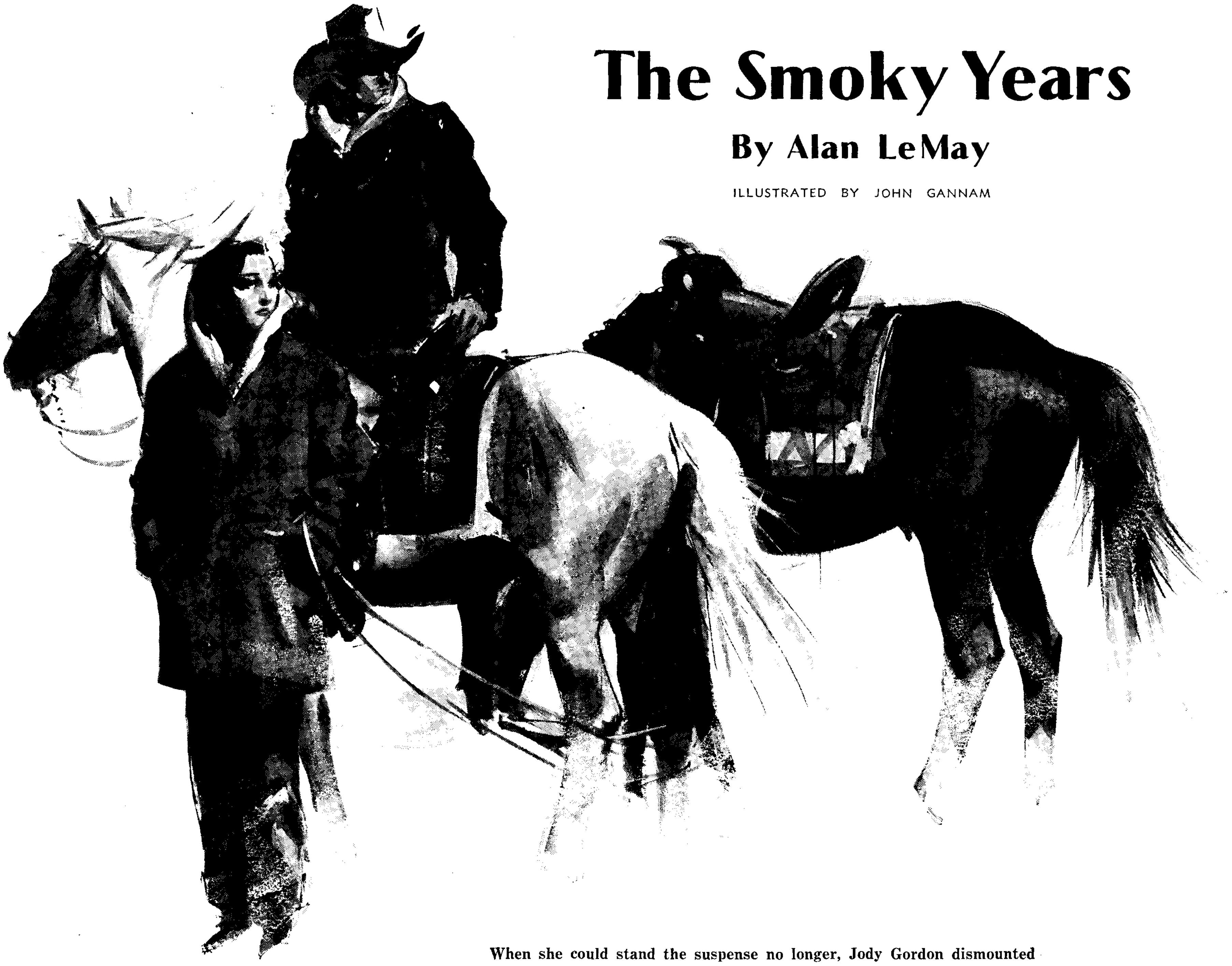
"Father was a little hazy about business matters," says Miss George, ruefully. "We always started out all right but it was the getting back that

(*Continued on page* 39)

The Smoky Years

By Alan LeMay

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN GANNAM



When she could stand the suspense no longer, Jody Gordon dismounted

The Story Thus Far:

LEW GORDON'S partner, "Dusty" King, is murdered by three enemies: Ben Thorpe (a power in the southwestern cattle country) and two of his aides, Walk Lasham and Cleve Tanner. He leaves an adopted son, Bill Roper, who instantly makes his plans for avenging King's death.

Engaged to Jody Gordon, Lew's daughter, Roper tells her what he proposes to do. Shocked, she breaks the engagement. Nor will Gordon coöperate. Whereupon, Roper goes to Texas. There, as Thorpe's agent, Tanner rules over a vast cattle domain—all stolen. With a band of hired outlaws—"Dry Camp" Pierce, Lee Harnish and others—Roper attacks him in a series of wild raids, ruins him, then kills him in a pistol duel.

Roper then proceeds to Montana, where Lasham represents Thorpe.

Meanwhile, still loving him, Jody Gordon has been following his every move. Thorpe, she knows, has put a large reward on Roper's head; and she has reason to believe that Thorpe is plotting to murder her father. Gordon is in Miles City. She goes to him there, implores him to watch Thorpe carefully—and to coöperate with Roper. Her father refuses. "Roper's an outlaw," he exclaims. "I'll double Thorpe's reward!"

Desperate, the girl turns to Shoshone Wilce, one of Roper's friends. She begs him to take her to Roper's hideout. He does so. Arrived, they are attacked by Jim Leathers, one of Lasham's men, and another cowboy, who have, apparently, seized the place. Shoshone makes his getaway; but Jody is captured. . . .

The news that Jody has disappeared soon reaches Roper. At the risk of his life, he goes to Gordon, who can, of course, tell him nothing. He then rides to his hideout. There he hides in the brush, watches. A man comes toward him. "Steady!" says Roper, covering him. Then— "Blast my soul!" *His captive is Shoshone Wilce!*

IX

"GOSH!" said Shoshone, "I was never so glad to see anybody in my life!"

Roper's voice bit like frosty ice: "You know where she is?"

"Yeah," said Shoshone. "Yeah, I know where she is."

Roper dropped into the gully to snarl close into Shoshone's face. "Is she alive? Is she all right?"

"Oh, yeah, sure," Wilce assured him. "She's alive, all right. Don't seem like she's hurt any. I—"

"Don't seem like?" Roper repeated. "Damn your hide, where is she?"

"Bill, seems like them skunks have her down there at that cabin, and won't leave her loose."

"Who won't?"

"Bill, I don't know who."

"Well, how the devil did she get there?"

"Me," Shoshone said. He met Roper's eyes bleakly. Obviously, he knew that he was in trouble here. "I brought her."

"What in—"

"She would have come anyway, Bill. She was dead set on locating you. She didn't have nobody else to ride with her. I figured you'd sooner I'd try to bring her direct to you, so somebody would be with her, than have her wandering loose around the country by herself. A bartender in Miles told me you were here and we rode here. And then—and then—"

"Well, then—what?"

"As I come into the valley," Shoshone said, "seemed to me like something was wrong. But I couldn't make out what. We come up to the cabin careful and slow, in the dark. But they seen us coming and they laid for us, I guess. Before we knew what had busted, they gunned her pony down and they drilled mine twice so bad that I had to turn him loose. Most likely he's dead by now. I—" Shoshone hesitated.

"And you run out and left her," Bill filled in for him.

"BILL, I swear I wouldn't have done nothing like that, not for no amount. Thing was, they was all around me; I couldn't see where to shoot or who they was. I figured first it was your own boys, making a mistake, and after I seen it wasn't I just figured to keep in a fighting position, you might say, and close in first chance. Only—"

"*Only you never saw any chance,*" Roper said with contempt.

"Well, no; there's seven of 'em down there, Bill, and they keep an awful steady watch. After I seen my horse was through I tried to catch me another, but couldn't make out. So I cut up my saddle blanket and chaps and made these here shoe pacs, like the tribes do, so I could get around without leaving so much trail. And I been scouting 'em steady ever since. Sometimes I get in a long shot at one or another of 'em. This carbine don't carry so very good, but I plugged two of 'em; don't know how bad. And—"

"How do you know she wasn't shot or hurt when her horse went down?" Roper demanded. "Shoshone, if you let anything happen to that girl—"

"They let her walk outside sometimes during the day," Shoshone said. "That's how I seen she's all right."

"Can you make out who the bunch down there is?"

"I figure they're some Thorpe gun squad, out after your scalp. I figure they was laying to gun you. And now that they got the girl, I figure that they aim to hold her for bait, kind of."

"You figure! But you don't know?"

"Fact is, Bill, I don't know; not for sure."

Shoshone fell silent and Roper, deep in thought, let him rest.

"You're *most likely right,*" Roper said morosely at last. "There's four or five of these Thorpe war parties out after me, and this could easy be one. But of all the infernal luck I ever saw— What did Jody want with me? Did she tell you?"

"Thorpe has made up his mind to kill her old man," Shoshone said. "I went and told her, because I thought you'd want her to know so she could maybe look out for him some. But the old man wouldn't listen to her and they had a row. So then the only thing she could think of was to come to you. She's got some notion of trying to get you and her old man together again."

"Hell of a fine chance!"

"That's what I told her. But she—"

"Why in God's name," Roper flared at him again, "didn't you go after help?"

"I figured I'd get strung up for sure," Shoshone said flatly, "if I went and told Gordon what I'd done. I wanted to come for you, but naturally I didn't know where you'd gone. The only thing I could figure out, I better try to ghost around these hills and maybe whittle 'em down to my size."

Roper snorted.

"How many boys you got with you?" Shoshone asked.

"Not one," Roper answered. "I was clear over on the Little Dry when Hat Crick Tommy brought word the girl had disappeared. I didn't figure, then, it was a fighting job. After I got to Miles I went and talked to Gordon—"

"You talked to Gordon? How in hell—"

"I just walked in and talked to him," Roper said with irritation. "After Gordon convinced me that Jody had left Miles with you, I had a good idea where to come. I'd already talked to the bartender that sent you here. But then it was too late to go back after any of my riders, scattered out like they were."

"IF ONLY some of the Gordon cowboys would show up—"

"No chance of that. Gordon knows that the girl was looking for me. This made a good camp for me because it's a Lasham line camp—right in the heart of his northern range. Lasham never suspected I'd have the guts to use it, until now; and it sure would never come into Gordon's mind."

"Couldn't you have told Gordon—"

"I tell you, I never thought there'd be any fighting in this until I found your dead pony."

"Bill," said Shoshone slowly, "this is terrible bad."

Just how bad it was and what it meant Bill Roper could not decide. He was remembering now what Lew Gordon and said: "You've started things no mortal man can stop. . . ."

"You say there are seven men in the cabin?" Roper asked at last. "Two wounded?"

Shoshone nodded. "They ain't all in the cabin all of the time. Seems like they must have had the girl tell 'em that she come here to meet you. Naturally they'd think you knew she was coming. Most likely they figure that if I ain't dead I'm carrying you word that will bring you here a-kiting. So they're holding her there now until they see if they can't get you. I ain't watched those kind of fellers for fifteen years without knowing how they work."

"They're taking an awful chance," Roper said, iron death in his eyes. "If I rode in here, warned, with my wild bunch—"

"It ain't such a bad chance they're taking," Shoshone contradicted. "Night and day their outposts are out. Two men can check the whole country daytimes, so that they can see you coming twenty miles. You only got here because you come up through the timber to the south, on the trail from Miles—the last way they'd figure you'd come. Nights there are more men on lookout than that, near as I can make out, and their lookout is strongest just before dawn. I suppose Iron Dog taught 'em that trick in the old days, always striking just before daylight, and now they can't get it out of their heads. Night and day they got ponies saddled. If ever they spotted your wild bunch riding in, they'd be almighty hard to catch."

"If only," Roper said, "the wild bunch was going to ride in! But it isn't."

"Maybe there's some way we could fake it, so they'd give up and clear out. I figure they'd leave the girl behind if ever they set out to run."

ROPER shook his head. "No way to do that, Shoshone. If those coyotes don't hang for this—"

"How can they ever hang? If they're Thorpe men they got the law back of 'em. The girl rides in of her own accord and something happens to her horse. They don't give her a new horse for fear she'll lose herself. There's nothing in that that calls for an hour in jail for one of 'em, Bill."

"Some of 'em aren't going to live to see a jail," Roper promised himself.

"What you going to do?"

"I'm going down and smoke 'em out. I'm going to smoke 'em out before the sun ever comes up again, and you're going to help me."

Shoshone nodded. "If we tackled 'em just before daylight, when the outpost is strong and the cabin is weak—"

They talked it over at length. In the hidden gulch where Shoshone had been holing up they made coffee and cooked meat, and completed their plans.

"We can get in," was Shoshone's verdict at last. "We can get in, and we can take the cabin. But I don't know how we're ever going to get out."

"I've got a plan for that," Roper said.

He wouldn't tell Shoshone what it was.

There were no stars when Roper roused himself in his blankets, and he had no mechanical means of telling the time. Yet he knew very definitely that dawn was just two hours away. Raised on the trail, he had learned by the changing of a thousand night guards to estimate the hour of the night with an accuracy which he no longer questioned.

He shook Shoshone Wilce. The little man groaned once, then came full awake with the sudden response of an animal.

"Time to go, Shoshone."

"I'm ready, Bill."

Without the snow the rocklike impenetrability of the overcast sky would have made the night utterly black, but the ghostly pallor of the snow had the effect of faintly modifying the darkness. The eye might possibly have made out a moving dark shape at ten yards; beyond that there was nothing but a muffling blackness.

"You lead out," Roper said. His voice was instinctively hushed, even at this distance from the enemy. "You've had more chance to study the lay than me."

Shoshone Wilce delayed. "Bill," he said, "I lay thinking about this thing for a long time, after you was asleep." A dogged stubbornness came into his tone. "I figure we can probably take the cabin. And if we take the cabin without fighting we've got a chance to get away. But if so much as one shot is fired—Bill, the outposts will close like a b'ar trap. I don't see no way we can ever get clear."

BY THE sudden frozen silence Shoshone Wilce was able to sense Bill Roper's anger.

"I wish," Bill Roper said at last, "I had Hat Crick Tommy here, or Tex Long, or even the very greenest kid cowboy that's riding the range with them, somewhere tonight. I need one other man for this job. It wouldn't take an especially brave man, nor a smart man, nor a real good gun fighter. I just need one fairly good man. But I haven't even got that!"

"Bill, I only claim—look, Bill: I ain't afraid of 'em. I only—"

"You ain't afraid," Bill Roper repeated; "no—not much. But when the guns spoke, you left a girl down under her horse in the snow—maybe hurt, maybe dead—and you ran for your life."

When Bill Roper had said that, both were utterly still while a man might have counted a hundred.

Shoshone's voice was flat and dead. "Is that the way it looks to you?"

"Look at it yourself."

"Then," Shoshone said, "I guess there ain't anything more to say." He stood up.

"There's this to say," Bill Roper said. "You're going to work with me tonight because I haven't got anybody else. You're going to do exactly what I say and when I say, without any back talk or question. You make one slip tonight and the West won't hold you, nor the world won't hold you, and you'll answer to me in the end. You hear me?"

"Okay," Shoshone said in the same flat, dead voice.

"One thing more," Roper said. "If we make a quiet job, we'll try to go out slow and quiet, the three of us together. Otherwise, you take Jody's lead rope and ride like hell. Six miles below here, near the creek, there's a kind of a brush corral. You and the girl will wait for me there. Wait for me until daylight begins to come; then go on."

"Okay."

"Lead out."

THEY moved down into the valley of the Fork, walking fast. Shoshone carried his carbine in the crook of his arm, but Roper's rifle was behind in his saddle boot; he had relied principally upon his six-gun for a long time. Roper had cut up a blanket and bound his boots with the strips, to avoid the creak and crunch of heels upon the frozen snow. The two men made little sound.

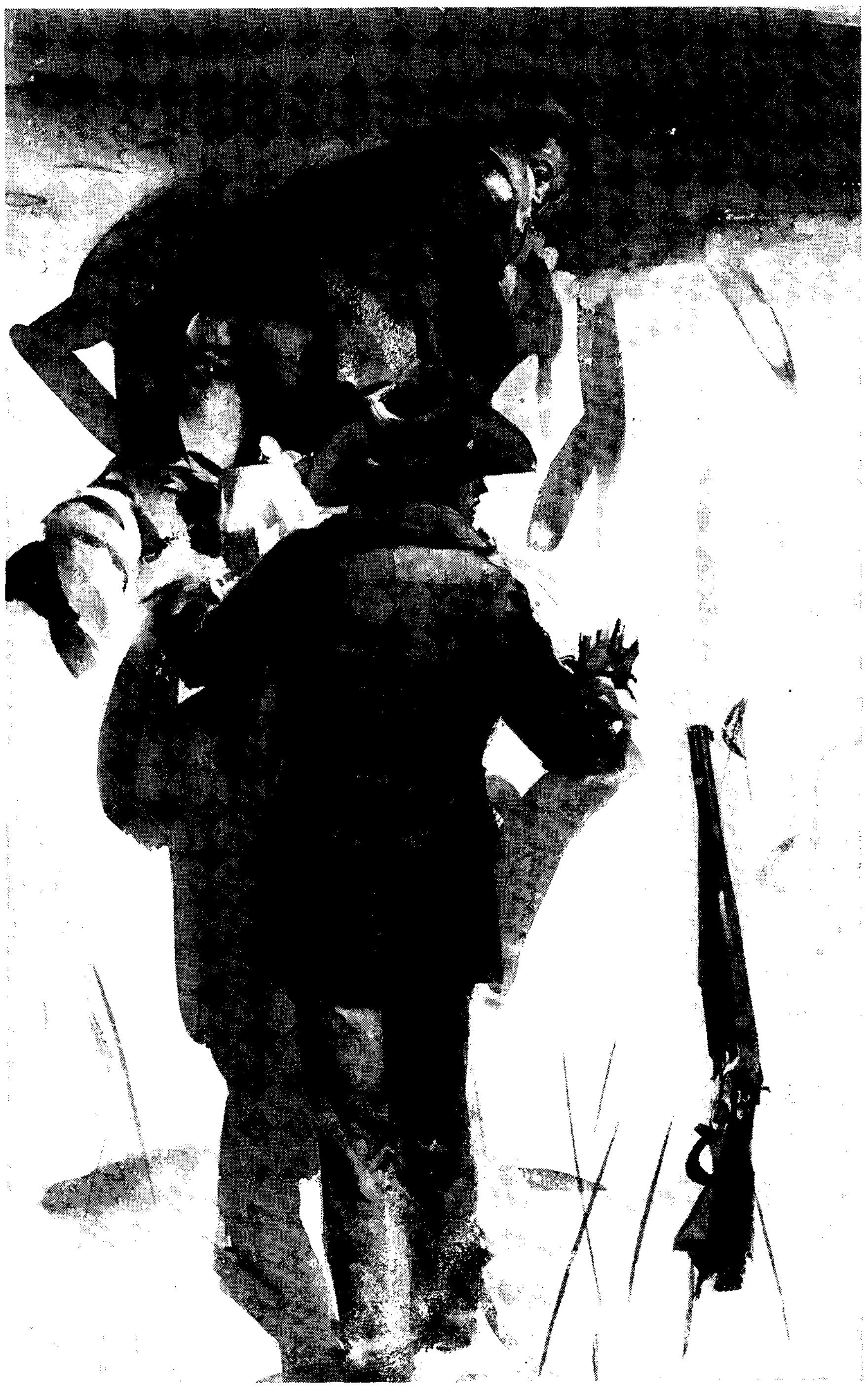
When they had dropped into the bed of Fork Creek itself they moved northward, following its windings, for what seemed a long way; but no sign of approaching dawn yet showed, and Roper felt that they had plenty of time. As they at last passed the point where the cabin stood, invisible in the dark, Shoshone indicated its location with raised arm; but they moved on fifty yards farther, so that they might approach the cabin from the north.

Cautiously, now, Shoshone climbed the bank, silent as the Indians with whom he had spent his youth. Turning, he gripped Bill Roper's arm. His words were whispered close to Roper's ear.

"One of the night guards is out that-a-way, about five hundred yards," he whispered, "about in line with where you see that big dead pine."

Roper could see no dead pine, good as

(Continued on page 50)



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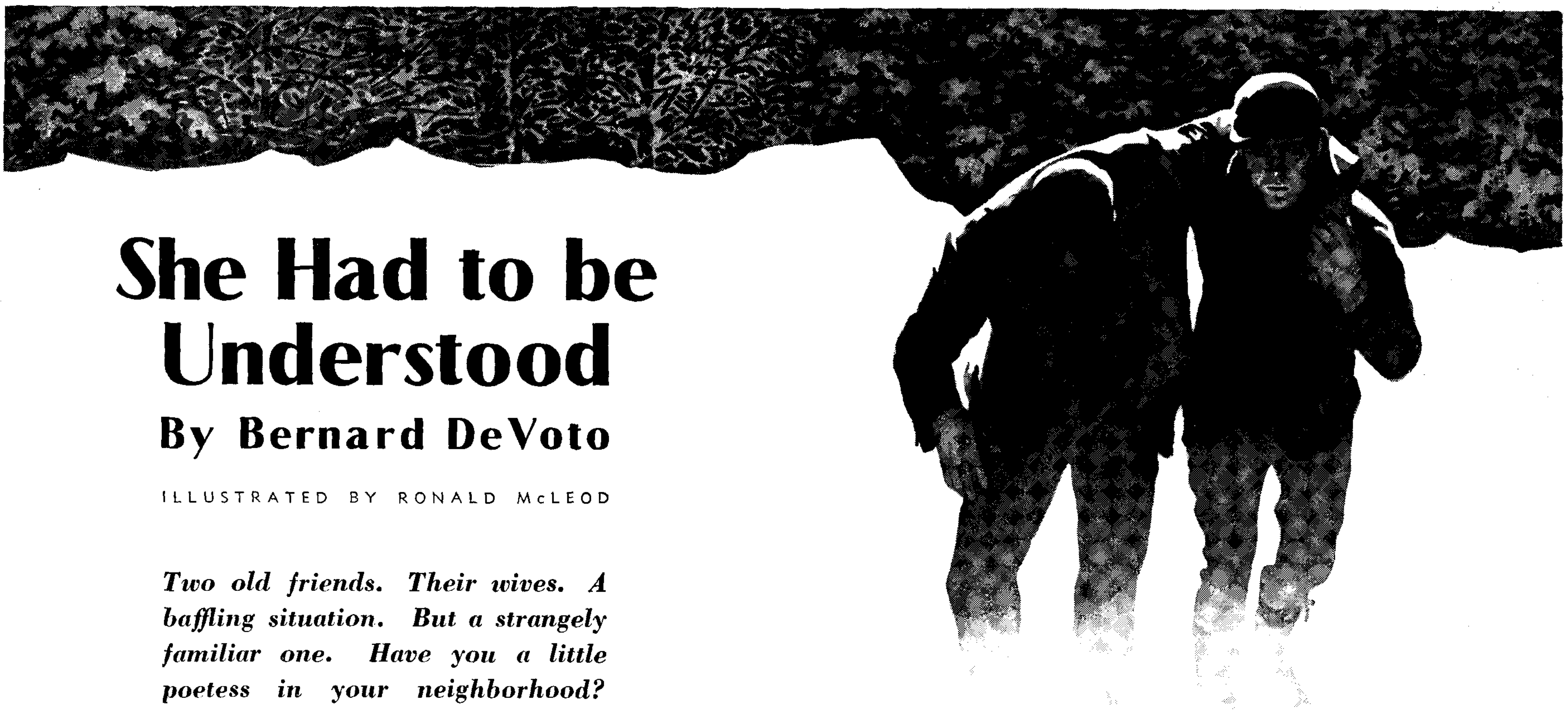


She Had to be Understood

By Bernard DeVoto

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Two old friends. Their wives. A baffling situation. But a strangely familiar one. Have you a little poetess in your neighborhood?

JOHN WILLIS and Julia Stevens were married on the second of October. Their wedding presents included Sally Meredith's newest beautifully bound and privately printed volume of verse, "New Hampshire Refuge," and a coffee table in chromium from Willard Meredith's workshop, the final model of a design on which Willard had been working. But as October became November, for the first time in years John did no upland shooting with Willard Meredith. Julia showed a bride's solicitude for the bachelor habits of her husband.

"You know it's nice to get away for a week with Willard and let your beard grow and sleep with your boots on. Go ahead, John, be a Cro-Magnon. Bring your mate an aurochs."

John really had scruples about Willard. His marriage must not interrupt a lifelong friendship any more than Will's had interrupted it when he married Sally, eight years ago. He went down to the shed off Cranston common which served Will as a drafting room, and revived last spring's talk of going to Maine for moose.

For no reason, Will was awkward. Wasn't counting on hunting this fall, he said. He shifted his large, ungainly body and allowed they might go to his log cabin on Morgan Mountain sometime this winter, and try to find a bear. He looked harassed and dispirited. John went home, puzzled, and reported to Julia.

"The nice thing is you really don't want to go shooting." Julia came within reach and there was opportunity to kiss the enchanting place where her sand-gold hair was cropped close to her neck. "John, how badly were you hurt, as a sad bachelor?"

He grinned. "After that horse threw me last spring, I used a cane for months."

"Sally Meredith's message for me on my wedding day was that I must be very, very good to you for you'd been hurt. Poets are too fine and deep to mean cracked knees."

"Women say that sort of thing at weddings." He grew absorbed in the way Julia could pull his face down against his strength.

The first week in December, Sally asked them to dinner and he saw Julia dress for an appearance as Mrs. Willis with great care. She put on her most resplendent dress and then pulled the skirt up to her knees, studying her legs in the mirror. "I conceded the calves to Sally—I couldn't have had enough Vitamin D as a child. John, do you suppose I can reassure the poet that your wounds have healed?"

Willard's house had always been as familiar to John as his own, but he felt a slight constraint, entering it for the first time since his marriage. There must be something in the feeling, for Will made a second cocktail, which was unprecedented. Sally looked pale and intense, but Sally always looked pale and intense. Talk was a little stilted. Sally was scornful of Will's newest commission, to design a gin bottle—just before that, she said, he had been improving the lines of gasoline pumps. She freely discussed her new long poem. "A tragedy," she said simply. "It's meant to hurt."

AFTER dinner, a fire of apple wood and Sally on a low bench gazing into it. She was small and round and dark and her moods were somber. Soon she wanted John to see a poem of hers that a magazine had just published and led him away to her study. Like Willard's shop, it was a remodeled shed but was lined with bookshelves and had a fireplace and deep chairs. She found the magazine and gave it to him and then was looking at him affectionately.

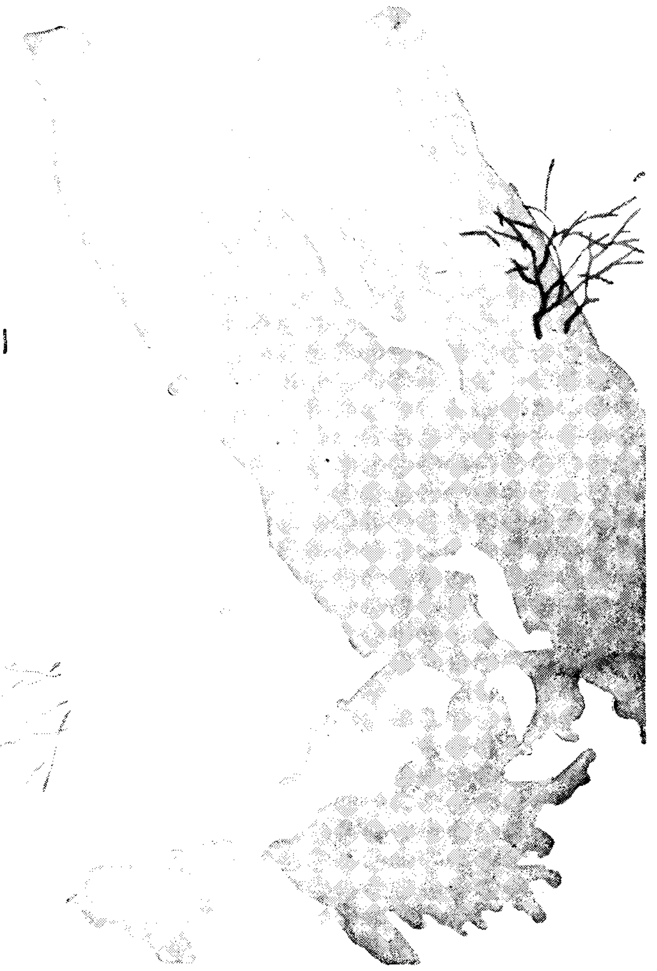
"I've missed you at tea time, John." She rested a small hand on his arm. "Oh, my dear, I want you to be happy at last."

John blinked. "Well, I didn't get married with the notion it would give me a mourners' bench or a wailing wall."

She slowly nodded. "It's best to be light, isn't it? . . . No one knows anyone as well as we know each other. You have strength, John. I've always used it."

This fire also was of apple wood. Sally cast herself in a chair, hugging a graceful knee above the plump calves Julia had alluded to, gazing at the yellow flames.

"Winter *is* the saddest time. New Hampshire can be a prison, John. I'm afraid I've got thinner skin than most people. . . . Don't leave me altogether alone. We're people who have both been hurt, and we've known each other since always."



John said, "You utter damn' fool!" and pulled him outside and across the snow

"If I was hurt," he said uncomfortably, "I must have made a good recovery."

Eyes half-closed, she said, "I'm happy if you've found a recompense." He thought she was talking a little like a fool, and shrugged. Sally stood up at once. "Julia could spare you for a minute or two, I think, but yes, John, certainly we'll go back to her."

Willard had finished one highball and was mixing another, and that was surprising, for Willard was puritanically temperate. But Julia took charge of the talk and the evening really smoothed out. John sat in shadow and adored the firelight on her hair.

"There's still time to go to Maine for moose," he said, when they were leaving.

Will swayed just perceptibly on his feet. " 'M staying away from firearms. Too old for it. Silly to shoot things just for fun."

"Nonsense, Will," Julia said. "All males *need* those primitive reversions."

Sally sniffed. "I've never known what Will saw in sleeping on the ground."

"Why don't you go with him sometime and find out?" Julia suggested.

Will muttered, "Sally hasn't any taste for the primitive."

Sally was shuddering. "They kill things!"

She evoked irrelevant praise from Julia. "I loved that poem of yours, dear, that one about the farm wife who wanted more than the hills could give her."

That, John thought, described the greater part of Sally's poetry. In the car, he said, "Will had more liquor than I've seen in him since we were college boys. What's up?"

Julia giggled. "And I'll bet there was a fire in Sally's study. John, it was a dirty trick for you to get married in the fall. She can't get a listener till the poets come north with summer."

Still, something had been wrong at the Merediths'. Back in their own library, he said so again. Julia went to his desk and picked up the magazine that Sally had given him. Deckle-edged, hand-made paper, exquisite typography, a coterie house organ published by someone who had money to spend. She looked through it, amused.

"Her heart is imprisoned by the hills again. John, Sally's heart never does get out on bail."

"You don't like her, do you?"

"It says on the women's page that husbands always say that when their wives talk about other wenches. I just don't fall for her art much. That gin bottle of Will's she was snooty about is worth all her verse."

"And still," John said stubbornly, "they're in some kind of jam."

Julia sat on his desk and smiled at him. A tall, sweet girl, with deep eyes, with laughter in her voice! "You've got a way with you, John, and you're pretty wise." Her eyes were liking him. "No, honest, you're fearfully bright. But you've got this idiotic blind spot. Or dumb spot. It's the one dumb spot your wife would pick out for you."

"What dumb spot?"

Her eyes were liking him a lot. She said breathlessly, "Heavens, John, your forehead is attractive. I don't know if I can keep my fingers out of your hair."

"Put down that damned magazine," John said, "and come here."

She did. She whispered from his shoulder. "You manage your women, don't you? It's a skill Willard hasn't picked up in eight years."

THE next morning, fresh from one of the icy showers that appalled him, wrapped in a robe of camel's hair, she stood in the doorway and said solemnly: "Years and years you listened to that poetry, didn't you? Lookit, John, Willard's a big gruff guy with men, isn't he? He's distinctly one of the boys?"

"Nobody ever called him a sissy."

Julia began to do her hair at a mirror. "Quick-tempered too. These cuddly little half-pint armfuls—they can spoil all that. Maybe Willard's a bum critic of poetry. Did you ever explain to him that you don't go duck hunting with Sally?"

John stared at her. "Julia, you don't have fainting spells or forget your name?"

She blew him a kiss in the mirror. "No, and I'm not a poet, but if I was, I'd miss my listeners. Poets," she solemnly told the mirror, "have glass jaws. Darling, I think you'd better shoot a moose, I really do."

It was certainly his job to find out what was on Will's mind, and a few days later he went down to the workshop. He found Will red-eyed and trembling. Too much work and too much liquor! It was, then, urgently necessary to make that hunting trip. Get Will rested, get him to loosen up. But Will curtly refused. He glowered at John, switched on a hooded light, and busied himself at a drawing board. John watched him in fading afternoon, saw lines of worry and resentment at his eyes, and was perturbed.

"Do you need money, Will?" he asked.

"No! Would I call on you for it, if I did?"

Well, neither had hesitated to call on the other at need. John stood up, determined. "You're a fool, Will, you need a rest. I'm going to take you hunting."

Will put his protractor aside and his massive face was ugly. "I'm not going hunting. Have I got to tell you I don't want you around here?"

Anger and amazement spurted along John's nerves. "You're drunk!"

Will nodded surlily. "Not too drunk to throw you out."

John stared incredulously. "Well, sober up. Then I'll ask you what you mean."

Thinking wildly, John went out and crossed the long yard toward the street. But lavender twilight showed Sally in the window of her study and he turned in. "Look here," he said, "what's wrong with Will? Why is he drinking? Why is he acting like a fool?"

Lights mingled in the poet's bower: the yellow glow of an oil lamp on rows of books, firelight on floors and walls, sunset dying on Morgan Mountain through the tall window. Sally chose the window seat and, as usual, was nursing her knees. "You're a Yankee," she said. "You know about the black mood. A century ago he would have taken it out shouting about sin. Now he just broods. He'll get over it."

Now Sally was kneeling in the window seat, looking out at Morgan where sunset died in amethyst and old rose. "This is my hour," she said, "twilight." Her small body rippled with some quick emotion. "The shadows swallow up what is confused and mistaken. It makes up for—for old losses and old doubts."

The poetic note irked him. "It doesn't make up to me for Will's asininity."

"We all have to find some recompense," Sally said carefully. "Yours proved to be marriage, mine has always been poetry, why shouldn't Will have his liquor?"

SHE came away from the window and sat at her desk, slouching on the hard chair, knees crossed, mouth tragic. She picked up a quill—Sally's poetry was written with quills—and looked at it fixedly. "You shared this hour with me for years, John. Years of giving you tea in this room when I finished work. I've read you everything I've written."

In tempered light she looked woebegone. He said, "Sure, your steadiest audience."

"The audience who understood, John. What was it except that you had your own loss and could understand mine? A lot of years, John, a long time. Oh—" Sally sprawled on the desk, hiding her face on outstretched arms. "Winter is the hardest time!"

He stood over her and laid a hand on her shoulder. "It won't be," he said awkwardly. "Willard will come out of his gloom." Her face hidden, she reached up and pressed his hand close to her. He started to say something but broke off and strode to the window. Nothing—nothing but darkness. Yet he could have sworn that someone had been looking in. He realized suddenly

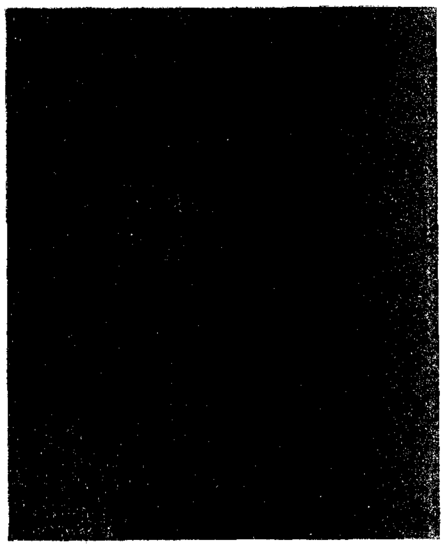
(*Continued on page* 54)

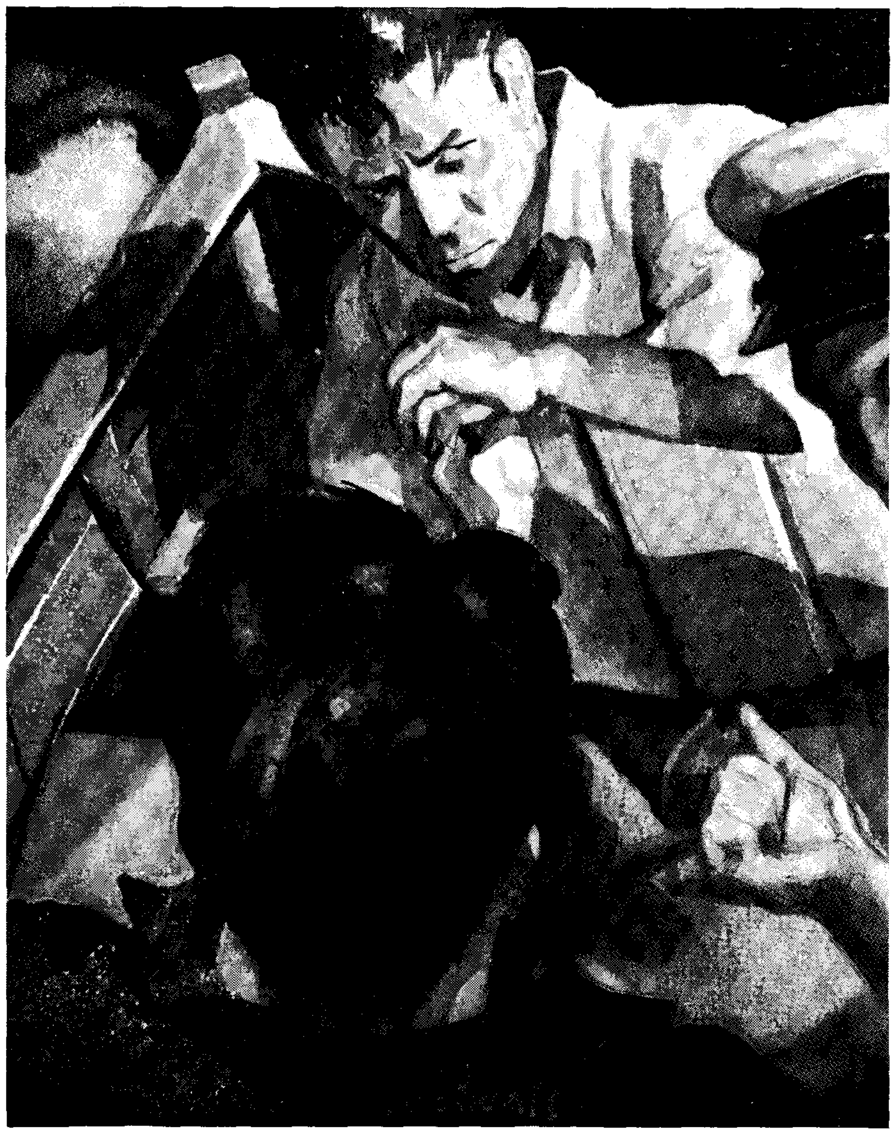
"Come on home with me," Will said, peremptory, hard-eyed

Note on a Rescue

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan





THEY had left the sinking ship—five sailors and this little passenger guy. The sailors rowed sullenly, silently. They did not look back into that ghastly twilight. They had left the cries behind now; but the ship's fog siren had been jammed on and its groans still followed them. With every feeble lunge of the big lifeboat came a siren blast; the stricken ship was calling to other ships, to men, to the Lord God.

This little passenger guy huddled in the bow. How he had come there none of the sailors knew. In the first awful panic, they had rushed for the lifeboat. They did not look at the little passenger guy. They remembered his one protest. "You're going back to pick up some people, aren't you?" he had said timidly, his voice a pitiful shiver. No sailor had answered him. Their craven conspiracy was a gag in the throat of each man. That damned siren. Wouldn't it ever stop. . . .

"I don't see any ships to help them—I can't see any boats!" the little passenger guy said, staring wildly at the cruel, gray sea.

A sailor spoke.

"We couldn't of saved nobody," he said. "They wouldn't take orders."

This lie was thrown back into their faces by the bitter cold wind. The little passenger guy winced and cowered.

"Oh, God forgive me!" he whimpered. "My wife and my kid are back there!"

The sailor nearest him stopped his oar and looked around.

"Your wife and kid?" he said. "You left your wife and kid on the ship?"

Two more sailors rested on their oars.

The little passenger guy shook convulsively.

"I couldn't help it!" he shrieked. "I lost my head. I wasn't myself. I've never been in a wreck before. Oh, I couldn't help it, I tell you!"

A huge fireman, his eyes glaring in a dirty, sweating face, swung about to confront the passenger.

"Where was your wife and kid?"

"On the boat deck—but I lost them—right near this boat. I think Mary ran back to get another coat for the kid—"

"Hey, you guys, she's swinging on us!" said the sailor farthest aft.

His rowing mate said: "That guy left his wife and kid on the ship!"

"You dirty little quitter!" growled the fireman, and then, "How big was your kid?"

"Three years old. Oh, Mary and Jimmy, I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it. Oh, forgive me!"

THEY all stopped rowing. They swung around and stared at the little passenger guy. The lifeboat broached to and rocked perilously.

"We oughta throw you overboard," said a fat sailor at No. 4 oar.

The little passenger guy edged away from him.

"A man's first duty is to himself, boys," he whined. "You know that. It's the law of nature. It's the survival of the fittest. They'd have died from exposure, anyway. Drowning is a more merciful death. I got to think that way, oh, *I got to*—"

The fireman heaved to his feet and lunged forward.

"You dirty little liar! You never made no try at saving 'em. You was thinking of your own hide, you yellow scum—"

"You're fine ones to talk! You ran away, too. We all ran away. We're all in this together. You say nothing and I'll say nothing—you back me up in my story and I'll—"

"Agh, you—"

"Sock him, Jack. Beat the life outa him!"

"Oh-h-h—"

The fireman lurched back to his seat.

"A man leaving his wife and three-year-old kid," he said.

"Why didn't yuh heave him over the side?"

"Yeah—we'll fix him like he fixed them!"

"Hey—we gotta row—we're shipping water!"

"Idea of a guy deserting a little kid—"

The siren groaned again, more faintly. Two rockets arched into the sky.

"*He* was the one that said to row away!"

"Yeah."

"Hey, you guys, all together now!"

"Where away, Mike?"

"I thought he was one of the officers."

"Yeah, I heard him say the cap'n give the order it was every man for himself."

"He said the ship'd go down in another second."

They picked up their oars, looking over their shoulders at the still, huddled figure in the bow. They glared at the little passenger guy contemptuously.

"Where away, Jack?"

"Back to the ship."

"Yeah, maybe we can pick up that woman and her kid. We'll tell her what a sweet fellow her husband turned out to be!"

"Then we'll heave him overboard."

"The dirty bum. Leaving a woman and a three-year-old kid—"

"All together, boys. There's still time!"

Lifeboat No. 17, loaded to the gun'ls with passengers picked from rafts and floating wreckage, was taken aboard S. S. Western Star, the first ship to reach the scene of the disaster.

Five sailors, heroes all, were surrounded by grateful passengers on the liner's deck.

"Hey, Doctor! There's a little guy here in the bow. He's passed out. Doctor!"

THEY lifted the little passenger guy, more dead than alive, and bore him to the emergency hospital in the grand saloon. There, one of the rescued passengers said: "Why, it's Mr. Smithson!"

Fireman Jack glowered down at the battered form.

"We was gonna throw him overboard, but we forgot," he said. "He deserted his wife and kid and we never did find 'em."

The passenger who knew Mr. Smithson stared.

"Smithson? He hasn't any wife or kid. I've known him thirty years. He's a bachelor."

A cleaned and scaled grayling from fishless Chena Slough calls for a Club session, with Colonel Arnold making explanations

Hook, Line and Sinker

By Corey Ford and Alastair McBain

Casting and lying from one end of Canada to the other, Messrs. Ford and McBain met and conquered trout, muskellunge and grayling. They told and caught whoppers until a leviathan off Vancouver made honest men of them both. Watch the tip of your rod!

WE WERE elected to the Fish Liars Club in Fairbanks, Alaska. The ceremony was held on the sidewalk outside the Model Restaurant, where we had just purchased a dead grayling to use in a few photographs. In vain we tried to explain that we were not in the habit of buying fish for photographs, that we had caught plenty of grayling ourselves, that unfortunately we just happened to forget to put any film in our camera. The secretary of the Fish Liars Club interrupted us solemnly, cast a brief but significant glance at his fellow members gathered about us on the sidewalk, and cleared his throat.

"It gives me great pleasure," he said, tucking our membership cards in the bands of our fishing hats, "to congratulate you upon your unanimous election to the Fish Liars Club. We have every reason to believe that you both will be a credit to the organization."

To be sure, there is nothing very exclusive about the Ancient Order of Fish Liars. Any angler can qualify. The organization bars neither race nor color nor creel. It draws no fishing lines. If you have ever tried to describe the one that got away; if you have ever sought to explain how you lost all your tackle on the daddy of 'em all; if you have ever attempted to tiptoe home at night with an empty creel—a feat comparable to sneaking a ten-ton whale unnoticed up the main street—and have been hailed by some well-meaning acquaintance with the cheerful inquiry, "What luck?"; if you have ever hung a bit of bacon on the end of your hook, or jigged a sulking trout with a horsehair snare, or patronized the inevitable small boy with willow pole and bent pin—if, in other words, you have ever fished at all, then you are automatically elected.

The rules and regulations for the Club are few. Each session is usually conducted free-for-all style, with every angler for himself, catch-as-catch-can, weights unlimited, and no hoax barred. The symbols of brotherhood are the same in every fishing lodge from Montreal to Vancouver.

National Coat of Arms: A ten-pound rainbow rampant on a broken rod, with crossed hearts, a Bible, and hand upraised.

National Insignia: An empty creel.

Secret Sign: Holding both hands before the face from one to six feet apart (depending upon the individual's qualifications as a member of the club in good standing), shaking the head sadly, and murmuring: "No kidding, it was *this* big—"

Secret Passwords:

1. The water was too high.
2. The water was too low.
3. The stream was too muddy.
4. The stream was too clear.
5. The weather was too hot.
6. The weather was too cold.
7. The weather was unusual.

Universal Symbol of Brotherhood: A worm.

There are no regular meetings of the Fish Liars Club. They are held any time, any place, on the bank of a stream, in the Pullman smoker, in the parlor, wherever there are two or more fishermen gathered together. (Sometimes even *one* fisherman can hold a meeting, provided he can find a nonfisherman to listen to him.) For example, as self-appointed field secretaries of the organization, we made a careful survey this past summer of some half-dozen of the famous fishing lakes that are dotted across Canada, strung like glassy beads along the tiny thread of the C. N. R. from Montreal to Vancouver. In the course of our spectacular nonstop fishing flight from coast to coast, we worked the famous waters of Lake Nipigon for speckled trout, we tried for muskellunge and great northern pike in Western Ontario, we fished for natives and Dolly Varden in Jasper Park in Alberta, for rainbow and mackinaw in Stuart Lake in British Columbia, for steelhead trout and coho and tyee salmon on Vancouver Island, for grayling in Alaska. Wherever we went, we found a local lodge of the Fish Liars Club in open and violent session.

Corey Ford, right, with Alastair McBain and the 55-pound tyee salmon that forced their resignations from the Fish Liars Club

Sometimes we couldn't even get a word in edgewise.

Our first official meeting was held at Mud River Bridge, in Ontario, Lake Nipigon Chapter, Bill Bruce Lodge No. 1, in a pouring rain. For forty days and forty nights that unseasonal spring, a steady downpour had raised the waters of the Nipigon district from eight to ten feet above normal. Lowlands were flooded, streams were torrents, the shallowest riffles had become raging cataracts that were impossible to wade. Camp sites were half-submerged under the yellow flood, only the tops of benches and tables showing. Worst of all, the swollen rapids had concentrated great armies of suckers in the deep trout pools, and what sluggish fish we took from that roily water were chockablock with sucker spawn, and oozed sago pudding when we squeezed them in our hand. In the face of these conditions, a dry fly stood no more chance than an umbrella in a hurricane.

We did not like to give up. Perhaps at the head of the White Sand River the water would be down a little. For two days we struggled hopefully upstream, chopping through barriers of fallen spruce and tamarack, shouldering against the heavy current, fighting the myriads of mosquitoes that bred in swarms in the flooded marshlands. They were all tied on Number Twos, those Nipigon mosquitoes, and they hooked us neatly with every cast. In vain we smeared our faces and hands with fly-dope to keep them off. "It ain't no use," Frank Phillips concluded dismally. "They just use the oil to keep their drills from getting hot."

It began to look more encouraging as the stream narrowed toward its source, and the water grew less heavy and roily. Below a waterfall, the stream formed a deep, quiet pool, surrounded by birch and overhanging spruce. Near the opposite bank a submerged ledge of rock offered a natural pocket, flecked with foam patches, a perfect lie for a fish; the current of air generated by the waterfall obligingly formed a funnel that blew the mosquitoes away from the pool. Here, if anywhere, there should be trout. We linked arms and leaned our combined weight against the rush of water as we waded cautiously across the stream, keeping our eyes fixed on the eddy below the hidden boulder, and made a short horizontal cast toward the farther shore. The fly drifted temptingly for an instant over that black, silent eddy.

Nothing. We retrieved the line, stripped in a little, sent it backward through the air with a flick of the wrist, forward, backward again through the guides, then forward once more in a swift descending arc, the heavy tapered body of the line feeling its way accurately toward that spot under the overhanging spruce. We checked the cast exactly as it straightened, so that the light Cahill fluttered down like a leaf onto the stream. Once more it glided accurately under the spruce.

Abruptly the water swelled behind it. The fly disappeared. We lifted the tip of the rod slowly, tightened on it, struck. Instantly the rod doubled, the reel yelled, the line zigzagged and hummed against the current like the string of a violin. Downstream, across, up. Keep the line taut. Then the bottom of the stream turned over, and

(Continued on page 40)

Marked Man

Six years in the Senate have done a lot for and to this ex-newspaperman from Grand Rapids, Michigan. Political writers already picture Mr. Vandenberg as presidential timber

By Ray Tucker

PHOTOGRAPH BY IFOR THOMAS
COLLIER'S STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER

Vandenberg of Michigan, who begins to feel the Roosevelt system's effects on potential Presidents

ARTHUR HENDRICK VANDENBERG had poor preparation for the Senate. He had been a newspaper editor more blessed in giving than in taking it. He had been the fair-haired boy in a city which veneers its public figures as well as its furniture—Grand Rapids, Michigan.

He was handsome and he knew it. He had won second prize in a high-school oratorical contest and he would oblige anytime, anywhere. He liked big words. Although amused Old Guard senators welcomed him as "Buster Brown" because of his round face, his inquiring eyes and his bubbling, bumptious nature, he strutted, orated and acted like a pretender to the presidency. They immediately likened his impressive physique and unimaginative prose style to Warren Harding's. But his cardinal offense against the code was that, for a kindergartener, he took himself so seriously and slaved so industriously at being a statesman.

He is, in many ways, the typical American senator—true to life and to the stage conception in some respects. He still resides two blocks from the little house where he was born. He was reared in an atmosphere of honesty, hard work, Middle Western patriotism and Lincoln Republicanism. His father ran a profitable harness shop until the Cleveland panic of 1893 wiped him out and sentenced Arthur to self-support at the age of nine. He has earned his own living ever since, and that experience may have warped his earlier political views as deeply as his return to the Senate in 1929 influenced them.

Politics has always lathered his blood. He lost his billing clerk job at the age of sixteen for stealing off, against orders, to cheer Teddy Roosevelt as he marched in a 1900 campaign parade. "I was crazy about Teddy," he explains, and it is the only time that he exalted anything above work. He did a two-year hitch as a law student and practiced public speaking as twin roads to political preferment. He has spoken in every Michigan campaign since 1900. Next he tried newspaper work, magazine fiction and promotion ballyhoo. An editor at twenty-four, he headed all civic and political movements, and was made a local bank director. For twenty-five years he read a portion of the Congressional Record daily. It "always fascinated" him. He corresponded with Senators Borah and Lodge during the League fight, and Lodge shamelessly stole his editorial line that "Unshared idealism is a menace."

As children say in seeking and hiding, he was "getting hot." He married the girl he had known at the University of Michigan. Many years later his part-time alma mater capped all his small-town honors with an honorary degree. "It was," he smiles, "the finish of the only unfinished job in my life." By gubernatorial appointment he struck the Senate at the age of forty-five, and it was not long before fellow members echoed his boast that "nobody has lived a fuller life to the square inch than I have."

But he has changed. In six years he has overcome many of his original handicaps. Mrs. Vandenberg, once a brilliant newspaper woman, has trimmed out the expensive words. Fellow senators now sense that his sophomoric enthusiasm represents the interest which a former editor feels for every subject from quintuplets to taxes. He has toned down, for he is quick to learn and eager to please. Once he wrote several books lauding Alexander Hamilton as a greater American than Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln. Now he says that "the greatest American is a type, not a person. He is the American who fears God, pays his taxes, takes part in public affairs, cares for his family and dies decent." That description fits Mr. Vandenberg, who is conventional rather than conservative, reassuring even when he is radical.

"Hello, Dynamite"

He has changed in other ways which often mean more in American politics than a man's mental growth. When he first sought the Senate—he was chasing after the nomination before he was appointed—he showed up in a smart white suit. An envious editor in Lansing wrote that "he may not be senatorial timber, but he sure is sartorial timber." Taking the hint, he stowed away the raiment until he sat safely—and sartorially—in the Senate.

Jack Garner still pays joshing tribute to Vandenberg's vocal and physical violence by greeting him with a "Hello, Dynamite," but the record reveals that his energy, though diffuse, has often been well directed. A humorous incident illustrates how effectively he has made his mark on the Michigan mind, even the children's. After a grade-school teacher had lectured her pupils on the birds and flowers of the states, she asked little Johnny what "bird" represented Michigan. "Vandenbird," spoke up the youngster.

But his presidential earmarks embarrass him more keenly than ever. As a result of the last election, they are political as well as physical. Between the Alleghenies and the Rockies he seems to be the only Republican who offers any haven, however distant, to the shipwrecked G. O. P. President Roosevelt tells him, good-naturedly, that "there is a spare White House dress suit awaiting your use, even though it is the one I wear to funerals." Political writers, seeking underdog drama, already picture him as presidential timber. From now on he is a marked man. They will dissect his dress, his smile, his frowns, his speeches, his votes, his friendships, his comings and goings, and they will submit daily telegraphic reports on whether or not he has fastened his bright eyes on the White House.

The Democrats, taking time by the throat, have set out to hew him down, Senate Leader Joe Robinson sounding off with the cry, not quite true, of "Vacillation, vacuity and Vandenberg." Luckily for him, Vandenberg knows that he is on a lonesome presidential spot. He knows it so well that he persists in placing his predicament before close friends, who advise him to "forget it"—and, above all, not to protest too much. But to stay off any subject is a tiresome job for an editor let loose in politics.

Unlike most senators labeled "great" or "constructive," he has not pasted his name to a single sensational issue, as Borah has with all foreign affairs, Glass with public finance, Norris with water-power and Johnson with isolationism. People must turn to old newspaper files or to the Congressional Record to discover his activities and to identify him. This anonymity, however, may be as much of a help as a handicap. The normal man sometimes gets farther in politics than the genius.

Times were comparatively normal in the Senate when Vandenberg was sworn in early in 1929. Senators were droning along in a pre-New Deal snooze. He shattered it. Refusing to undergo any probationary period of silence and inactivity, the newcomer awakened and antagonized them. To his editorial amazement he discovered that Congress had violated the Constitution for ten years by refusing to redistrict all congressional districts in 1920. It irked him especially because Michigan would

(Continued on page 38)

"Do I like it . . . . . *I'll say I do!*"

LOOK FOR THE
RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

Campbell's
CONDENSED
VEGETABLE
SOUP

"I'll cheer about Campbell's Vegetable Soup, *any time.* When I'm hungry, it is real man-size nourishment. And even when the old appetite needs a little coaxing, you can always get a welcome smile from me with Campbell's. In fact, Campbell's Vegetable Soup has often served as the main part of my meal. *The thing I like is the rich* beef broth—and the fact that it's chock full of delicious vegetables. That's real food!"

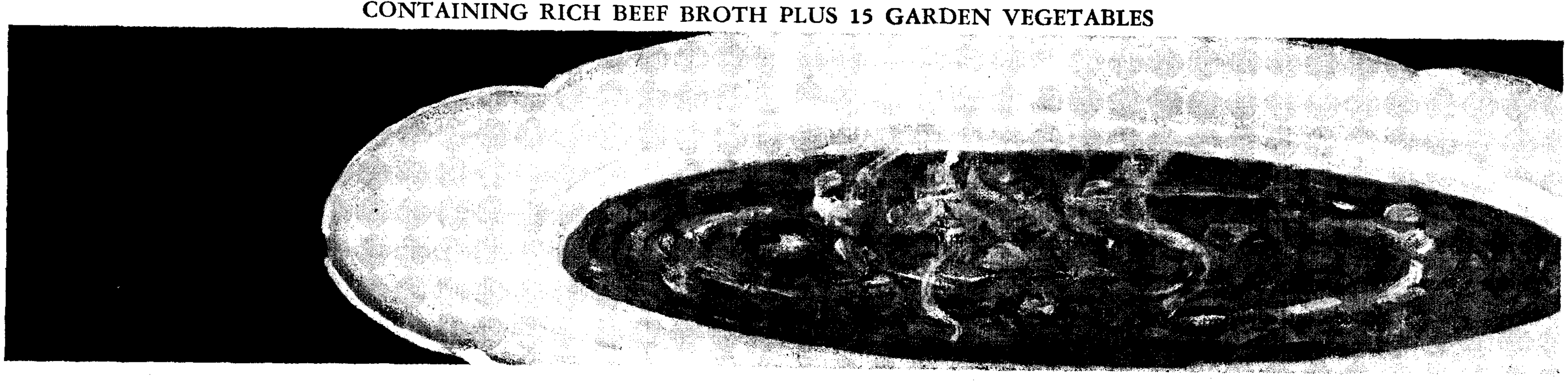
The words are those of one man, but the opinion is that of millions. For Campbell's Vegetable Soup is a favorite everywhere—with men, women, children alike. Today all good cooks know that the best recipe for vegetable soup is simply—open a can of Campbell's, add an equal quantity of water—simmer and serve. Try it!

Eat your Campbell's daily—
Then you'll be
Healthy, strong and happy—
Just like me!

21 kinds to choose from . . . Asparagus, Bean, Beef, Bouillon, Celery, Chicken, Chicken-Gumbo, Clam Chowder, Consommé, Julienne, Mock Turtle, Mulligatawny, Mushroom (Cream of), Mutton, Noodle with chicken, Ox Tail, Pea, Pepper Pot, Printanier, Tomato, Vegetable, Vegetable-Beef

Campbell's. Vegetable Soup

CONTAINING RICH BEEF BROTH PLUS 15 GARDEN VEGETABLES

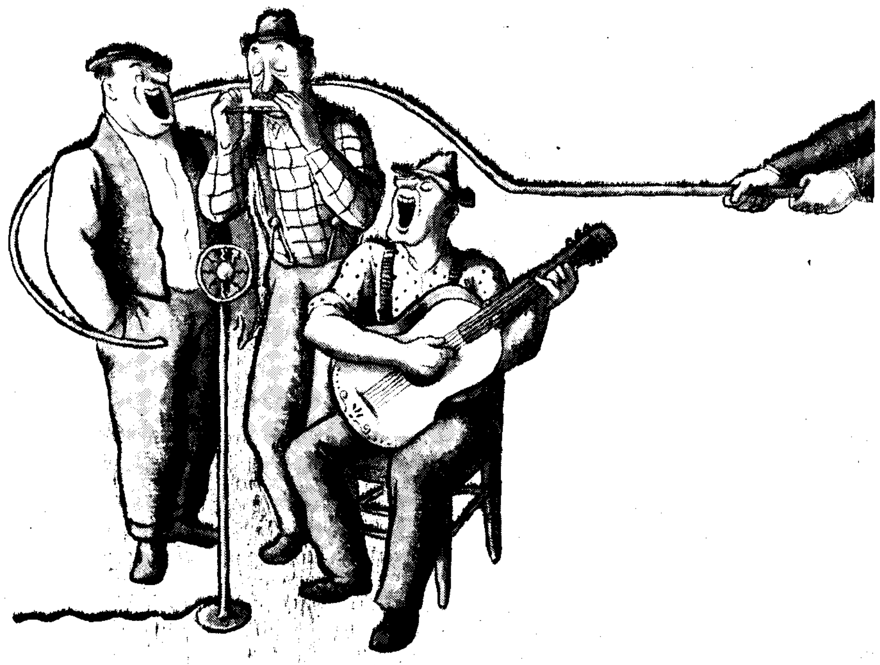


Addlekonk for President!

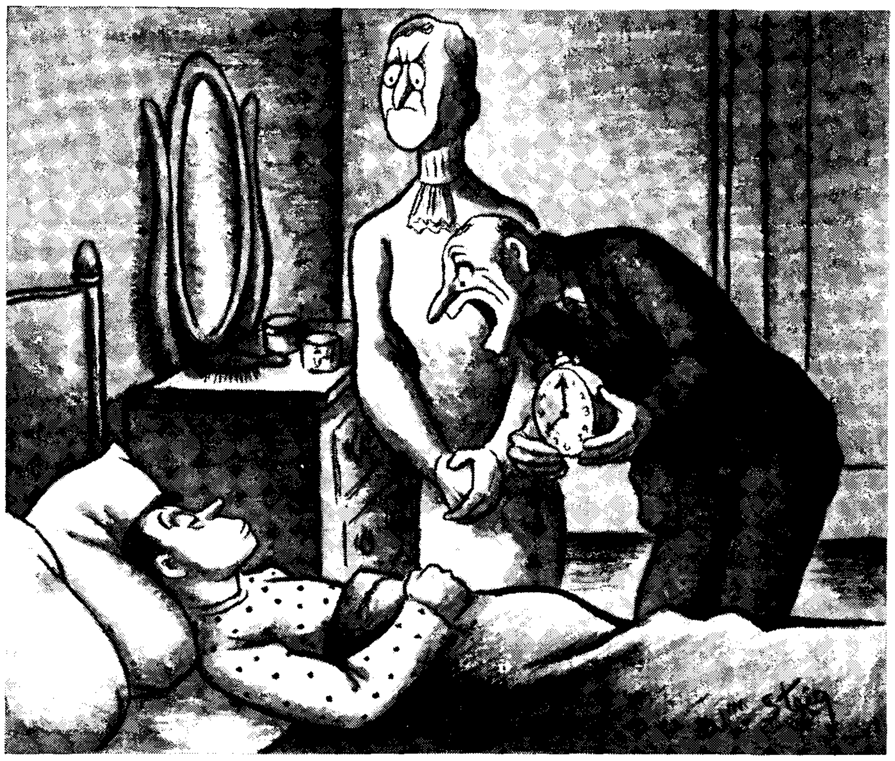
Rescue America! The senior senator from Nowhere, advocating $200 a month, free wheeling and other important reforms, loudly leads the way

By H. I. Phillips

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM STEIG



What we need is a 75% reduction in the number of hill-billy acts



Pensions for Ma and Pa are going to mean trouble getting Junior to work

It will be necessary to spend faster during the short months

SENATOR Potts B. Addlekonk came zooming down Main Street in his sound-wagon, the loud-speakers giving forth his theme song, The Dole Folks at Home.

He tooled his car to the curb, waited for a crowd to collect and began his speech as the candidate for the presidency of the ADBM (All Done by Mirrors) party.

"My friends!" he began, his glance taking in two Chinamen, a horse, two Airedales, a Hindu rug peddler, a couple of midgets and several professional bench squatters. "Look around you today, and what do you find?"

Nobody seemed to know.

"Chaos!" roared Addlekonk. "Pure, adulterated chaos! The old order has gone, never to return. What have the major political parties to offer in this crisis? Nothing! Their leaders are deluding you with false pictures and phony promises. The times are crying for a leader of vision, a leader of intelligence, a leader of courage, and I know when I am being paged."

There was applause from a deaf young man on roller skates.

"Europe is perishing. Asia is tottering to destruction. South America is a hotbed of insurrection. America is wallowing helplessly in the Slough of Despond. Civilization everywhere is facing the acid test. Stop me if you have heard this one: We have want in the midst of plenty; capitalism has failed. The value of the dollar is decreasing daily. Poverty rears its ugly head on all sides. . . ."

Senator Addlekonk paused a few seconds and appeared to have lost his trend of thought, if any.

"Where was I?" he demanded.

"Who?" answered a member of his audience in the second row.

Details Later

"Precisely," thundered the senator, shifting uneasily and wishing he knew where he had put his notes. Presently he seemed to pull himself together again.

"To resume," he began. "What is needed today is a leader with the courage to face the facts. What are the facts?"

"You tell 'em; you brought it up," said a spectator who was trying to sharpen a lead pencil with his thumbnail.

"The most important fact is that money is unevenly distributed," said Senator Addlekonk. "Wealth is concentrated. We must deconcentrate it. We must divide this money up and see that every man gets his share. How? By confiscation and redistribution. My plan is to empty the safe-deposit vaults and fill the stockings. Do not ask me for details at this time. They will be worked out as my campaign progresses."

"But—" began a worried-looking man.

"No heckling," warned the senator. "Why should one man have fifty million dollars and another man have a hundred dollars?"

"Why should a man have a hundred dollars?" demanded a fellow who seemed to think he was yelling up an airshaft.

"Very well, make it fifty," compromised the senator.

"Make it twenty-five and stop talking over our heads," came the angry retort.

"Okay," agreed the senator. "I am no man to quibble over money. Let us go on from there."

"From where?"

"Don't be so meticulous," thundered the speaker. "Fortunes need reshuffling and I am the man to reshuffle 'em. The redistribution of wealth will carry with it the redistribution of yachts, polo ponies, outdoor swimming pools and Chinese rugs. Why should a few men own all the polo ponies in this great nation? Why not let the poor play the polo games and make the rich look on? My redistribution policy calls for limited salaries for corporation executives, and a fifty per cent cut in the number of vice presidents in any bank. Why should any executive get $50,000 a year when there are millions of able-bodied American citizens who would take the jobs for much less? Ah, my friends, one of the causes of the industrial crash in this country was too many oversized mahogany office desks. Things had reached a point in office equipment where it was hard to tell at a glance whether the boss was sitting behind a desk or behind a pool table.

"Nothing slows up an executive like a huge desk. Deep in his soul he knows that he looks convincing only in the newspaper photographs, if at all. If I am elected to the presidency I shall limit the size of the desks in big business houses, so that no man shall have a desk too big for him to operate without a crew.

"What made these executives think they were worth $50,000 a year? The size of their desks. What made the board of directors think *those* executives were worth $50,000 a year? The fact that those desks were made of selected wood—hand-tooled. Back to the desks of our forefathers!"

"What makes you think our forefathers had desks?" chirped somebody.

"They had to have desks," thundered Addlekonk. "What would our modern antique dealers have done if they hadn't? But I digress."

"I'll say you do," came a hoarse voice. "And while digressing, how about that plan to give everybody over sixty years of age $200 a month?"

It's Not Going to Be Easy

"I am for it," declared the senator. "In fact, I don't see why the government can't give 'em $200 a month and throw in a box of cigars and a few racing tips. I subscribe heartily to the slogan, 'Youth for Work! Old Age for Leisure!'"

"How are you going to get the young people of today to do work that can be done just as well by the old man?"

"When the old man stops working the young will have to go to work," said Addlekonk with conviction.

"But will the young folks stand working all day while the old folks drive by the factory honking their auto horns as they start off on a little leisure?"

"It will be against the rules for the old folks to honk their horns until they get out into the country," explained the senator, who was thinking faster than usual.

"If Ma and Pa are getting $200 a month for a grand total of $400 how are they going to convince Junior and Jennie that it is necessary to get out of bed and go to work?" demanded a skeptic.

"Of course that will be where the old

(*Continued on page 32*)

Snowed under

★BUT WE'RE DIGGING OUT!

HAVOLINE
HAVOLINE
REG. TRADE MARK
MOTOR OIL
WAXFREE
MADE IN U.S.A.
INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INCORPORATED
ONE U.S. QUART

SOLD ONLY IN REFINERY-SEALED CANS

W-e-l-l! It's been a long, hard struggle. You motorists blizzarded us with your demands for the new Havoline—but we're emerging from the shortage. Pretty soon now *every* crankcase can have its fill of this remarkable oil.

What happened was that we took the *old* Havoline—that famous Waxfree oil—and made it still better! A new, exclusive Furfural Solvent Process flushed out every remaining trace of sludge-forming residue—making Havoline *Tarfree* too. That was over a year ago. The news got around among motorists—and for months the new Havoline has been the scarcest oil in the country.

The shortage is ending. Production is rapidly increasing. In most places you can get the new Havoline *now*. Be sure you ask for it—if you believe, for your motor's sake, in paying a little more to get the *finest* paraffin-base oil. Sold by all Texaco Stations—and good dealers generally.

INDIAN REFINING COMPANY, INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
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HAVOLINE

WAXFREE • TARFREE **CLEANSED BY THE NEW FURFURAL SOLVENT PROCESS**

All eyes on Westinghouse!

WORLD'S FINEST ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR THRILLS AMERICA WITH STARTLING NEW BEAUTY...ULTRA-MODERN CONVENIENCE...NEW-DAY ECONOMY!

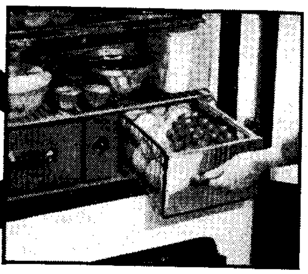
If *your* eyes seek Streamline *beauty*... here it is! Streamline conveniences? Just let a *few* of the amazing new Westinghouse features unfold themselves before your delighted eyes! Streamline economy? The Westinghouse Refrigerator will *actually* save more than it costs—not merely "on paper," but *in your pocketbook.*

Hundreds of thousands are right now enjoying the efficiency and mechanical perfection of Westinghouse Refrigeration. The famous Houser Survey revealed these purchasers as the world's most loyal and best-satisfied group of refrigerator owners. Now you can have this same Westinghouse *dependability*... in an utterly NEW refrigerator, styled and designed for this Streamline Age!

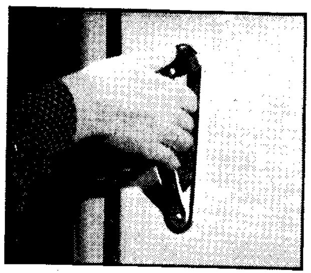
This refrigerator needs no attention—not even *oiling.* Its sealed-in mechanism is protected until 1940 for a $5 charge which is included in the price. Year in...year out ...it will save your food and money...give you delicious desserts and appetizing menus ...create new leisure with its time-saving features.

You can see a few of these features illustrated on these pages. They will multiply every thrill you have ever pictured in owning an electric refrigerator. Ask your nearest Westinghouse dealer to demonstrate. You will find his store listed in your Classified Telephone Directory under "Refrigeration-Electric."

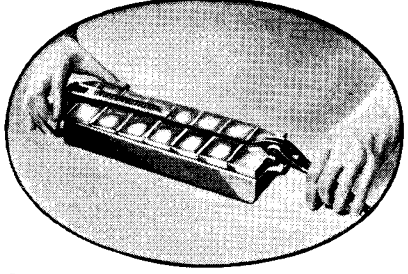
WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MANUFACTURING COMPANY • MANSFIELD, OHIO



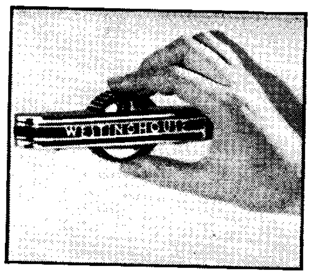
Convenient Triple-Storage Compartment with Salad Crisper, Dairy Basket and Refrigerated Fruit Bin.



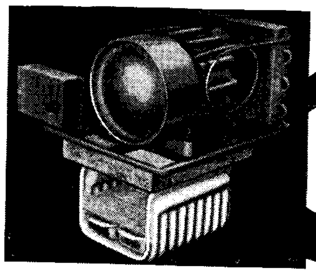
Button-Touch Door Latch—at convenient height—just a touch opens door and interior lights up.



New all-metal, lever-action Eject-o-Cube Trays pop out full-size zero-cold cubes instantly—no more fuss or bother at the sink.

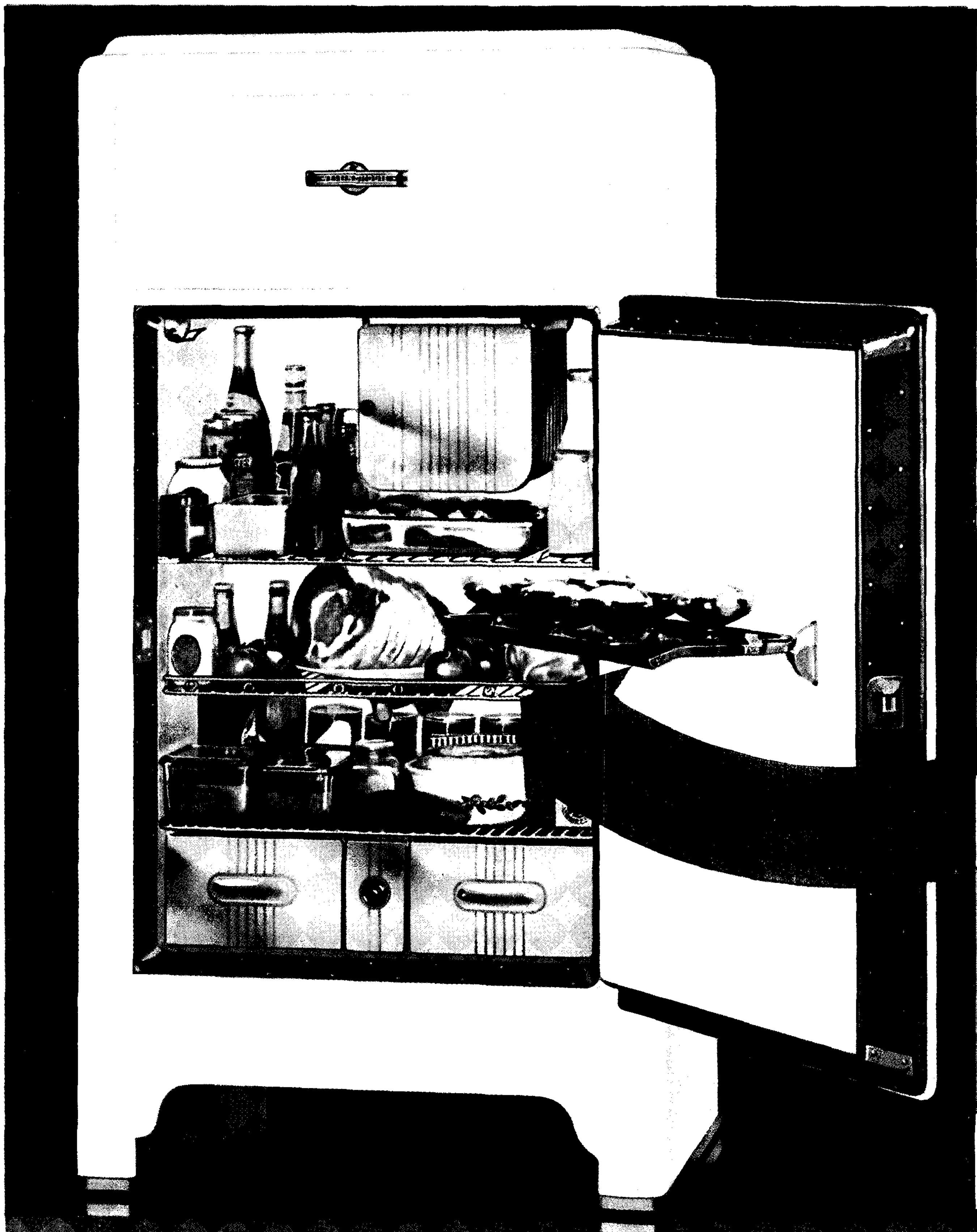


7-Point Dial Temperature Selector gives full control with "Econ-o-Matic" defrosting and operation.



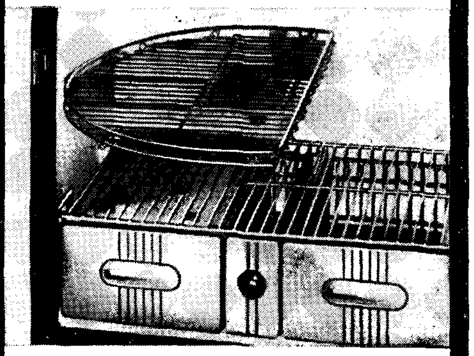
Time-tested, perfected mechanism, forced-draft-cooled, sealed forever against rust and wear.

THE NEW REFRIGERATOR FOR THE *Streamline Age*



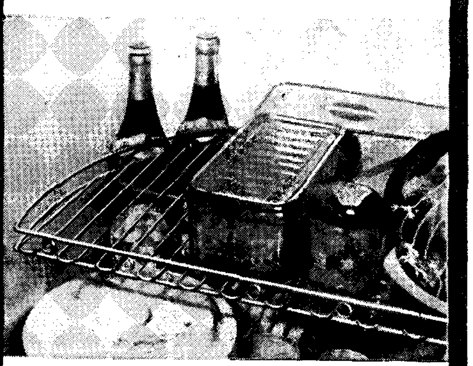
ONLY WESTINGHOUSE HAS THE MARVELOUS NEW

REVOLVING SHELF



The entire shelf revolves . . . brings everything it contains within easy reach. Delightful new convenience!

But that's not all! Just turn it half-around *either* way and *everything* on the shelf below is easily reached!



Accessible storage space is increased. Lots of room for tall bottles and cans in previously-unused corners.

Westinghouse

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18,262 SHAVES AND

THAT'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

Yes, 18,262 sessions with your razor in front of your mirror—if you shave daily from the age of twenty to seventy and include the "29ths" of February.

Something to think about! *You want a cream that's economical*—and one that guarantees shaving comfort. *Williams is economical because a little goes so far.* It assures you shaving comfort—because:

It whips up quickly into a luxurious lather that stays moist...

It conquers razor-pull. Williams creamy lather subdues the stubbornest beard quickly...

It leaves your skin in prime condition. Williams keeps your face fit in all kinds of weather.

Even the cap on the tube itself will please you. It's attached so you can't mislay it.

And after every shave—whether with Williams Luxury Shaving Cream; Glider, the Williams Brushless Shave; or anything else—a dash of Aqua Velva, the scientific after-shaving preparation.

JUST NOTICE THE FINE SKINS OF MEN WHO USE

Williams

Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
LARGE SIZE

You can't lose this cap

Shaving Cream

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY, GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.—LaSalle, MONTREAL, Can.

Addlekonk for President

Continued from page 28

folks will have to do some pretty hard work, regardless of the government," admitted the senator, "but let me say this: If it is necessary my administration will send government agents around to make the young people get up and go to work."

"May I ask a question?" shouted a middle-aged man, who up to that moment had been doing card tricks all by himself.

"You might as well. Everybody else has!"

"How are you gonna tell when a man is over sixty years old?"

"We will demand a birth certificate!"

"What's to stop me from using my old man's?" demanded the middle-aged one, showing keen interest in the idea.

"I hadn't thought of that," replied Addlekonk.

"What will be done to a man if he doesn't blow in the $200 inside of thirty days?"

"He will be penalized fifty yards for holding," roared the senator.

"Does that go for a short month like February?"

"Yes. It will be necessary to spend a little faster during that month," agreed Addlekonk.

"Fair enough," returned the skeptic, who was getting old rapidly under the strain of trying to understand the subject. "And can a man spend the $200 any way he wants to?"

"I personally favor encouraging him to spend part of it on piano, harp and bass-viol lessons," replied the senator, "because this would create a big demand for these instruments and thus cause a boom in the heavy industries."

"Don't you call piano lessons work?" demanded a listener, who seemed to have bitter memories.

"Well, if a man doesn't care for piano lessons let him spend some money on golf instructions and find pleasure and contentment there," suggested Addlekonk.

"Whaddaya mean—pleasure and contentment?" asked an old-time golfer.

A School for Scotchmen

"Skip it!" dodged the senator. "I anticipate being asked where the money for these pensions is coming from and while I don't like to hear such petty questions raised I wish to say that I have given the subject much thought. Roughly, very roughly in fact, my plan is to raise the initial sum by a national tag day, with benefit performances in all theaters, rummage sales, raffles and a national sweepstakes. Once we get the pot big enough, no more money will be needed. The people, being forced to spend it as fast as they get it, will keep it in circulation."

"How are you going to make a Scotchman spend money as fast as he gets it?" someone asked.

"My plan calls for the establishment of great schools of training to which Scotchmen and New Englanders will be sent until they learn how to spend money at a pace demanded by this great plan," explained the senator. "But let me pass from this item and take up the grave matter of debts."

"Down with debts," came the roar.

"Precisely," agreed the senator. "We will never know true happiness until we all shake off our debts. Too many people in this country have contracted bills. I say abolish them. Down with bills! Down with monthly statements! Down with dunning letters!"

The frenzied cheering stopped Addlekonk for the nonce.

"What about shorter working hours?"

"My position on the shorter working week is well known," replied the senator. "I have always contended that the week was too long in this country, considering the length of the days. Who arranged the twenty-four-hour day? The capitalists! Who decreed there should be seven days to a week? Wall Street!"

The senator had to pause again until the cheers subsided.

"Who ordained that there should be four weeks to a month? The international bankers! Who forced us to bow our necks under the yoke of twelve months to a year? The money trust!

The Two-Day Week

"My proposition is to reform the calendar so that the average man will enjoy it as well as the rich. I am unequivocally against the wealthy man's calendar. I pledge you a week of four days, including Saturday and Sunday, and you all know my conviction that every man should have Saturday and Sunday off.

"And here I come to an important point, my friends. While I would change the week to four days or two working days, I would have the employers use the seven-day week in figuring their pay rolls, thus giving you the old week's pay for the new week's work. Are there any other questions?"

"How do you stand on government operations?" asked a man hopping about on a pogo stick.

"I am for it wherever there are any complaints against private operation. Federal operation of taxicabs has long been one of my hobbies. The government can operate a taxicab just as dangerously as a private owner and it will be better fun. I also believe in federal control of bathing beaches, tourist camps and hitch-hiking. Has anybody else a question?"

"Yes, what about droughts?"

"I am glad you asked that question, my friend. If the people knew the truth about droughts they would be surprised. And so would I. Who is back of these droughts? That's what we want to know and one of my first acts, if elected, will be to name a commission to get to the bottom of this. When the truth comes out I will spare no one."

"How about the farm problem?" asked a taxicab driver.

"I will redistribute the farms," replied Senator Addlekonk. "If that doesn't work I will redistribute the farmers' daughters. Do I hear any further questions?"

"How about the budget?"

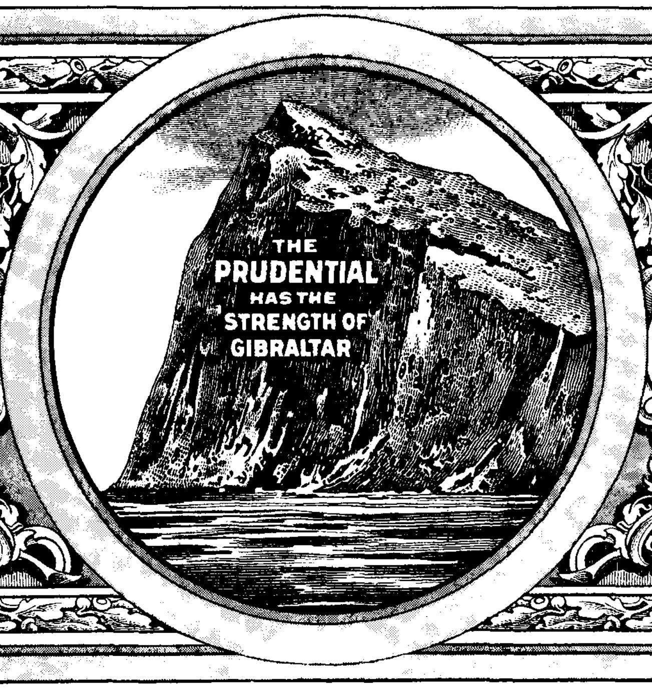
"I hear no further questions," said the senator, signaling his driver to move on to the next stop. "Thank you for your kind attention, and let me again remind you that a vote for Addlekonk is a vote for the bigger bag of peanuts, the standardization of bottle caps, more butter on buttered toast, a seventy-five per cent reduction in the number of radio hill-billy acts and the return of mustache cups to American life."

"Who was that guy?" asked a man in the crowd as the senator sped away in his sound-wagon.

"I don't know," was the answer. "They're passing through in such large numbers I can't keep track of 'em."

"Did you get what he said?"

"No. It didn't make any sense, so I guess he must have been another one of them fellers who want to be President of the United States!"



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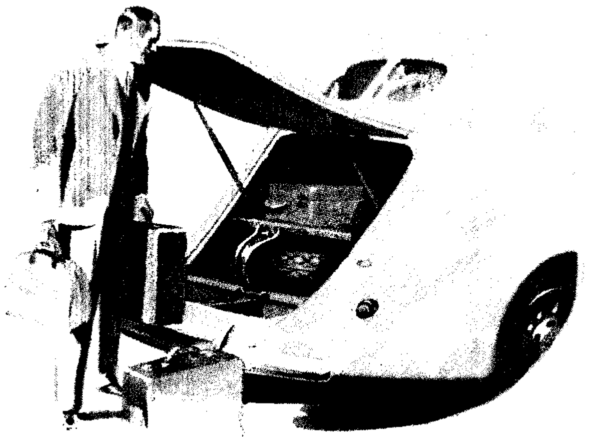
EVERY MODEL A 6-PASSENGER MODEL—$895 AND UP *f. o. b. factory*



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125-inch Wheelbase 102 Horsepower

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SYNCHRONIZED SPRINGING
BALL-BEARING STEERING
MID-SECTION SEATING
BALANC RIDE

Flight Into Youth

Continued from page 8

"Big news, my dear. You are to meet Mr. Francis Colkham. Mr. Colkham can't wait to meet you. He can't contain himself till the big time is started."

"What big time? And who," she asked, "is Mr. Colkham?"

"He's flaming youth," said Bill. "And listen, Audrey, we're friends of yours, we of the United Models and Advertisers. We'll do anything for you, even throw you to the lions. All our girls know that. Even in their darkest hours they're sure of it. If they don't they should be. What you need is Mr. Colkham. If you can live through it."

"Through what?"

"Mr. Colkham," said Bill, not paying any more attention to her than he ever did to anybody. "You're going out among them, Audrey. Mr. Colkham has up and revolted right out of Yale into the bright lights. And it isn't any one-man revolution. Mr. Colkham is bringing friends."

"Is he advertising New Haven?"

"Not the way you think. Now, these visiting firemen, captained by Mr. Colkham, arrive today for the week-end. Mr. Colkham has had but a small allowance until recently when his great-aunt Hattie slipped on a moth ball in the attic, leaving Mr. Colkham three million dollars. Mr. Colkham, who has lived a cramped life with said maiden aunts, is going to do every darn' thing there is to do and some there aren't. In a gentlemanly way."

"SO FAR," said Audrey, resting on him blue eyes framed endearingly in dark lashes, "this appears to have nothing to do with me. With models or artists." It was pathetic to hear of so much youth, freedom and money.

"Now, Audrey, you don't mean to sit there and tell me that Mr. Colkham and his two buddies can come to New York and have a fine time without some beautiful women?"

"That's splendid," said Audrey haughtily. "I don't see—"

"Don't be stuffy, Audrey," said Cora crossly. "This boy is very nice and he's much in need of knowing some nice girls. He's sick of college and of old ladies' homes."

Audrey understood that perfectly, parts of it. "But if he wants to give some girls a good time why doesn't he choose his own friends?"

"He hasn't any," said Cora firmly, "under eighty. The aunties saw to that. So he has come to us to introduce him to some of our girls. Someone with life. Someone to talk to and dance with. And he doesn't want anything but the best—girls of his own class."

"Very Social Register," said Bill. "The other two girls we're sending came out this winter. Nineteen or thereabouts. Been around a lot, a bit fed up. Mr. Colkham will need you for zest and freshness."

"It seems to me this agency has a fine lunatic touch," said Audrey incredulously. "Are you sure I won't be too wild for them?"

"Wonderful for them at a hundred dollars a day."

Audrey gasped a little. "What did you say?" She sat down suddenly.

"We did not want to make the price too high," said Bill. "Large turnover and small profits, that is our motto. We are letting Mr. Colkham enjoy your society from tonight until Sunday night for three hundred dollars. Our commission is ten per cent."

"A hundred dollars a day to be taken around and have a grand time!" Audrey stared at her employer.

"We'll try to do better for you as time goes on," said Bill. He picked up his hat and stick. "Have yourself a time," he said. The door closed after him.

Audrey sat looking at Cora. "It isn't so," she said. "You don't do things like this, here. Why, it's crazy."

"Certainly it's crazy but we're in a crazy business. You'll need clothes. All those clothes you bought in Paris two years ago are still good, aren't they?"

"Yes." Of course they were. They had been bought at the best houses and had never, poor things, had a chance to be worn.

Cora was watching her grimly. "So Bill Graves has been in love with you, too."

"Oh, no, not really. I was the only American girl over there and he was lonesome. And rather sorry for me, I think."

"Yes, that was probably the reason." Cora picked up a telephone. She talked to various people and to Audrey at the same time. "So you passed up Bill Graves," she said bitterly, she who had spent her youth and most of her looks on telephones and tact.

"I can't bear," said Audrey defensively, "simply can't bear middle-age. I like young people."

Cora closed her eyes, jerked sideways a bit as if in a swoon. "He's so middle-aged that practically every girl and woman in town is throwing herself at his head. But run along now and rest. I'll be around at seven, leading Mr. Colkham by the hand."

She was as good as her word—she always was. She arrived, conducting or conducted by Mr. Francis Colkham, a good-looking youth, slimmish but wiry, extraordinarily well turned out. It was difficult to understand why he must pay money to get anything. One expected the world to be his oyster. Which, undoubtedly, it would be, now that he had emerged.

Audrey appeared in her picture frock, in her velvet wrap, her fair hair high on her head. Mr. Francis Colkham stood at attention punctiliously while Cora presented him, stood there with the shiny box in his hand which anyone could see would turn out to be pink camellias.

A HALF-HOUR later, seated at a large round table with two of the most flawlessly lovely girls she had ever seen and the friends of Mr. Colkham, who turned out to be jaunty madmen, Audrey for the first time in her life felt at home. She had known it would be like this. She thought of all the dreams she had dreamed in her life about just being irresponsible and happy and young. Silly, if one wanted to be, too. No one here at this time cared a hoot if she or he felt silly and acted so.

"Having a good time?" Mr. Colkham whispered.

"I can't tell you." He was such a darling. And she was free. Free of the dull years on the sea she had hated, free of the sick whim of an elderly, nerve-racked husband, free for nonsense, for dancing, for music and crowds and the sounds of city laughter. Free for whims and for late hours and for doing whatever came into her head to do.

Mr. Colkham and the others, whose names she could not be bothered to remember—Hank and Ben they were—were symbols to her, their laughter seemed to fly swiftly down her past years, through that cheerless pilgrimage of her youth, to wipe it all out and start her off again at eighteen. No longer did she, alone, have to brush away a vivid picture of herself interlocked with terror and doubt in the dark, narrow lanes of an old man's love.

She was free. She was young. The years were behind. This was the present. Mr. Colkham was the present. And Hank and Ben.

"We're going to a musical comedy before we go on to the Bijou to dance," said Mr. Colkham. "Do you mind?"

"Mind?" said Audrey and suddenly began laughing helplessly. . . .

They danced at the Rainbow Club, and went up to Harlem and danced there and breakfasted at Reubens at five-thirty. Dawn was coming as Mr. Colkham left Audrey at her hotel. The lamps in the streets were like pale sunflowers and the milkmen stalked about New York. This was one of the things that Audrey had dreamed of doing, to dance and talk idiot-talk in lots of places, all night long.

BUT her mind was a blank. Her mind was like a lake without a ripple. She thought: "There never *was* anyone as tired as I'm pretending not to be. Except possibly Mr. Colkham and Hank and Ben." Of course they must be dying on their feet too.

"Good night," she murmured, wondering if she could stand up while the elevator carried her all the way to the twentieth floor. Wondering if her feet really *had* grown enormous. Wondering if Mr. Colkham, like herself, would drop in his tracks and stay there as soon as he had said good night. Tired as she was, it was pleasant to see his neat, wavy head there bending over her. Impossible not to know that he thought her lovely, romantic and—exciting; the fact that she was a widow quite evidently only added to her glamour in his eyes.

It was heavenly to have him like her, to have him accept her as of his own generation. But most heavenly, now, was to think of bed. Of a warm bath and then of her warm, restful bed. Of staying there hours and hours, of not rising from it until tomorrow—no, until tonight. Twelve hours' rest at least. "But what I need," she thought, "is twelve days. I'll *never* be rested."

That was when Mr. Colkham said: "I'll be here for you, then, at ten."

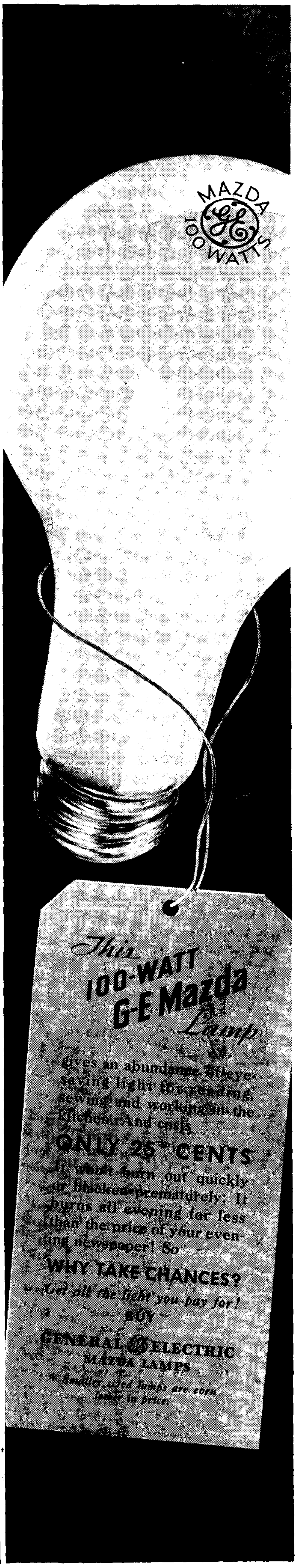
She thought, of course, he meant that night. But no, incredibly, he would be back in four hours! To skate, he said. To skate! "Up at our place in Connecticut," he said. "The caretaker has opened up the shack and says the ice is a foot thick."

"Oh." She tried to smile a little. "Oh, that will be lovely," and, tottering to the elevator, began quietly and systematically to tell herself that she could live through the day if she but had courage. "Good night," she said to his ardent eyes, to his six feet of hateful vigor.

She crept moaning into bed and remembered his words, "We'll go skating," as though they had been spoken in a nightmare. And when she was wakened by the telephone at nine-thirty and wearily pulled herself out of her bed she felt that she had abandoned herself hopelessly to misery.

Her breakfast tray came up. Her cold shower had revived her. "I think," she said to herself, after a sufficient time had elapsed between her three cups of black coffee and the news that Mr. Colkham awaited her downstairs,

(Continued on page 36)



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(Continued from page 35)

"I think I may live through the day."

She lived while they drove over the Post Road and out the Parkway, six of them, with five voices raised in song. Singing! At the top of their lungs, after being out all night. The party was five-sixths a success while Audrey remained dead. The others sang in harmony while she was alone. In spite of the dazzling air, in spite of the speed of the car, in spite of Mr. Colkham's adoring glance, Audrey was dead. But she must keep up. Neck-deep she waded in misery but when Mr. Colkham looked down at her protectively she swam up through her misery and held, precariously above its depths, her smile. She presented it to her host. "It's such fun," she said.

She kept on presenting that smile throughout the long day.

"Skates marvelously, doesn't she?" said Doris, who had been on the party the night before. "United will use her as a sports girl."

THE day went athletically on. Sometimes Audrey was off her skates but usually she was on. Sometimes she thought she would surely collapse in a minute but usually she didn't. She held one thought around her like a fur coat, like a stimulant to the ill: "I'll telephone Cora when I get back. I'll tell her she must have someone take my place for tonight and tomorrow."

But Cora, later, was inflexible: "This is business, sap," came her crisp voice back over the telephone. "I have no one else I can send. And besides, I thought you couldn't get enough of the springtime of youth?"

"Cora!"

Cora, however, had hung up.

"I've always wanted to know one of those persons who could bear up through anything," Audrey thought, "and now I am it."

Mr. Colkham said, when she went back to the table where they were dining without dressing, having reached town again about eight: "Gosh, I'm gone on you." The others were dancing, which gave him a chance. "It's that darling face of yours, I think, and your voice and your hands and everything about you so soft."

He was looking at her adoringly. Audrey could think of nothing to say. She felt humbled and perplexed and like a wanderer between two worlds. She was glad when she looked up to see Doris and Hank returning; and, amazed, across their shoulders, to behold Bill.

BILL was dining quietly at a calm table in a corner with a lovely-looking girl in mahogany velvet. She saw him there. She also saw her own hand jiggle as she picked up a fork. Bill had been looking her way, she felt, but you couldn't tell, now, by the flick of an eyelash that he had.

"There is Mr. Graves," said Becky, "with his sister. She is almost as wonderful-looking as he is. And he is marvelous. Like a statue, so aloof and distinguished."

"A statue, yes," said Audrey. She hadn't even known until that moment, really, that he was so good-looking. And so grim. But she had seen that statue when its marble surface had cracked. She got up to dance with Mr. Colkham, and Bill and the mahogany girl were dancing too. Bill danced well. He didn't talk. But then Bill never talked much. When he said anything there wasn't a waste word. When he did anything there wasn't a waste motion. But she remembered that statue coming to life beside a balustrade in Naples under a moon. A statue with blazing eyes asking her to marry him. That was what she saw with her mind, and what she saw with her eyes was Bill leaving the room, with his gray eyes and the firm line of his chin and the girl in mahogany velvet.

"Certainly, go walk out," Audrey's anger told him. "Don't be decent. Don't speak. Don't have the common courtesy to come over and ask how things are going. Go on. Walk out."

"I'll be down next week-end," Mr. Colkham was saying in her ear. "Let's make it a smaller party, yes? Just you and I?" He liked her, you could see that. He didn't mean to ignore Becky and Doris, but he couldn't remember them. All he could see, it was clear, was Audrey.

"Oh, perhaps." How romantic and dear he would have seemed to her during those years when she did nothing but rub Jasper's nerve-racked head and read to him most of the time. But he did not seem wonderful tonight. She was so tired.

"Shall we go on some other place?" Mr. Colkham said, doing intricate steps. "The orchestra here is flagging, wouldn't you say?"

Audrey drooped suddenly. She had to rest. She must get away for a minute from a man who thought an orchestra was flagging when it seemed demoniac in energy.

"I think it's very nice here," she said. "I'm going out to the dressing-room a minute and dock for minor repairs." She escaped and once more called Cora from a booth outside. But the number did not answer. Audrey hung up. Behind her closed eyes sentences began to form, reasonable, quiet sentences, things she would say to Cora. Did Cora think she was made of iron? Was she a slave because she wanted to work for their old agency? But she got no farther, for tears were forming too. They exhausted her handkerchief and as she fished wearily in her bag for another she reflected that she must be rather a sight. Not that it mattered. Nothing mattered. She was so tired.

She sat with her head on her hands. What she had been regretting all this time was the years behind and now what she feared was those dancing years ahead. Years and years of dancing, of being pretty, of laughing and looking attractive for pictures. She opened the door of the booth and then sat down again, pinned by the noise. Riding over the lights and the warmth it came, music and young people having a marvelous time, and bottles popping. That was how it would be. Day in and day out, night in and night out while college boys filled this vale of sorrow with their din.

She sat, the light above her head out. So nice in the booth. Nothing there but privacy. Soon she would get up and stow away her privacy and go back to wholesale fun.

A man said good night to a girl at the curlicued row of elevators and turned toward the street door. Walking past the booth, he caught sight of the figure *inside. That sight seemed to change* his mind about where he wanted to go.

"Bill," said Audrey in her soft, tired voice.

PEOPLE went by, laughing, talking very loud. Bellboys carried messages on chromium trays. Girls tapped on tiles with high heels. The music carried on. Bill looked at Audrey. At her hair, which had not been properly done since morning, really, and at her face, which, after all this weeping, did definitely need repairs.

"Why, you poor little thing," said Bill, said the statue, melting, breaking up. "What's the matter, girl? All in?"

She smiled a strange, guttering little smile. "Dead," she said. "I never want to see anyone under thirty-five again."

"Thirty-five?" said Bill, counting his birthdays.

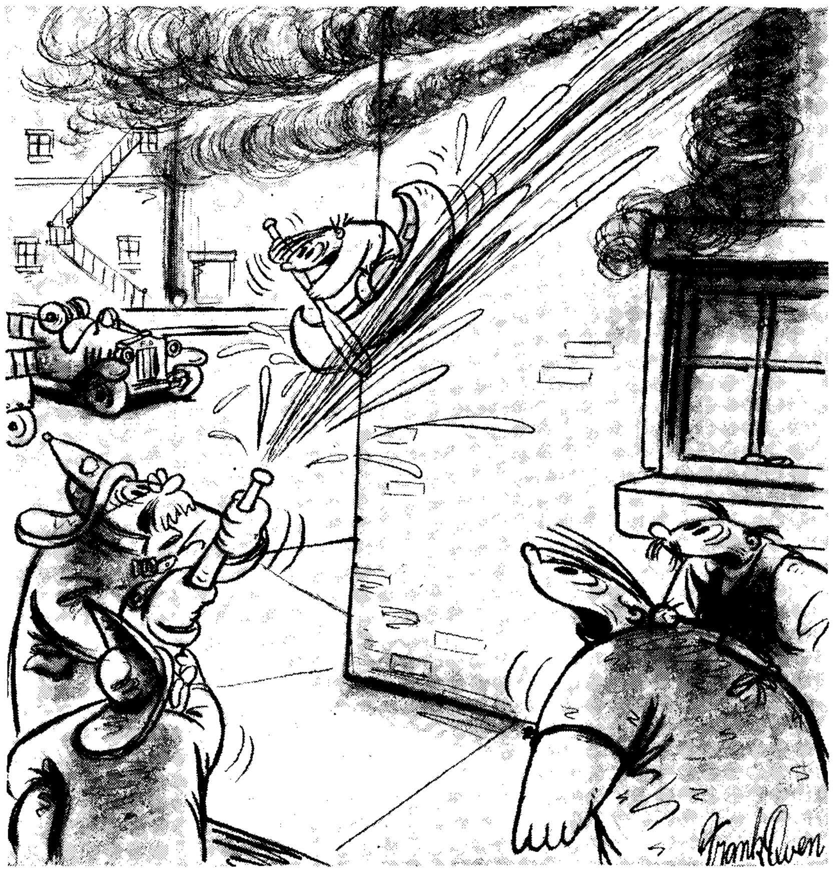
He looked at her. "Where's your coat?" he said. "Back in the dining-room? Wait here a second, and I'll get it. I'm taking you home."

Audrey said succinctly that she would wait there forever if it was necessary. If only that was what he *would* do.

"What?" said Bill.

"Take me home." It sounded so vague. "I only want a home."

You could hear the music. When Bill came back it filled your ears like the sound of angels and the whole world growing young, young.



"So you would have come down the fire escape with us, Philbert, but you wanted to try out your new canoe!" FRANK OWEN

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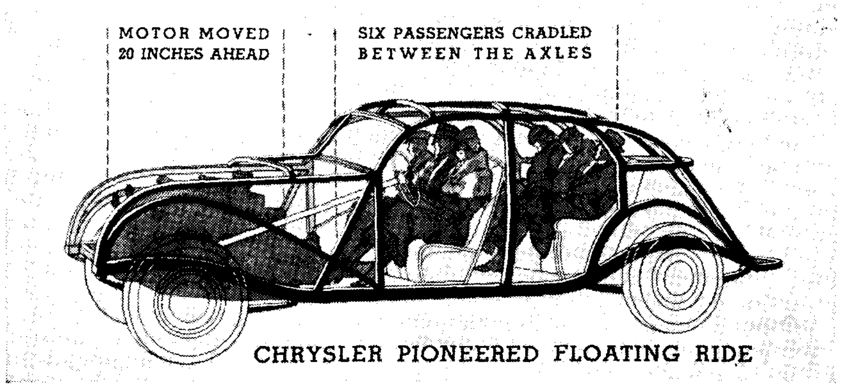
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Marked Man

Continued from page 26

gain four seats under any rearrangement.

It was a delicately controversial subject, for any shift would strengthen the wets and cities at the expense of the rural and dry folks. But he introduced a reapportionment bill and undertook a one-man crusade for it. With endless speeches, he berated Congress for its slothfulness. When his scoldings provoked only heckling and yawning, he took to the radio. Colleagues whistled "pest" through their teeth, and shunned him most unclubbily. But he put through a bill which makes reapportionment automatic every decade. This unpopular move won him no general acclaim or recognition.

"To Work, Not Play"

His next venture made him even more unpopular. It was about this time that the Old Guard declared a vendetta against Herbert Hoover. Although Senate leaders pretended to support the Administration, they entertained cloakroom cronies with rude jests at the expense of the President. The loyal, impulsive Vandenberg resented such shabby treatment of a President, and as usual, he did something about it. He helped to organize a group of dull and inexperienced Republicans who were promptly dubbed the "Young Turks." These poorly armed presidential Janizaries became the butt of sarcasm of the Old Guard, Progressives and Democrats. They succumbed to personal jealousies.

In Henry Allen, a fellow publisher, Mr. Vandenberg met a rival for the rôle of presidential spokesman. Their day usually began with a foot race to the White House for the ear of the President and a sprint to Capitol Hill for the ear of the press. It was quite a laughable performance and it did nobody any good. In fact, it was the prelude to the G. O. P.'s disaster in 1932. Out of it came the first definite split between fairly regular Republicans of East and West. Although Senator Moses laughed at Vandenberg's demand that he resign as chairman of the Senatorial Campaign Committee, the New Hampshire reactionary was stripped of all authority over campaign finances and party battles beyond the Mississippi River.

Despite the black looks, the young man was getting results of a sort. And nothing dismayed him. On the slightest pretext, and simply because of his interest and industry, he made everybody's subject his own. When he was placed on the Territories Committee, he took it seriously. He visited the Philippines to study the problem. There again he violated the code of the senatorial junketeer. He brushed aside all invitations to parties as he stepped off the ship, explaining that he had come "to work, not play." When the Senate tied itself in a knot over the proper method of reducing expenditures, he sat up nights to work out a solution detailed to the last penny. It was none of his business, for he had no connection with the bill or the committee in charge of it. He got no credit, for he simply slipped his memorandum to the proper leaders.

The New Deal is a trial to him. He is a perfect example of the devastating effect which the Roosevelt system of daring experimentalism has upon any budding opposition candidate. Long ago he abandoned narrow beliefs that strictly Republican dogma offered the only remedy for national salvation. He has sponsored and supported measures which, ten years ago, would have ranked him as a real Progressive. Even now Borah and Nye claim him as one of their own, whatever that may mean, and they spoke for him in the last campaign.

He Treads Gingerly

He commends such reforms as elimination of child labor, the shorter workweek and the minimum wage. He favors unemployment insurance, railroad pensions, emergency use of public credit for distressed home and farm owners, control of the stock markets, and a prosperity reserve in the form of planned public works. But he shrank from all the major Roosevelt experiments, and he treads gingerly. For his campaign refusal to express a "blanket endorsement or indictment of the New Deal," he was assailed as a straddler. But his caution re-elected him.

For the present, it can only be said that if President Roosevelt had not appeared when he did, this six-year senator might now be leading some kind of reorganized Republican party somewhere. That conclusion is as fair to Senator Vandenberg as it may be prophetic of the expectations of the boy from Grand Rapids who started off wrong.

17
RAY M. McGILL

Life on the Strand

Continued from page 19

worried us. We'd get ourselves out of hock and begin a new tour only to find that the tour was over. We lived in places I'd rather forget about and I had one dress and I bought my underwear at the five-and-ten."

After they played Tulsa, the tour was over and they drifted into Texas more from desperation than a desire to see the Lone Star State. Eventually they found themselves on a wagon, keeping an engagement in a town ninety miles from a railroad. Father had a hot tip on this one. This was virgin territory which could stand the Doll's Dream for months on end. At the end of a week the countryside had shown by its absence that Father was mistaken and the family was down to its last ration of grits and ham hocks. A kindly rancher got them as far as Llano, Texas, where they bogged down completely. They rigged up a stage in a garage and gave Llano a chance at the Doll's Dream, but it was no use. Gladys worked as chambermaid at the hotel where they were staying and the landlady, either from kindness or self-protection, gave them money to get to Dallas. Once there Father got a job as manager of the Hippodrome Theater and Gladys sold tickets.

Box-Office Hit

Then something romantic happened to the family. Mr. Clare was notified that he had inherited an estate in England. A lawyer was coming to New York to meet him and settle it. It was 1918 and he was risking his life from submarines but he knew Arthur Clare and the matter of identity could be settled immediately. By the time they could get their affairs settled in Dallas, the Clare family reached New York to find that the barrister had departed. This was a pretty mess. They had thrown up the Dallas job with a grand gesture and they were now stranded as usual, but this time in New York, where credit was not easy. Gladys started out for a job and landed one with Winthrop Ames, who was about to produce Maeterlinck's The Betrothal. But rehearsals were not to start until October and this was only July.

Gladys got two jobs to tide them over. She worked at Schrafft's candy counter for $12 a week and was a model at Sadowsky's cloak and suit house for $9 a week.

After playing in The Betrothal she went on the road with the Coburns in The Better 'Ole and finally landed in Hollywood with a Thomas Ince contract. She worked later for Jesse Lasky in such films as Chickens with Louise Glaum, The Easy Road with Thomas Meighan, The House that Jazz Built with Wanda Hawley and Red Hot Dollars with Douglas McLean. What stopped all that was a fire. She was in the kitchen cooking doughnuts, a silly business at best, when the hot grease from the pan burned her severely about the face and arms.

"Pfut!" says Miss George expressively. "One thing you can't get along without in Hollywood is a face. By the time I got mine fixed up, the man on the gate at the studio was asking me whether I had an appointment with somebody on the lot. They had forgotten about me."

What followed can be believed or not; we simply put it down. The story goes that Miss George dropped into the lobby at the Alcazar Theater in San Francisco to inquire about a friend in the cast and was physically detained by the box-office man, who saw in her a possibility for the lead in Cosmo Hamilton's The Blindness of Virtue, about which they were having casting troubles. Regardless of how she got the job, she was with the Alcazar company for a year and five weeks, which was some sort of a record. Stock was booming in those days and the stars were important local celebrities, breaking bread in the better homes and becoming as much an institution as the statue of General Sherman in the square. Miss George married Ben Erway, her leading man, and for many years they operated their own stock company on the West Coast.

What finally got its come-uppance was stock itself. It began to wheeze and stumble about five years ago and is now so nearly extinct that isolated examples of it are being preserved for posterity. When the collapse struck Miss George she was in Springfield, Mass. It was then that Miss George got her new Broadway chance. She had in the meantime been divorced and remarried, the second time to a gentleman of wealth. Various Broadway individuals with a nose for easy money that would have done credit to the hounds which chased Eliza across the Ohio River delivered themselves in Boston precipitately and went into investigation. They got no money but they remembered Miss George and when they began casting for Queer People they sent for her and offered her a part.

It was not a play which will ever clog up the textbooks of the colleges and it didn't even do business around Times Square, but it got Miss George another part a bit later in The Milky Way, where she was very good as the gun guy's moll. Paramount had taken an option on her after seeing Queer People but when they didn't take it up, M-G-M stepped in and, almost before she knew it, Miss George was passing Albuquerque on the way to Hollywood. It was not a happy experience. She was in the land of sunshine, weekly pay checks and beach pajamas, but they didn't know what to make of her.

Settled for the Season

"I wasn't a young beauty and I wasn't Marie Dressler and I couldn't get a chance to tell anybody I was Gladys George. When Mr. Pemberton finally got me out of there they were just about to cast me as a nun, not having anything for me to do in the way of Little Lord Fauntleroy."

After the opening of Personal Appearance, the movie gentlemen were around in what is known as droves, uttering loud noises, thrusting contracts forward with abandon and, generally speaking, in terms of the national budget. It happens that Miss George is so completely Carole Arden, the red-hot movie queen in Personal Appearance, that the movie people have visions of her as a junior deb edition of Mae West. What she is in reality is a young Mary Boland, a fine comédienne who can go on acting until inertia overcomes her.

Anyhow, little Gladys is settled down for the season at least. She has a home in a hotel and she doesn't have to entertain the ladies of the city who are acting as sponsors for the local stock company and she doesn't have to get up in the middle of the night to catch a milk truck which is going to take the family out of town. The whole business is a little strange but, because she has learned a great many rôles in her career, it is possible that she can learn a new one.

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"A RAMCO Overhaul increased the top speed of my car 10 miles to the original 70 miles per hour. Besides, I drive 750 miles on 3 quarts of oil, as against 36 miles to the quart previous," writes F. E. K., Jr., Roanoke, Va. From New Orleans, G. R. D. writes, "After 160,000 miles on my Gardner, I had decided reboring was necessary but tried RAMCO instead. Now with 25,000 miles more, my car is consuming no more oil than when new, and is quiet and smooth as the day I got it."

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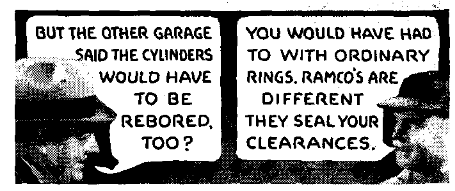
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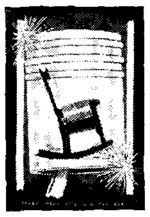

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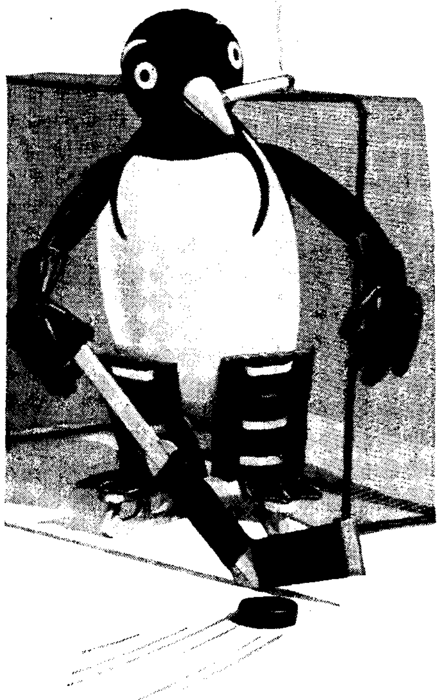

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Hook, Line and Sinker

Continued from page 25

our fighting monster rolled once in a majestic swirl, thrashing his head from side to side like a bulldog, disappearing again in a paralyzing glimpse of great green sides and shoulders turning, plunging, fighting toward white water.

We laid our catch proudly before Bill Bruce that night. They were not heavy trout, to be sure, and there were not many of them; but we had no complaints to make. We had wrested our fish from next-to-impossible conditions. Our camp had been the last word in comfort: Jack the cook had managed to solve a Russian puzzle of telescoping stovepipes and collapsible ovens, and produce hot roasts of beef, chocolate layer cakes, fresh doughnuts. In every way the trip had been a success, but—

"You ought to be here when conditions are right," said Bill Bruce, eying our catch a trifle coldly. "Six- and eight-pound trout are nothing, then. No mosquitoes. Wade every pool. They'll take a dry like nobody's business. Veritable fisherman's paradise." He sighed. "No, you really can't judge the Nipigon right now. The weather," he added, bringing down his gavel as the first meeting of the Fish Liars Club had adjourned, "is unusual."

The One That Got Away

Mike Ament, of the Hudson, Ontario, Chapter, called the second meeting of the Fish Liars Club to order. "If you want muskies," he said, "we'll show you more muskies around here than you ever saw before. We got muskies here so big that you have to cut them in half before you photograph them, so that people will believe you."

Cliff Lake is a short hour's hop by plane north of Hudson. We flew low under the threatening ceiling, banked over a green-blue fragment of jig-saw puzzle whose shores had been carved by an eccentric scroll-saw into a maze of coves and inlets, and taxied down onto the rain-swept surface. Our weather still held: cold and gray and damp. We made dry camp in a welcome trapper's cabin while Mike rummaged through our duffle, selected a reel from our tackle-box, rigged it onto a light five-foot rod, pawed over our lures, and held up at last about a 5/0 hook, tied with a Red Ibis. "There's about your muskie outfit." As we shoved off a weedy shoal in the center of the lake, Shorty glanced at the gathering clouds.

"No good for muskie," he began, stopping the boat a moment to fill his pipe, after we had trolled an hour without a strike. "Muskie go down when she starts to rain, won't come up till she starts to—"

We did not even know when it struck. Our lure had sunk rather deep while the boat drifted, and the reel clicked once or twice so gently that we thought at first we were into a weed. Shorty broke off, gazed at the taut line suspiciously and began to back the boat. The line continued to go out very slowly, then more swiftly. We struck. It sounded immediately, fighting downward with short, savage tugs, and we gave it its head. Then abruptly it rose.

It charged the boat like a bull moose crashing through a thicket. We saw it for the first time as it came half out of water some sixty feet from the boat—a monster tiger-muskie, swirling, lashing its tail furiously, kicking a shower of water behind it as it thrashed and plunged again. We pumped the rod and worked the reel desperately. For ten minutes, twenty minutes, half an hour it fought as only a tiger-muskie can, diving, boiling to the top again, floundering over and over, yanking its massive head backward. Once we saw the spinner, its barb set all too insecurely in a thin strip of gristle at the very corner of the mouth. Our only chance was to keep that line taut, to be ready with the net when the fish was close. Forty minutes. The frantic runs were growing shorter. We held the net in readiness. It came up once more, opened its mouth wearily, and rolled once lazily over the line. We had a glimpse of great white jaws, a greenish blur in the water, and the sudden flash of our spinner loose in the air; and then the line went limp.

"And I bet it would have gone way over thirty pounds," Mike Ament mourned, wringing his hands. "I know that shoal. I've seen 'em lying there forty and fifty pounds. I wouldn't be surprised if it'd even gone over fifty. I bet it would have gone sixty pounds, or even seventy." He sighed, as the second meeting of the Fish Liars Club drew to a pleasant close, "if only it hadn't got away. . . ."

At least, the Jasper Park Chapter of the Fish Liars Club can do nothing much about the scenery. That is tops. For a million years Nature groaned and sweated to evolve this stupendous circus of mountains and sheer ridges, high, gleaming glaciers and icy torrents that wind in silver ribbons down the precipices into the valleys. You cannot say much.

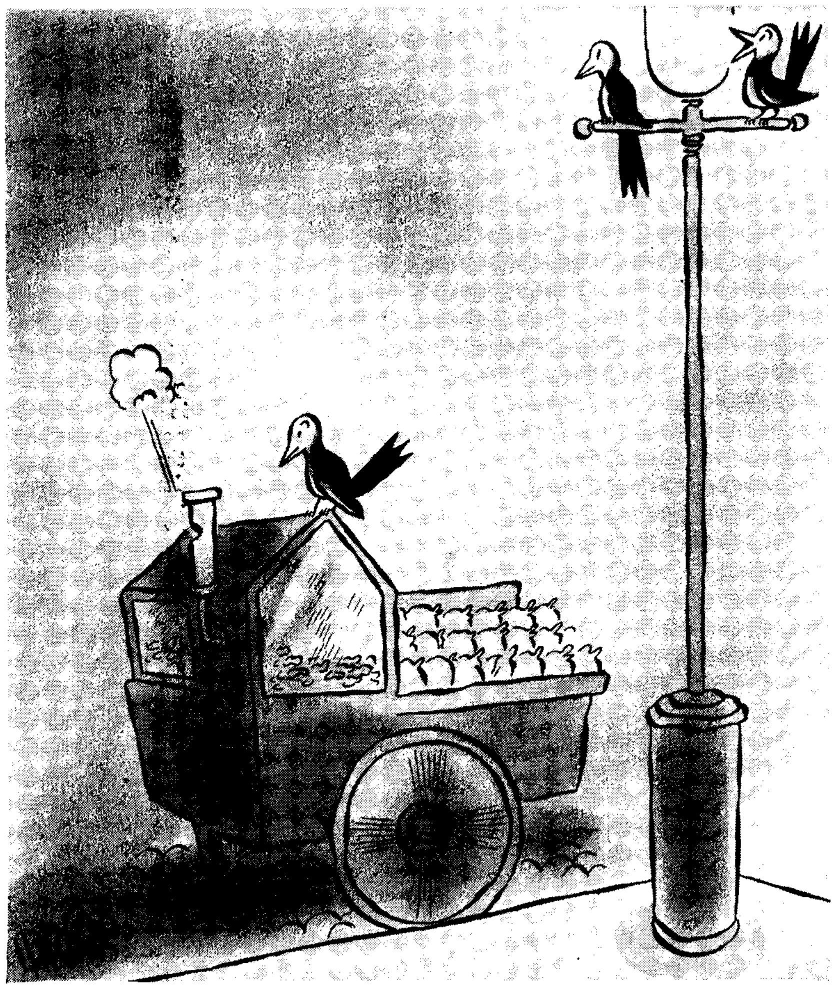
At least, we had never cast a fly in more beautiful surroundings. We fished Beaver Lake, an expanse of flooded muskeg that boiled with one-pound trout like a hatchery at feeding time, and offered a fighting native for every barbless fanwing Cahill that we laid upon its placid surface. With Major Fred Brewster, big-game hunter, sportsman and outfitter, in charge of horses and camping equipment in Jasper Park, we packed by saddle from Jasper Lodge to the connected ponds of Buffalo Prairie, and worked for rainbow in the windy Valley of the Lakes. We left the cushioned ease of the Lodge, moved north by motor, by launch, by horse, by canoe and by foot to Medicine Lake, and along the course of the rushing Maligne River, now and then trying a tempting pool along the trail, on to the unparalleled grandeur of Maligne Lake, a nine-mile stretch of glacier-cold water six thousand feet in the air and ringed by lofty peaks capped with snow, the climax of the whole unbelievable show.

From Fort St. James, forty miles north of Vanderhoof on the C. N. R., there extend some two hundred miles of connected lakes and streams, all of them navigable by launch, offering perhaps the largest continuous stretch of rainbow-trout waters in North America.

In the rivers the trout were plentiful, but we had taken nothing over three pounds; it was in the lakes, George Hamilton said, that we should find those famous ten- and fifteen-pounders, the daddies of 'em all. We trolled Stuart Lake, Takla and Trembleur; we took rainbow up to ten pounds; reluctantly we turned the nose of the Doris toward Douglas Lodge at last, ready to meet the Pacific-Alaska plane that would swoop us up from Stuart Lake like a fish hawk the following morning, and bear us in its talons to Alaska.

"Ain't really no use trying beyond here, anyways," said George Hamilton, scowling at a craggy landmark on the shore of Trembleur Lake. "You might as well reel in now. I never heard of anybody taking one past this point."

(Continued on page 42)



"He fell in love with the peanut whistle!"

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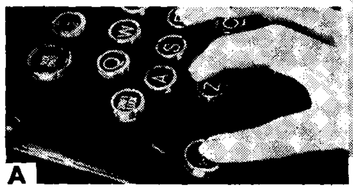
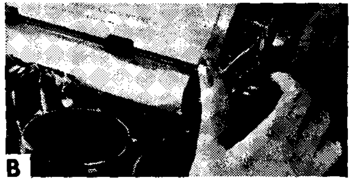


A

A. Improved Shift Freedom positively eliminates the tiring effort, the nerve-shattering jar and bang of the conventional "bobbing carriage."



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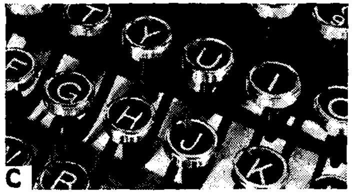

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C. Royal's Finger Comfort Keys protect the delicate nerve-ends of the finger tips. Scientifically designed—black, non-glare—they reduce eye-fatigue to a minimum.

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Hook, Line and Sinker

Continued from page 40

And then it struck. We were reeling in as it hit the spoon, and it hooked itself solidly and kept going. It ran out a hundred, a hundred and fifty, two hundred feet of line in that first mad rush. The backing was beginning to run low, the spindle of the reel grew dangerously bare. In vain we reversed the motor of the launch. There was no stopping that rampaging maniac. You might as well have lassoed the smokestack of the Twentieth Century. We held the howling reel, watching the flying handle helplessly, shut our eyes.

It jumped twelve times in those next agonizing twenty minutes; it rushed and plunged; it tried all the tricks that a fighting rainbow knows. The leader still held, the line never slackened, the tip of the rod met each erratic plunge with a stiff upward jerk. It came to the boat at last, floundering half-drowned in the water, and George Hamilton hauled it on board. He mopped his brow and gazed in silence at the indicator of the scales teetering between twelve and thirteen pounds under the limp weight of that silver-sided beauty.

"You know," he murmured at last, "that fish really should of gone more than twelve and a half pounds."

We glanced at one another hopefully.

"Yes, sir, now, you know," added George Hamilton, thereby founding on the spot the Stuart Lake Chapter of the Fish Liars Club, Douglas Lodge No. 333, "that fish would of gone fifteen pounds if it hadn't just spawned."

"Looka there, boys," said Mr. Warren, striding excitedly up and down the Chamber of Commerce offices in Victoria. "You wanta see what a tyee salmon really looks like?" He paused and gestured proudly toward a framed picture hanging on the wall. "How much do you think that one'd weigh? Fifty-three pounds," he added hurriedly, to prevent the possibility of our belittling his fish by too modest a guess.

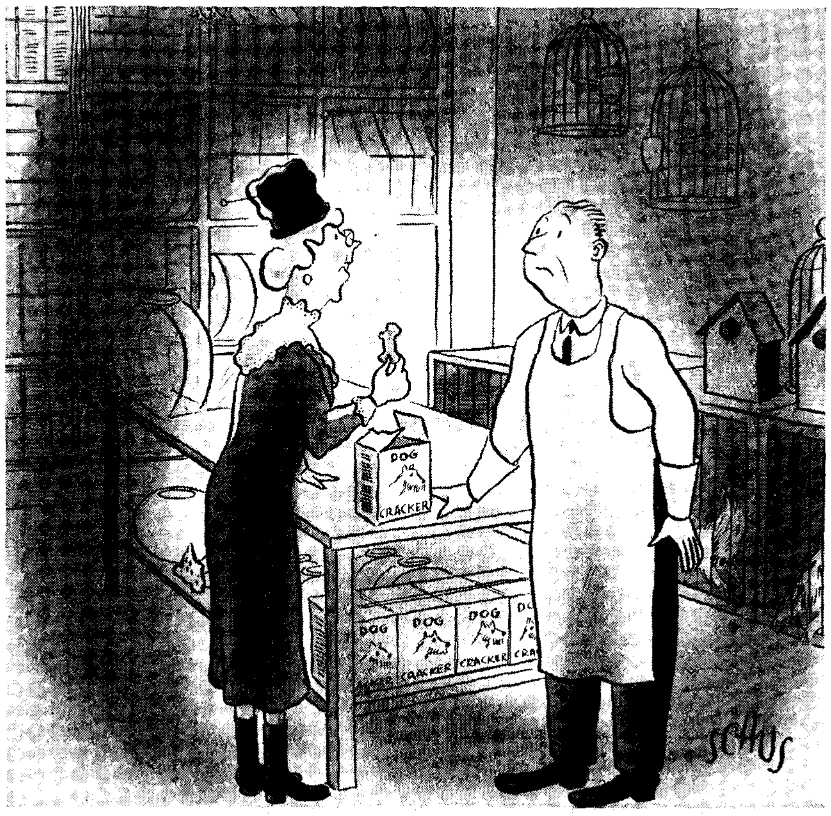
We gazed at the photograph in patent admiration. Even in juxtaposition with the triumphant figure of George Warren, himself a specimen of no mean proportions, the silhouette of that monster salmon, dangling from the official scales of the Tyee Club of British Columbia, was an awe-inspiring sight. Mr. Warren beamed.

"See what they give you if you land a fish like that? See what you get for taking a tyee over fifty pounds? Looka there, boys." He placed a thumb behind his lapel and thrust forward a shiny gold emblem. "Been fishing the Campbell River every season for ten years to get that button. Official award of the Tyee Club of British Columbia. How'd you like a gold button like that?"

We sighed enviously.

"Campbell River's about the only spot you can take these big Pacific salmon *on light tackle,*" Mr. Warren explained. "Members come here to Vancouver Island from Australia and Scotland and China every year to fish this late August run. Anybody who gets a salmon over thirty pounds is eligible to join the club. Got to follow the Tyee regulations, of course," he explained, tossing us a 1934 rule-book. "Rod at least six feet in length, six-ounce bamboo tip, not more than 25-pound test line, single hook, handle your fish alone without help from the guide." He rubbed his hands briskly. "Well, boys the car's all set. Hundred-mile drive ahead. Hit the hay early. Got to get up at 4 A. M. to catch the tide. Let's get going. Of course you won't land a gold-button fish like mine every day of the week," he added, casting a last affectionate glance over his shoulder at the photograph on the wall. "They've only taken a couple of dozen that size in the Tyee Club's history. But there's always the chance of a bronze button over thirty pounds, or even a silver over forty. At least it's worth a try. . . ."

We moved out into the black silence of Discovery Passage, and headed down the channel toward the salmon grounds just off the mouth of the Campbell River. Occasionally we passed other dim shapes, members of the early-morning fleet that had already started trolling with the slackening tide, the clunk



"My! This *is* good! Do you have the recipe?"

ADOLPH SCHUS

of oars in metal locks sounding hollowly over the water. In the strange silence of dawn, the explosive smash of a playful salmon leaping just aft of our boat brought us half erect with an involuntary gasp. We reached eagerly for the rod and dangling metal lure.

"Don't touch that spoon!" cried Old Man Smith sharply. He glared at us as we dropped the rod in some alarm, and fondled the spoon soothingly, stroking its concave sides gently with a chamois rag. "Your fingers will tarnish the silver if they touch it. I made this spoon myself, and it's never failed to take a tyee each season. I'd rather lose my right arm than have anything happen to this spoon." He handed us the rod. "All right, now you can let it out."

We began to pay out the line nervously, watching for the white mark that would indicate when we had reached the club's maximum trolling length of sixty feet. We felt a trifle crushed. Behind us Old Man Smith rowed in loaded silence; we could feel his resentful eyes fixed on the back of our neck. We checked the reel, elevated the rod to the proper angle, and stared at the other boats moving back and forth slowly across the quiet inlet, gradually grown pearl-gray and pink in the increasing dawn.

Taming a Giant

"Was that a strike?" asked Old Man Smith suddenly.

We turned and gazed at him in bewilderment.

"Don't look at me; watch the tip of your rod," he said impatiently. "You can tell if the spoon is working right by the action of the tip."

We stared dutifully at the tip, nodding steadily like a palsied octogenarian as the swiveled spoon turned underwater. Abruptly we saw it dip a little lower, and felt simultaneously a faint tug on the line. We struck. Something began to move away very gently, its slight pull almost imperceptible against the motion of the boat. The bottom, of course. We began to reel in the line.

"Take care," said Old Man Smith, with some uncanny instinct that we have never understood. "You're into a big one there."

We smiled tolerantly as we continued to take in line. No fish of any size would come to us so casually as this. We glanced at our wrist watch. 5:10. We had not yet been out fifteen minutes. It was all too easy. We sighed as we led our unseen captive steadily to the boat without a struggle. So this was the famed tyee fishing! Old Man Smith rose and poised his gaff. We lifted the rod, saw the great head of a salmon rise to the surface beside us and then, as our heart skipped a beat, we saw a black, spadelike tail cut the water five incredible feet away.

"My Lord," Old Man Smith whispered faintly, "it's over fifty pounds!"

The tyee saw us at that same instant; saw us, turned and ran. We do not know how far he ran. We do not recall distinctly what happened in the subsequent crowded hour that elapsed before we saw him on the surface again. We worked the reel desperately, taking in what line we dared, giving him his head when he chose to sound, burying the butt of the rod into the pit of our stomach, tugging, fighting, praying.

Abruptly the maddened salmon turned and charged directly through the center of the fishing fleet like a runaway horse, scattering indignant boats right and left, towing us helplessly in his wake. He carried us into the middle of the channel, back toward the treacherous weed-lined shore, over the bars and out at last toward deep water again. The dawn had broken, and in the misty light we saw him clearly for the first time as he swirled to the top, a hundred yards away, majestic, terrifying, huge beyond belief.

The salmon had halted again. Our tired fingers tried to turn the reel handle in vain. It was too much. We couldn't make it. We could scarcely hold the rod. Our hands shook, we had no strength left in wrist or arm. He was sulking, now, tugging the line with quick, impatient jolts that sent throbs of pain up our numbed arm to our shoulder. We glanced at the shaking dial of our watch. 6:20. The perspiration was running into our eyes. The rod twisted perilously in our damp hands. We could no longer close our fingers tight around the butt. We heard Old Man Smith's voice at last:

"I think he's coming in now."

He came inch by inch, in a proud death march, fighting to the finish. He wallowed and rolled feebly, sank out of sight in a final desperate plunge, rose and swirled again. Now we could see his silvery sides turning over feebly in spite of the powerful sweeps of that thrashing tail. He was not swimming now. We dragged him nearer the waiting gaff. He rolled once more and lay helpless on his side. The moment was at hand. The gaff descended, missed in its haste, caught a mere strip of skin in the top of his head. In the nick of time Old Man Smith hooked a hand under the gills, gave a mighty heave, and hauled him over the side into the boat He flopped once, and lay still.

We weighed him in at 6:30, just an hour and a half from the time we had left Painter's Landing. On the official scales of the Tyee Club he went exactly fifty-five pounds. We laid him on the beach, covered him with coarse sand to clean the patches of black scum still caked to his sides, and went solemnly to tell George Warren.

It was a gloomy meeting of the Fish Liars Club, Campbell River Local No. 1001, which was held on that strip of beach a couple of hours later. While the cameras were being assembled, we unearthed our fish and dusted the sand from his gleaming sides. George Warren, President of the Vancouver Island Chapter, shook his head hopelessly. For once the Fish Liars Club could find nothing to say. There were no alibis left. The impossible had happened. The salmon weighed fifty-five pounds. It was a gold-button fish. It had been hooked during the first ten minutes that we had ever fished for tyee. It was the only fish hooked that morning; the last heavy fish, we subsequently learned, that was taken that year. It had been taken legally, according to the Tyee Club rules. Our tackle had not broken. The fish hadn't just spawned. Even the weather had been usual. George Warren faced his fellow members with a doleful expression.

The Fish Wins

"Well, anyway," he said, "you can't say this isn't a fisherman's paradise."

With heavy hearts the members of the Fish Liars Club lifted the salmon and hung it on the scales. We did not notice that its mouth was still clogged with sand. The cameras were poised in readiness. We happened to glance at the figures on the scales.

The salmon weighed fifty-six pounds.

We looked at each other in silence. George Warren turned his head away tactfully. Very solemnly we took our worn membership cards from the bands of our hats and placed them in the salmon's gaping mouth.

It is with deep regret that we have tendered our resignations to the Fish Liars Club of Fairbanks, Alaska. We feel that we are not worthy of the honor, after all. We resign in favor of that fish.

FAMOUS CLOSE SHAVES

FRANK ENGLE
WAR CORRESPONDENT
●
Because he released important news ahead of official sanction, Frank Engle's life was declared forfeit. Miles of desert separated him from home and safety. Machine guns peppered at him from ambush after ambush. His car was riddled but Engle escaped safely.

"Most close shaves are mighty uncomfortable! But the kind I get with Colgate's small-bubble lather is a real all-day pleasure!" Frank Engle

NOW! A CLOSE SHAVE THAT'S COMFORTABLE

With the unique small-bubble lather you get from Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream

LOTS of close shaves are like this one of Frank Engle's. No repeat performances wanted! But change from ordinary big-bubble lather to Colgate's unique small-bubble lather—and you'll get a close shave you'll want every morning of the year!

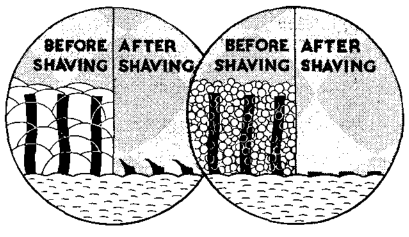
This lather gets your chin *cleaner*. Keeps your face stubble-free all day long. Yet it's painless—and the reason is that it does two things:

First—the soap in it floats away the oily protective coat that makes whiskers tough, hard to cut. Then its millions of tiny, water-laden bubbles go to work softening up every whisker *clear down to the skin-line!*

These small bubbles are wetter. They get deeper into the beard. Make beards softer at the base, where your razor works. Blades cut easier—hold their edge better. Hence no pull, no after-irritation. Your face feels fine!

Try a small-bubble shave tomorrow. A big tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream — 100 shaves — costs you only 25¢. The giant tube—200 shaves—40¢.

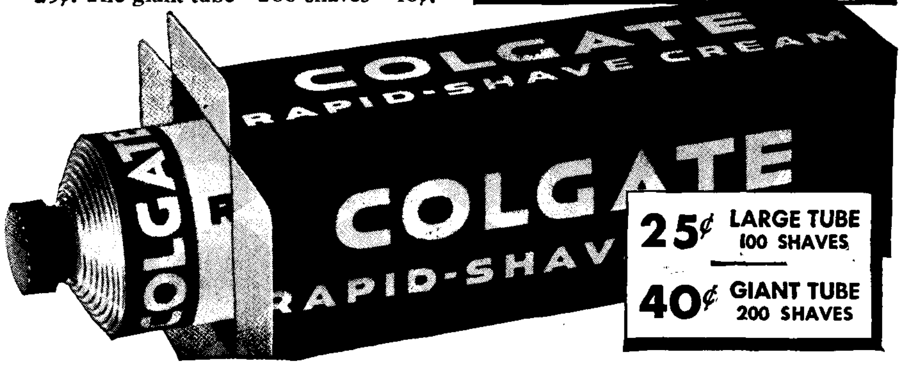
HOW SMALL BUBBLES WORK



ORDINARY BIG-BUBBLE LATHER

COLGATE'S SMALL-BUBBLE LATHER

Here's the difference between ordinary lather (left) and Colgate's small-bubble lather (right). Big bubbles hold air against the beard. Less moisture reaches the hair, so it is only partly wilted. Small bubbles hold less air, more moisture, get down to the very skin-line. The beard is made softer at the base, blades cut easier and work closer. This is the smooth, easy "skin-line" shave.


COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE
25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

WHEN MY HEAD IS STUFFED UP

When my head is stuffed up from a cold, Mistol Drops give me quick soothing relief. Nothing helps a cold more than rest and sleep but I can't sleep when my head is stuffed up, and I can't enjoy my food when I can't smell and taste.

If you want to have your head clear, sleep peacefully, and enjoy your food, just buy a bottle of Mistol, put a few drops in each nostril and see how much better you feel immediately.

The nice part about Mistol is that it is so easy to use, is not messy and unlike many other products it contains no irritating ingredients and does not sting.

Mistol Drops

Use MISTOL DROPS for your children—they'll like it.

Large—65¢
Small—25¢

Copr. 1935, Stanco Inc.

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF NUJOL

The House by the River

Continued from page 13

"Throw in your hand, Leneven. You're finished. We've known all about you for months. We know the date you were appointed to lead the Number Two gang. We know the first time you were chosen to work for the Number One lot. You were working for them last night."

"Take my solemn oath," the young man began.

"Chuck it," Superintendent Wragge interrupted wearily. "Look here, I'll tell you what I didn't mean to. We have the dying deposition of the man whom one of you shot last night. He identified you. He saw you on the driving seat of the car which had been hidden at the new hotel they're building at the back of Dorset Street."

"S'elp me—"

"Shut up!" Superintendent Wragge admonished sharply. "We want the girl. Where did you drive her to?"

Henry Leneven looked helplessly into his questioner's face. He picked up a piece of paper from the desk and made a little plan upon it. He pushed it across to Superintendent Wragge, who glanced at it; then:

"You can go back and finish your game of billiards, Henry," he said pleasantly.

"LET us," Meredith begged as he looked into Miss Mott's wild face, "abjure melodrama."

Miss Mott looked round the room, which was pleasant enough but unfamiliar.

"Where am I?" she demanded. "And why am I here?"

"I will answer your last question," Meredith replied. "I brought you here because you are going to be my woman for the rest of your life and mine, married or not, just as you please."

Miss Mott sat up in bed. Somehow or other his coolness was becoming communicated to her.

"Do I join the gang?" she asked.

"You do not," he answered. "I have finished with crime. I have made the most elaborate plans for getting away from this country. You will accompany me."

She looked around her. The room was nicely, even luxuriously, furnished, and there was a fire in the grate.

"There is really no reason why you shouldn't know where you are," Meredith observed, lounging against the chimney piece. "You are in a very large and old-fashioned house in Greenwich. This side are the gardens—rather neglected, I fear. On the other side—just across the road—is the river."

"You seem to be fond of water," she remarked.

He shrugged his shoulders.

"How did you contrive to drug me this time?"

"The manageress of your club," he explained. "The diamond ring was a little more than she could resist. No headache, I hope?"

"Nothing to speak of, thanks," Miss Mott replied.

"I will send your maid," he said, moving towards the door.

With his hand upon the knob he paused. He turned around, and for a moment he was the old Meredith—dark, saturnine, villainous.

"I have tried to introduce different elements into our conversation," he continued, "but, remember, this remains a truth—I shall kill you before I allow anyone to take you away."

He opened and closed the door. Miss Mott listened to his retreating footsteps and fear came into her heart.

Over a breakfast tray, brought by a maid, Miss Mott read a letter:

My dear little Visitor:

I fear that you will see little of me during our three days' engagement, for as I am leaving this country forever at the end of that time, I find a great deal to do. Your maid will bring you a box of books when she comes for your breakfast tray, but I must ask you to be content with your room until tomorrow evening, when I hope to be able to ask you to dine with me.

My homage and devotion,
MEREDITH.

Miss Mott tore the letter into small pieces. She ate her breakfast, however, with a good appetite. Afterwards she made a careful inspection of the room and decided that any form of escape was impossible. The windows opened one foot only from top or bottom, and the garden below, although nearly a wilderness, was walled-in and deserted. Miss Mott, with her usual common sense, decided to wait upon events.

On the following evening her dinner tray failed to arrive at the usual time. There came instead a deep voice outside her door, a word of warning and the turning of a key. Meredith presented himself. In his rather severe dinner clothes, with black tie and black studs, his appearance seemed even more forbidding than usual.

"You haven't forgotten our plan for this evening, I trust," he said.

"Your plan," Miss Mott corrected him. "I shall be very pleased to see some other room than this."

He drew her hand gently through his arm and led her toward the stairs. They passed down a spacious stairway into a dining-room of immense proportions. There was faded tapestry on the walls and the remains of some fine furniture. Dinner was served, however, at a small round table drawn within reasonable distance of a huge fire.

"What a strange house," Miss Mott remarked.

"It is the house," he confided, as he fetched her a cocktail from the sideboard, "for which the police have been searching for seven years. During the whole of that time it has been the headquarters of—what is it they call us?—the Number One Gangsters." He smiled. "Are you afraid of me, *now?*"

"Not very much," she answered. "The only fear I have is that I might have to die. I don't really want to—I'm much too interested in life."

GORDON, the perfect butler, began the service of dinner. His manner was entirely respectful; he might never have set eyes upon Miss Mott before.

"Don't you sometimes feel," she asked her host, "that yours is a life of unrealities? You are so near the edge of the precipice at every moment. I think it is perfectly wonderful how you manage to ignore it."

Meredith smiled again.

"I'm a fatalist," he said. "No one who isn't would drift into this desperate life."

"What made you do it?" she inquired, with genuine interest.

"The war," he answered, without hesitation. "It was the same with all of us, I think. The war left us with newly aroused impulses—the lust of killing, the craving for excitement. Those of us who had the instinct became freebooters quite naturally. An interesting war somewhere else would have been the only thing that could have saved us. The country, or rather the government of the country, treated its heroes foully, they treated its rank and file worse. We represent the spirit of revolt. That's all I can tell you about it."

"What were you before the war?"

"I was the youngest son of a peer and a very decent fellow, though poor," he confided. "So was the man whom you seem to have weaned away from us and whom I shall kill at any time if he comes near you—Violet Joe."

"Where is Violet Joe?" she inquired.

Meredith shook his head.

"I don't know," he admitted. "He has made a more or less honorable retreat. Nevertheless, there are a few bullets waiting for him when he comes into view. No good your looking cloudwards this time, my dear Miss Mott. Neither Violet Joe nor any other man on earth is coming to rescue you."

SHE shivered a little and watched the champagne bubbling in her glass.

"I don't see why you should be so confident," she said. "This seems to me to be a very conspicuous house."

"It is," he acknowledged. "That is why no one would believe the truth about it."

"What would happen if they did?"

"Since you ask me I will tell you: We should fight until the last, and we possess here every known device for fighting. When, finally, we were overpowered, as of course we should be, there are three separate buttons enclosed in glass bulbs, in different parts of the building. One of us would smash the glass bulbs, press the buttons, and there would be the most wonderful exemplification of that old Biblical remark about one stone not remaining on another!"

"Then you yourselves would be all killed," she commented.

He smiled.

"You get the idea," he confessed. "As a matter of fact, no one is allowed to cross the portals here, to attend the meetings or to become a resident, unless his life is already forfeit. You may take it that there is not a soul in this building, excepting yourself, who has not been guilty of either murder or manslaughter in the first degree."

Miss Mott had borne herself bravely, but the color was leaving her cheeks. She finished her champagne and pushed back her chair. The tablecloth had been removed and the shaded electric light thrown downwards upon a bowl of hothouse fruit and two decanters of wine.

"A peach," Meredith begged—"muscatel grapes—a glass of port or madeira?"

Miss Mott accepted a glass of madeira.

"You know I expect to be rescued," she said. "What will you do then?"

"The worst thing that could happen to you," he declared. "You'd have to share our fate without having the joy of the fight—"

"That doesn't sound very gallant," she complained. "If there's a fire anywhere they always let the birds and the animals free."

He bowed a trifle satirically.

"The birds and animals in natural life are dumb," he reminded her. "They don't even possess a cockatoo uncle in Scotland Yard!"

She finished her wine deliberately. Then she looked across the table at her host. For the first time she realized that in a strange sort of way he was handsome.

(Continued on page 46)

Times CHANGE: *Principles* ENDURE

February 1, 1935 is the 92d birthday of a company which established in America a great principle — mutual life insurance on a legal reserve basis.

This principle requires that a life insurance company shall maintain perpetually such margins of safety as shall guarantee "its ability to meet all obligations whenever falling due."

The persistent adherence to this principle by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York has made membership in it increasingly valuable.

Notwithstanding many adverse conditions, The Mutual Life during 1934 increased its Assets from $1,119,855,726 to $1,160,509,652.

It promptly met all its obligations to Policyholders and their Beneficiaries.

It paid Policyholders and their Beneficiaries $155,338,880.

It maintained its Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies at over $59,605,704.

Its Policy Loans decreased $13,651,975.

Its Insurance Forfeited and Surrendered decreased $157,704,907.

From its Gains in Operations, it set aside $28,308,383 for Dividends to Policyholders in 1935.

BALANCE SHEET, DECEMBER 31, 1934

ASSETS	
Cash	$52,479,810.35
United States Government bonds	104,688,967.65
State, County and Municipal bonds	24,786,773.95
Canadian Government, Provincial and Municipal bonds	14,048,262.00
Other Foreign Government bonds	766,593.74
Railroad, Public Utility and Industrial bonds	413,862,802.47
Preferred and Guaranteed stocks	18,628,275.00
Mortgage Loans (at cost)	258,047,392.75
Real Estate (at cost or less)	50,960,801.68
Policy Loans	187,714,164.89
Premiums in course of collection	16,535,151.18
Interest and Rents due and accrued	17,952,307.92
Cash advanced to pay claims	38,348.01
Total Admitted Assets	$1,160,509,651.59

LIABILITIES AND RESERVES	
Policy Reserves	$994,683,303.00
Supplementary Contract Reserves	42,708,706.66
Other Policy Liabilities	20,175,509.95
Premiums, Interest and Rents paid in advance	3,419,910.36
Miscellaneous Liabilities	6,601,631.66
Reserve against Interest on Mortgage Loans overdue more than six months	1,735,190.74
Reserve for Taxes	2,551,011.70
Dividends payable in 1935	28,308,382.69
Reserve for Future Deferred Dividends	200,765.10
Special Contingency Reserve*	519,535.18
Fund for Depreciation of Securities and General Contingencies	59,605,704.55
Total	$1,160,509,651.59

**In this statement bonds not subject to amortization and all preferred and guaranteed stocks totaling $25,018,543 are at values recommended by the National Convention of Insurance Commissioners. A Special Contingency Reserve of $519,535 carried under Liabilities and Reserves covers the difference between the Insurance Commissioners' values for the total of the non-amortizable securities and the actual market values as at December 31, 1934.*

The Mutual Life

Insurance Company of New York

DAVID F. HOUSTON *President*

34 Nassau Street, New York

Everywhere men and women are giving fresh consideration to rebuilding and strengthening their plans for security against future needs through life insurance. If you are one of these, tell us you have seen this advertisement and receive the booklet, "The Dollar that Keeps on Growing," recently published by The Mutual Life Insurance Company of New York.

THE FIRST AMERICAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FIRST POLICY ISSUED FEBRUARY 1, 1843

THE THROAT-EASE CIGARETTE
Old Gold
CIGARETTES
THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL

"My throat and I are pals, since I changed to Old Golds" SAYS Barbara Stanwyck WARNER BROS. STAR

© P. Lorillard Co., Inc.

AMERICA'S *SMOOTHEST* CIGARETTE

NATIONAL DISTILLERS
Windsor
Straight Bourbon Whiskey
100 PROOF ONE PINT
Penn-Maryland, Inc.
Penn-Maryland Corp.

"You're right, son...

You don't find this Age and Quality in many low-priced straight whiskies"

Compare

Pick up a bottle of Windsor next time you're looking for a *good* low-priced straight whiskey. Read the back label—and note Windsor's *age.* Try one drink—and compare Windsor for *taste.* Then you'll understand why this fast-selling brand has gained such enormous popularity.

WINDSOR
STRAIGHT WHISKEY

PENN-MARYLAND CORPORATION
A division of National Distillers
Executive Offices: 120 Broadway, New York City

100 PROOF

(Continued from page 44)

"I would not marry you even if it were possible. I will not become anything else to you, and if you try to force me to you will be guilty of murder because I shall kill myself. Will you let me go if I promise to keep the secret of this house and of everything else you have told me?"

His voice was incredibly gentle, his eyes disturbingly soft.

"I will not," he replied. "I will not, Miss Mott," he repeated, "because I love you and because I hope to make you change your mind."

"It is impossible," she cried.

"So has been my escape from justice on more than one occasion," he reminded her. "But I am here."

WITH every hour that passed, there grew stronger in Miss Mott's mind the conviction that this time Fate had proved too much for her. People came and went all day, but, so far as she was concerned, the house at Greenwich was a complete and absolute fortress. The woman who waited upon her, and to whom in a weak moment she appealed, looked at her with scorn.

"A thousand pounds wouldn't be no use to me, nor ten thousand," she said. "No one ever got away from the master whom he wanted to keep, and no one ever will. If I let you out into the street you'd be back by nightfall and I should be lying at the bottom of the river. If he wants you, better make up your mind to it. There's many'd like to be in your place." . . .

Gordon brought up the cocktails the next morning, announcing that his master was out to lunch. His contempt got the better of his perfect manners.

"I like money, madam," he said, "but I value my life. Money is no use unless you've a year or two to spend it in. Did you read the papers this morning?"

"No," she confessed listlessly.

"There was a young chap," he confided, "found dead on the Embankment with a hole in the middle of his forehead. He'd been taken to Scotland Yard the day before and he was on his way to bring them down here. That young fellow was your chauffeur! The master doesn't run any risks. They're still waiting there to know where he drove you. They'll wait: he'll never be their guide."

Miss Mott drank her cocktail and said no more. . . .

Meredith was back for dinner and, for him, in gay humor. He even ventured on a little badinage as to her pale cheeks and the rims under her eyes.

"All that will soon go, dear," he assured her, "when we get southwards. I'm beginning to hate these gray skies myself. Do you know that the time is drawing very near?"

"Is it?" she asked, with well-simulated indifference.

He laughed across the table.

"One part of my scheme," he confided, "has miscarried. We run too many risks in attempting that little ceremony here."

"It would have made no difference," she told him. "If you had brought your special license and the clergyman I should still refuse to marry you."

"You prefer '*la vie libre*'?" he questioned lightly. "Perhaps you are right. The only trouble is that when, in the natural course of things, death will have washed my sins away, there may be children, and my son might very well become the heir to a title of some importance. My being a more or less notorious criminal, you see, doesn't affect that situation at all."

Miss Mott failed to afford him the satisfaction of a single sign of emotion, whatever she might have been feeling. Her eyes met his steadily across the table and there was a note almost of contempt in her tone.

"The occasion for disquietude on that account will never occur," she assured him. . . .

He held the door open for her with his usual courtesy. Contrary to his custom, however, he mounted the stairs with her. She made no comment, but as she entered her room she gave a little cry. It was swept bare and her hat and coat alone remained upon the bed.

"What does this mean?" she asked, with sinking heart.

"The time is up," he told her gravely. "We leave in five minutes. We cross the river by motorboat to the yacht. She is anchored on the other side."

Then terror indeed came to Miss Mott and she shivered where she stood. Even the kindness in his tone when he spoke to her was like a subtle threat. He had seen the approach of her dour handmaiden and he frowned.

"As I dare say you know by experience, Miss Mott," he continued, "it is perfectly easy to keep you semi-conscious or wholly unconscious until you are safely on the boat. I would rather treat you like a sensible human being. Will you give me your word not to open your lips to anyone, not to cry out or try to attract anyone's attention if I leave you as you are?"

Miss Mott, also, had noticed the approach of the woman whom she had grown to hate, with a towel in one hand and a small medicine glass in the other, and she shivered.

"Yes, I will promise that," she agreed reluctantly.

Miss Mott wrapped herself in her cloak, drew on her hat and descended the stairs with Meredith. She passed into the front part of the house, which as yet she had not visited. She was dimly conscious of people about, like shadows, all men, all with that serious look in their faces which betokened a certain amount of anxiety. At the front door Gordon was stationed, no longer in his livery but dressed for a voyage. They stepped out and crossed the road, empty of pedestrians. Alongside the wharf a beautiful motorboat was waiting, her engines throbbing softly. Miss Mott took her place upon the cushioned seat, feeling her way there, for they were traveling without lights. Meredith went into the bow and, leaning forward, watched. One of the two men took the wheel and they shot away across stream.

MISS MOTT looked up at the stars and prayed—this time very earnestly indeed—and when she glanced on each side into the black waters of the river, through which they were tearing, she seemed very near to death. Then, unseen in the gloom, she slipped off her coat, kicked off her shoes and stood for a moment poised on the edge of the boat. Meredith saw her, and a great agonized shout burst from his lips. He leaped toward her. Too late! There was a splash, and nothing to be seen on the other side of the wall of darkness!

Miss Mott swam steadily on into the white rays of the searchlight of an anchored liner waiting for her pilot. Gordon was on his knees in the launch with his long automatic waiting for her to come into sight. His finger was upon the trigger when he felt the gun snatched from his hand and his master's fist crashing into his face.

"She'll peach," he cried.

"Let her," Meredith answered savagely, as he threw the automatic into the river.

Up that long streak of white light Miss Mott swam boldly on. Hoarse voices were shouting from the liner. The sound of oars drew nearer at every moment. She was smiling happily when they dragged her into the boat.

A Dollar to Windward

Continued from page 11

things could be made to provide work for large numbers of unemployed workers who had exhausted their insurance benefits.

The second part would cover those workers who are unable to work or for whom no useful employment can be found. These should receive minimum subsistence payments. But this burden should be borne by the national government and wholly out of income taxes. It obviously cannot be saddled on employers as such or on the states.

As for old-age pensions, the government divides its program into three parts.

The permanent plan sets up the Old-Age Insurance Fund under the management of the United States government. It is to begin in January, 1937—nearly two years hence. It provides for payment of contributions by employers and employees. Beginning January 1, 1937, the employee shall pay one-half of one per cent of his wages. This tax on the employee shall increase one-half per cent every five years until by 1957 employees shall be paying 2½ per cent of their wages. A similar tax shall be levied on employers. Thus, beginning January 1, 1937, employees and employers will be contributing together one per cent of pay rolls to old-age insurance. In 1942 this will be two per cent. By 1947 it will be three per cent. By 1952 it will be four per cent and by 1957 it will be five per cent. This will be an insurance fund, managed by the federal government, out of which persons on reaching the age of 65 years shall be entitled to receive an old-age benefit. These benefits will range from $7.50 a month to $60 a month.

Another part of this plan provides for payments of old-age benefits to old persons, already past the age or who will arrive at it in the next few years and for whom no insurance reserves have been accumulated. The government and the states will share in this plan. The federal government will match state payments up to fifteen dollars a month. But state plans must conform to certain minimum requirements. The state plan must be statewide. It cannot deny pensions to people who are citizens of the United States or who have resided in the state for five out of the preceding ten years, though it may put the age limit at seventy until 1940.

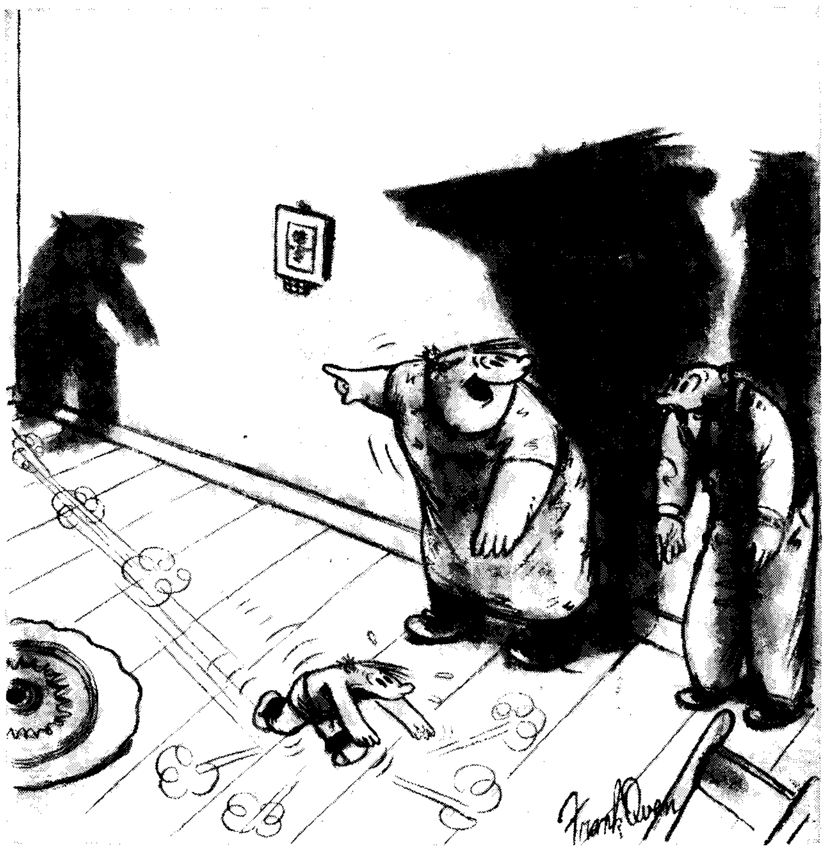
One excellent feature is that old people need not be reduced to destitution to get the benefit. For this purpose the President proposes an appropriation of $50,000,000 for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1936, and $125,000,000 a year thereafter.

The third part provides for a voluntary plan for persons not within the other categories under which any citizen may purchase from the government annuity benefits for which they will pay in accordance with an actuarial plan.

A Job for Level Heads

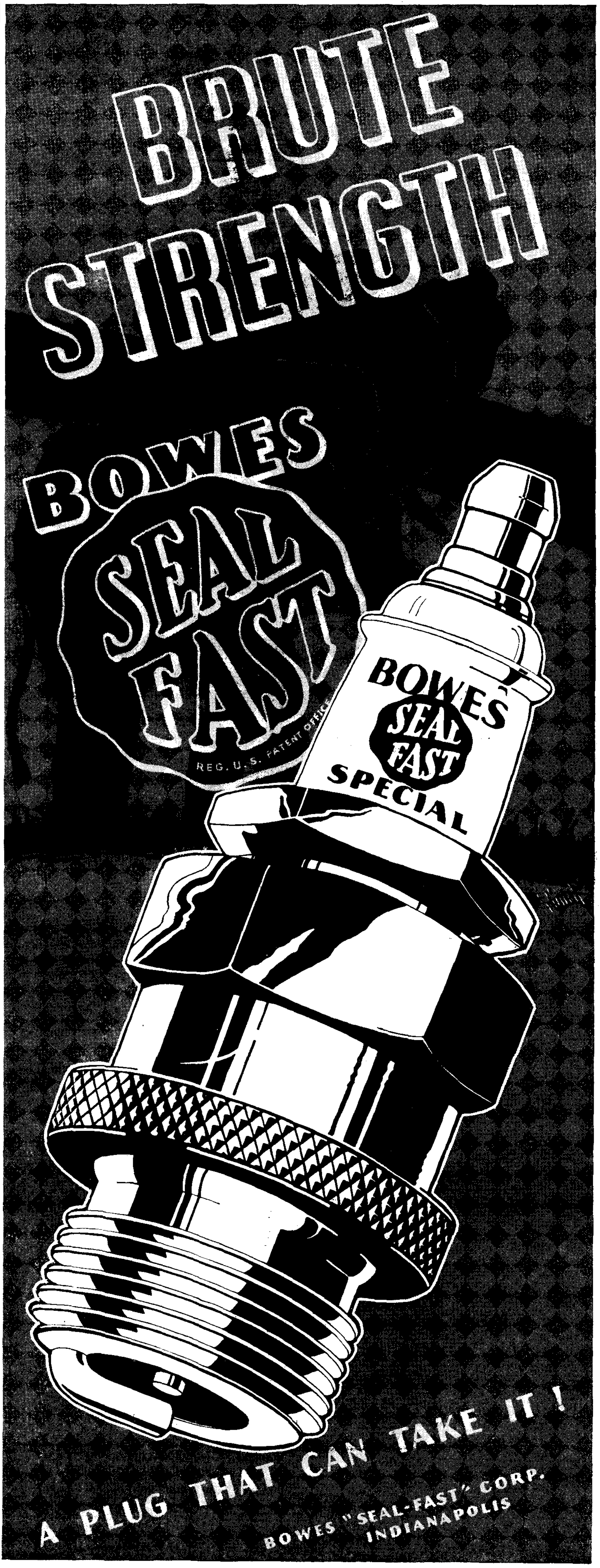
In the light of all this, it will be seen that the whole program is a modest one and that it would be a grave mistake to encourage people to believe that they can expect from it any immediate paradise for old people and those out of work. After all, money does not grow on trees—not even on government trees. You can print it, but you will soon find that money produced that way is not money after all and that it will come back upon you with disastrous fruits as certain as the evil consequences of unemployment. The whole scheme has to be organized to route to the unemployed and the aged some part of that actual income which is produced from month to month and year to year. Money is merely the representative or symbol of that income. You may print money on a printing press. But you can't print income. This business is a job for level heads.

But—the level heads had better get to work on it or the cracked ones will.



"He got scared of his shadow back there!"

FRANK OWEN



Rely on your BRAKES
... instead of your horn

Thermoid
BRAKE LININGS

THERMOID BRAKE LININGS ARE ROAD CONDITIONED
TO GIVE QUICK, QUIET, EVEN STOPS

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Three John Barrymores

Continued from page 15

smiling brightly, stepped in. She had come from the set and had thrown a frail negligee over her little dancing costume. Even Joe Stone gasped. She was gorgeous, stunning, she made your heart go ga-lump! ga-lump! But she'd make no more pictures for Amalgamated unless her twin sister went back to Denver.

"Did you send for me?" Gladys asked.

"We certainly did," said Doak.

She looked from one scowling man to another and sat down.

Eddie Doak pointed a finger at her and cleared his throat. It is difficult to raise the devil with a beautiful creature who has practically promised to marry you. If she were your wife, now, you'd cut loose with abandon. But this was different. He said, quietly: "You've got a twin sister and she's signed up with Glockheim, a cheap Poverty Row producer."

"Yes," she beamed, "isn't it marvelous?"

"Where is she?" Stone demanded.

"She arrives tomorrow morning, Mr. Stone. Mr. Glockheim hasn't even seen her."

Eddie Doak asked: "Well, how in heck—"

"Well, Mr. Alvarado wanted to act as my agent and I said I didn't need an agent but my twin sister had written how she would like to be in the movies. He's a charming man, Mr. Stone—so polite. And from an old Spanish family—with castles."

"Never mind the real estate," said Stone.

"Well, he asked about my sister and I gave him pictures of her and the next thing I knew Mr. Alvarado said Mr. Glockheim had telephoned all the way to Denver—isn't it wonderful how money doesn't mean anything in the movies?—and everything was settled and she was on her way."

Doak and Stone and Bill yelled simultaneously:

"We're saved!"

"We'll meet her in Pasadena!"

"Then she hasn't signed!"

"Oh, yes she has," said Gladys proudly. "I told Mr. Alvarado she mustn't leave until she had a contract, so they sent it air-mail and she signed it and sent it back."

BILL SATTERFIELD sat in solitary grandeur in the back seat of a studio limousine on his way to Pasadena to meet Emma, the twin. All he had to do was to persuade her to give up a chance to become a movie star and return to the church choir in Denver! Now, as he rode for perhaps the last time in an Amalgamated automobile, he tried to be a master mind and think up a way out.

The head of Amalgamated's legal department had been called in—a man noted for his ability to make or break a contract.

"Suppose we pay her," said Joe Stone, "to get her to go back to Denver."

The fat, gray-haired lawyer had shaken his head and said that under those circumstances Glockheim would have grounds for a nice suit for damages against Amalgamated. If Amalgamated even, without paying a cent, persuaded the twin not to carry out the contract she had signed, Glockheim might collect.

So Eddie Doak promptly had fired Bill Satterfield.

"You have no connection with this company any more," Eddie had said. "We're not telling you to talk her into going back. But if she does—then come around and see me. The only orders you're getting from Amalgamated are that, as a friend of the family, you are to bring her here before Glockheim or any of his people get hold of her."

As Emma, the cause of all the pandemonium, stepped from the train, Bill extended a cordial hand.

"Hello, Miss Devere," he said. "I'm Bill Satterfield. Gladys couldn't get away, so I came to meet you."

She seized his hand firmly. "Hello, Bill," she smiled. "Gladys has written me all about you." He reached down for her bags.

"Just a minute," said a hard voice, and Bill looked up to see Ramon Alvarado. "I am Mr. Alvarado, your agent, Miss Devere. You will go with me. Mr. Glockheim is waiting for you."

Emma looked from one to the other. "Well, now, Mr. Alvarado, is there any hurry? I want to see my sister, and Mr. Satterfield is—"

"I shall take you to your sister, Miss Devere. But first—"

"I think I'll go with Mr. Satterfield, thank you."

"I am your agent. You will please come with me." He took hold of her arm.

"Scram," said Bill. "Can't you see she—"

ALVARADO gave him a push. Bill tripped over the bags and fell flat on his back in the cinders. As Bill pulled himself to his feet, Alvarado gave him a stinging slap in the face.

Bill swung. Alvarado stepped back and blocked the blow cleverly and shot in a wicked straight right that made Bill stagger.

"Go get him, Bill," said Emma quietly. "I don't like my agent."

Bill cut loose with his left and Alvarado dropped.

"Nice pitching," said Emma. "Here, let me brush you off and straighten your tie. There. Now where did you say we were going?"

Alvarado, who had struggled to his feet, was backing away, not at all anxious to continue the argument. A crowd was collecting.

Emma smiled at them and waved an assuring hand. "That's all, folks," she said airily. "Just a scene for a moving picture." And while the spectators were looking around for a hidden camera Bill picked up the bags and they were on their way.

Emma settled back into one corner of the car. "Well," she said, "what's it all about?"

Bill explained everything.

"Um," she said thoughtfully, "isn't that a pretty kettle of fish? You understand that I didn't know enough about pictures to realize I was being used in a plot against my sister and Amalgamated?"

"Of course," said Bill eagerly. "And you'll go back to Denver?"

"Wait a minute. If I don't fulfill this three-year contract with Glockheim I never can work for anybody?"

"Not in show business. Not in the movies or on the stage."

"Then," she said, "I don't go back."

"But, look—"

She said softly: "You've no idea, Bill, what this means to me. Sis just drifted into her opportunity. I've slaved, Bill, really slaved, and my father and mother have actually gone without proper clothes to train this voice of mine. It isn't fair to ask me to give up my chance for a career, even for my sister."

"Oh," Bill said. "I didn't realize about the singing."

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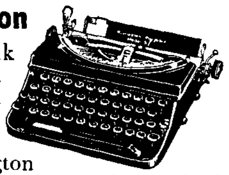

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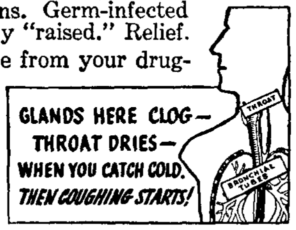

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"Some very fine teachers have told me I have a good voice. It might even, they say, become a great voice. I want to be like Grace Moore or Jeanette MacDonald. Gladys is different. She just wants to be in the movies. I want to *do* something in the movies. Don't you see, Bill? Please understand."

"I understand," said Bill.

"You've got to fix it up for both of us. You can do it. I know you can."

"I'll fix it up." He set his jaw. "I don't know how, but I'll fix it up."

He found himself trying to get his thoughts into some orderly array but his mind felt as if six dogs were in there chasing eleven cats.

Here was a girl exactly like Gladys, but not like her at all. Gladys, some way, always was leaning upon him and pulling down his spirits. This girl stood on her own feet and stimulated him.

There were brief moments when he thought that Emma was the girl he loved and who had promised to marry him and twice he caught himself as he was about to put an arm around her. Everything certainly was all mixed up.

SHE dug out of one of her bags the contract she had signed and Bill tucked it in his pocket and when they arrived at the studio he stopped a moment at the office of the head of Amalgamated's legal department and gave it to him, then proceeded with Emma to Joe Stone's office, where Joe and Eddie Doak were waiting.

"I'm very glad to know you," said Emma when she was introduced. "I want you to understand I will do everything possible to help you. Where's Sis?" she asked.

"She ducked," said Eddie Doak bitterly. "She went to meet you."

Stone cleared his throat. "How about your making up your mind—with no suggestion from us, you understand—to go back to Denver?"

She shook her head. "We'll have to work out some other way."

Bill quickly explained about Emma's voice, her struggles to train it, her ambitions.

The door opened and the attorney entered, carrying Emma's contract with Glockheim. He tossed it on the desk. "Looks air-tight to me," he said. "Her father and mother signed as witnesses."

"O. K." said Stone, hopelessly.

Bill picked up the contract and scanned it idly.

"Say, listen!" he suddenly cried.

Stone's secretary entered, bearing a telegram.

"This just came, collect," she said.

Stone read it rapidly. "Holy mackerel!" he yelled. "Now it's worse than ever! It's from Gladys. Listen [he read]: 'I am perfectly disgusted with everybody at the Amalgamated studio. I arrived at the Pasadena station and found Mr. Alvarado had been assaulted for no reason by Mr. Satterfield and that was the straw that broke the elephant's back. Mr. Stone, you and Mr. Doak and Mr. Satterfield have been just horrid and even though I am having a nervous breakdown you say I will have to work day and night and Mr. Alvarado is my only true friend who appreciates me. I am taking an airplane with Mr. Alvarado and we will be married and I am through with movies forever and Mr. Alvarado agrees because he comes from a very fine Spanish family and his people would not want him to marry a movie actress. He is giving up the agent business and we will live in his family castle in Opelousas, Louisiana. Give my love to Emma and ask her to send my things.'"

"Why—" Eddie Doak exclaimed, "she was going to marry *me!*"

"She," said Bill dully, "was going to marry me."

"She runs out on a picture that's not finished," Joe Stone snarled. "So it's *all* a loss. Everything. Two or three hundred thousand bucks go down the sewer." He looked from Eddie to Bill. "*There's* what happens when the sales department tries to run the studio." He pointed at Emma, sneering. "And now you're set. Go ahead and sing your head off. You're the only Devere in pictures."

Emma stood up, smiling, at ease.

"Why not," she said, "let me step into Gladys' part? I could take her name. And I'd do it, too, if—if you'd let me sing in the picture."

"Ha!" Joe Stone's laugh was hollow. "I thought of it when you first came in. Gladys left me cold. You've got everything Gladys has—and more. You've got brains and breeding. How one twin gets 'em and one doesn't, I don't know."

"Well?" she asked.

He pointed at the contract. "You're signed up."

Bill cried, "Hey! I had an idea. I almost forgot it." He waved the contract.

Bill said to Eddie Doak, "If you called John Barrymore 'John Whoosis', who'd come to see him?"

Eddie looked at him queerly. "Have you gone nuts too?"

"Look, Mr. Lawyer," said Bill. "Is there anything in this contract that gives Glockheim the right to bill her as Emma Devere?"

"Well-er," the lawyer cleared his throat. "It's signed by Emma Brockeldutter, which is her real name."

"I just noticed that," Bill said. "If she doesn't give permission, they've got to bill her as Emma Brockeldutter—right?"

"That's substantially correct."

Stone snatched the contract out of Bill's hands.

"The kid's right," he gloated. "They're sunk! Without the Devere name, they couldn't get a dime for their picture." He said to the lawyer. "Get Glockheim on the phone. Tell him the jam he's in, that this girl here never will give permission to bill her as anything but Emma Brockelmutter. Just to keep everything on the up and up, offer him five thousand for the contract."

"Yes, sir," said the lawyer. He looked with some admiration at Bill and went out.

Joe Stone said: "Now, Miss Emma Brockelmutter—"

"Brockeldutter," Emma laughed.

"You are christened Gladys Devere." He rubbed his hands together. "That's over."

"I knew we could work it out," said Eddie Doak. He rose and walked over to the new Gladys. "Congratulations," he said.

SHE smiled up at him. "I knew Bill could work it out," she said.

"Um. Uh, huh. How about a little lunch—to talk things over?" asked the general sales manager.

She looked across at Bill.

Bill rose. "I'm sorry, Mr. Doak," he said firmly to the Boy Wonder, "she's going to lunch with me. And," he added with some belligerence, "to dinner tonight, too."

At the luncheon table she said, admiringly, "I knew you'd fix everything."

He grinned happily.

"You know," she said thoughtfully, "Gladys wrote me that you looked like John Barrymore—John Barrymore as a young man, of course."

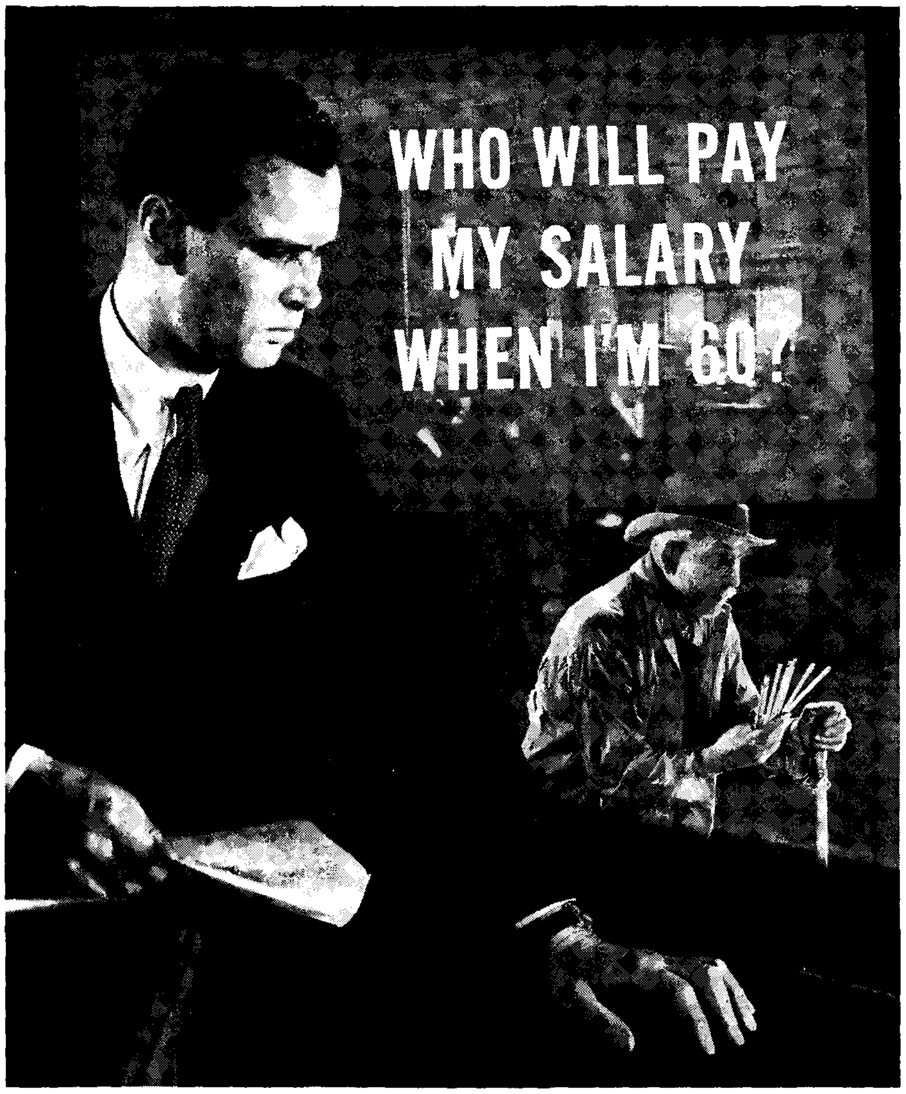
"Aw, you know Gladys."

"But she was right. You do. Your profile is—"

"*Hon*-estly?" he beamed. "You really believe that?"

"Absolutely."

"Gee!" he breathed. Now everything, positively everything, was all right.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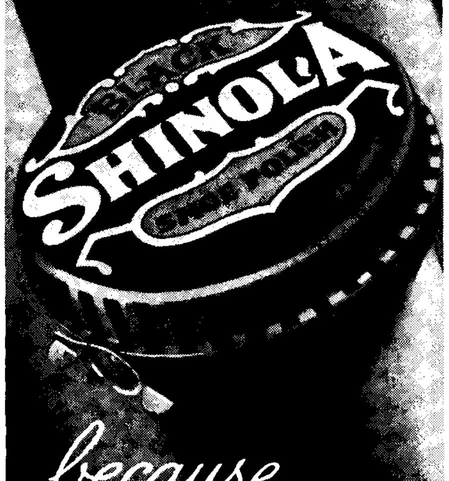

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The Smoky Years

Continued from page 21

his eyes were. It annoyed him that Shoshone's eyes were better than his own—as good as the eyes of an Indian, or a lynx.

"I'll leave my carbine standing just outside the door," Shoshone said. "I only want it for later, after we've took to the horses."

"That's all right," Roper said. "But you remember this: If there's any trouble in the cabin, you stand and fight! Because if you don't, I'll turn and plug you myself, if it takes my last shot to do it."

"Okay."

Roper went ahead now, walking boldly across the snow. Better, he thought, to simulate the casual approach of friends than to depend upon a hope of complete surprise.

As he raised his hand to the door a strange thrill of dread momentarily stirred him at the thought that Jody Gordon was inside—with whom? He glanced at Shoshone to make sure that the man was at his elbow; then, his gun out, he flung wide the door. The slab door resisted, wedged in the ice of the sill; then shuddered open with a noisy violence.

ROPER stepped in with a sidewise step that at once made room for Shoshone and brought Roper within the wall, clear of a possible shot from behind him in the dark.

"Don't anybody move!"

The uncertain and flickering light of the little fire seemed to fill the room with ample light, compared to the heavy darkness without. A man who sat upon a keg by the fire sprang up, his clawed hand reaching out to a gunbelt that lay upon the crude table; but the reaching hand rose empty in a continuous motion as the man put up his hands. Three crude bunks ranged along the rear wall. From the first of these, the one nearest the fire, a man came out with his hands up; one of his arms was heavily bandaged and its upward motion carried its sling with it.

Now Shoshone, whose heel had kicked the door shut behind him as he came in, made a headlong dive into the second of the three bunks. In that instant the thing happened that Roper most dreaded, so that in a single split fraction of a second their chances were irrevocably hurt.

As Shoshone Wilce sprang, a gun smashed out from within the shadowy bunk. The blast of its explosion was magnified in the close quarters, leaving the ears ringing in the instant of stunned silence that followed.

The barrel of Shoshone's .45 had crashed upon the skull of the man in the bunk almost in the same instant that the shot was fired. A lean hand, gripping a six-gun, dropped out over the side of the bunk, relaxed slowly, and the six-gun slid to the floor from long, dangling fingers. Shoshone Wilce held absolutely motionless for a moment, half crouched, then straightened slowly.

"Shoshone—you hit?"

"It's only—" Shoshone began. His face was ghastly and his voice quavered, but when he had fully straightened it steadied again into the same dead flatness as before. "It's only—a kind of scratch along the ribs. I'm all right."

"Jody! Jody, is it you?"

Jody Gordon had been curled up in the corner of deepest shadows. She stood up now, white-faced, her movements uncertain. Then suddenly the firelight caught the glint of the instant tears which overbrimmed her eyes.

"Bill! I thought they'd kill you!" She flung her arms about his neck with the swift impulse of a child, and kissed his mouth.

The man nearest the table made a sidelong movement toward the holstered gun that lay there; Bill Roper smashed a shot into the wall beside him, and the man jerked backward.

"Shoshone, can you ride?"

There was a curious strain in the flatness of Shoshone's voice. "I'm okay, I tell you."

Bill Roper caught up a sheepskin coat with his free hand, and flung it over Jody's shoulders. "Get gone!" he snapped. "Shoot free the ponies' tie-ropes, and ride like hell! Here—take this!" He thrust the gunbelt from the table into Jody's unready hands. "I'll see you—where I said."

"Bill," said Shoshone, "if it's the same to you, I'd rather hold them here while you ride with her."

"Get gone, I said! You—"

"Bill, I tell you, I—"

Bill Roper bellowed at him, "You want to die?"

"Okay," Shoshone said in that same strained, lifeless tone. He seized Jody's wrist, tore open the door with the hand that still held his gun, and was gone into the dark.

When they were gone Bill Roper stood listening. Outside two shots rang, a moment apart, as Shoshone shot the tied ponies free; then sounded a swift crackle of the ice crust under their hoofs as two horses galloped down-valley, and Roper knew that Shoshone and Jody Gordon were on their way.

Bill Roper estimated that he had a few seconds left. Unhurriedly, almost leisurely, he picked up the gun dropped by the man in the bunk and thrust it in his own belt. After that he collected three or four other weapons in a brief search that seemed perfunctory yet was effective because of his own practiced knowledge of where a range rider is apt to put his gun. These he kicked into a little heap beside the door, so that he would know where they were.

The man with the wounded arm spoke thickly. "You'll never get out of here alive," he told Roper.

"I wouldn't worry about that, was I you," Roper said. He slammed another harmless shot over the speaker's head, interestingly close to the man's scalp. He needed a continued sound of action at the cabin to draw the outposts in, so that Shoshone and Jody Gordon would have their chance to get clear.

AFTER that a full minute passed and stretched to a minute and a half. Evidently the outposts had been farther away from the cabin than Shoshone had calculated; but Roper heard none of them fire.

He thought, "If I can keep them interested just ten minutes more—"

Now a furiously ridden horse was coming up. Roper flattened himself against the wall beside the open door, and waited until he heard the man drop from his pony just outside. He stepped to the door, fired once, and a man crashed face downward upon the door sill itself, to lie utterly motionless.

With his boot Roper pushed the inert heap off the door sill so that the door might be closed at need. Because there were only two more shots in his gun, he picked up one of the weapons he had collected and checked its loading.

"I'd stand real still if I was you," he warned the two who stood with their hands up. He fired one more shot between them, for purposes of general discipline. "I ought to kill you; maybe I will in a minute—haven't decided yet."

Now another horse was coming in fast; in another second or two it would string into view around the corner of the cabin.

Roper cast a quick glance to see that his captives were where he thought they were. They had not moved. He dropped to one knee beside the door and fired twice quickly as a shape, dark on darkness, whirled around the corner of the cabin.

That was all—the end of the one-man war he had started to cover the retreat of Shoshone. He never remembered the shock of the blow that downed him. All consciousness ended at once, as sharply as if cut off with a knife.

He never knew which of the two men behind him sprang forward to smash him down; but he knew as soon as he knew anything at all that a long time had passed—more time than he could afford to lose.

NOBODY but an old range rider could have located in the dark the brush corral where Shoshone Wilce and Jody Gordon were supposed to wait for Bill Roper. What would have been a simple problem by daylight, in darkness became a test of scouting ability and cowman's instinct. Yet somehow, by the throw of the land, and by his deep knowledge of the habits of thought of cowmen, Shoshone Wilce nosed out that circular corral of brush, in a darkness so thick that he was uncertain he had found the landmark until he had touched it with his hands.

A faint line of gray was already appearing on the rim of the world, and a whisky-jack was calling raucously somewhere in the scrub pine.

"It's almost daylight already," Jody Gordon said, fear in her voice. "If he doesn't come soon—if he doesn't come—"

She broke off, unable to go on. "Half an hour," Shoshone Wilce said. "We'll wait half an hour."

"And then—?"

"We've got to go on."

"I can't! Not if he doesn't come. We'll have to go back. We'll have to try—"

"He said go on. We have to do like he said." Shoshone's voice dropped to a curious, fierce whisper: "Whatever happens—you remember that! You have to go on!"

They waited then, while five minutes passed. Shoshone Wilce kept his pony moving slowly up and down to prevent its stiffening up by too rapid a cooling after its run, and Jody followed his example.

"Listen here," Shoshone Wilce said at last. He dropped his voice, and sat motionless. For a moment or two there was no sound there except the rhythmic breathing of the hard-run ponies. "I want to tell you something," Shoshone resumed, his voice low, husky and strangely unsteady. "It looks like I run away and left you when your pony was shot down. I see now it looks like that. But I want you to know I didn't go to do nothing like that, Miss Gordon."

"I know," she said, "it was the only—"

"I shouldn't have done it," Shoshone said. "I wouldn't do it if I was doing it again. I figured I'd be more use to you if I could keep my horse on its feet. I figured I could best handle it like an Indian would—pick 'em off one at a time, and make sure. But I'd do different if I had it to do again."

"What else could you have possibly done? There wasn't any chance for anything else."

"I should have stood and fought," Shoshone said. "Like he would have done."

"It was better this way," Jody told him. "Don't you worry about it, Shoshone."

Shoshone said vaguely, "I want you to tell him about it. I want you to tell him I'd do different if I had it to do again."

"Why don't you tell him yourself?"

"Maybe I will. But if anything comes up—so's I don't get the chance—"

"Of course I'll tell him."

They fell silent, and after that a long time passed. Shoshone stopped walking his horse and sat perfectly motionless close to the wall of the brush corral. The gray light increased while they waited for what seemed an interminable time. It seemed to Jody that in a few minutes more they would have to admit that daylight was upon them; it seemed to her that an hour, two hours, had passed, instead of the half-hour which Shoshone had decided they could wait. But still Bill Roper did not come.

"Do you suppose he could have ridden past?" Jody asked.

"No," Shoshone said, very low in his throat.

When she could stand the suspense no more, Jody Gordon dismounted; the inaction and the cold were stiffening her in the saddle, and now she led her pony while she stamped and swung her arms.

She thought, "I'll lead my pony five times around the outside of the corral. He'll be here by then; he must be here by then."

She wondered, as she slowly led her pony around the circle marked by the walls of brush, what she would do if Roper did not come—if he never came. Perhaps go on? Perhaps go back. . . .

Jody Gordon was fighting back an overwhelming, impossible panic. She knew the cool, hard sufficiency of the men against whom Roper had pitted himself. From the standpoint of her father, who had turned against him, she knew the unassuageable bitterness, the vast, sinister malevolence which Roper had raised against himself by the miracles of the Texas Rustlers' War. If he were caught now in the grip of that malevolence—

It took all her will power to restrain herself from breaking into a run, or from mounting her pony and racing him—where? Any place, if only her high-strung nerves could find expression in action. But she forced herself to lead her pony slowly, measuring her strides while the daylight increased.

THEN, as she completed the circuit of the corral, and came again to where Shoshone's pony stood, she saw that Shoshone Wilce no longer sat the saddle. At first she thought that he had tied his pony and walked away; but as she came nearer she saw that the little man was down in the snow, huddled against the rough brush of the corral barrier.

She sprang forward, calling out his name; and there was a meaningless, nightmarish quarter of a minute while her pony reared backward from the sudden jerk upon its bridle and had to be quieted before she could advance again.

"Shoshone! What's the matter? Are you—are you—?"

Shoshone's eyes were half open; he was not asleep, but he did not answer. And now as she dropped to her knees beside him in the snow she saw that a bright trickle of red had traced a line from the corner of his mouth, crookedly across his chin.

"Shoshone!"

In the ugly panic that swept her it was many seconds before she could fully comprehend that Shoshone Wilce was dead.

(To be continued next week)

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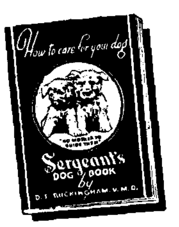

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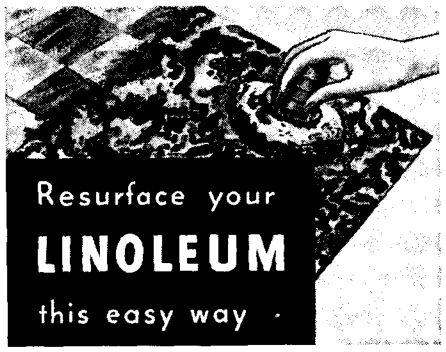

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Woman of the Family

Continued from page 18

"A pretty good round-up, Inspector?"

"A good haul, Captain."

"There'll be no doubt," said Horne, "about those that have the loot on them, but what about the lady now called Mrs. Poinsetter?"

"She had a diamond shoulder ornament in her bag, sir. The Marchioness of Liverpool's."

For a moment Horne was silent, then he said briefly: "Anything else?"

"She'd got a wallet of marked notes. Those are ours, of course. You remember that I had three men of my own here, one at the jockey's table, one sitting close to the woman Poinsetter, and one dancing a lot with that new hostess."

"*She's* quite clear," said Horne.

"Yes, sir, I think she is."

"What about the dancing man?" said Horne.

"Nothing on him, sir. We're pretty sure he's clear too."

"Where is he?"

"In a cell by himself, sir."

"I take it we shan't want him, Inspector?"

"I don't think so, sir, but I'd like to keep him for twenty-four hours while we make final inquiries."

"Where is his girl?"

"We've sent her home in a taxicab, crying, sir. Poor little thing. An address in Dulwich."

Horne nodded: "I know it; I know a little about those people. Quite honest people—all of 'em."

THAT wasn't accurate, was it? Not accurate; and yet in this moment he felt a leaping satisfaction at having cleared Eve out of the business.

It would have been her first crime, and he had prevented it. There was still a reckoning to be had with her, and he was impatient for it, and wanted to get his interviews with Lennie and Louise Poinsetter over, so that he could go back to that remote French inn where, if she was lucky, if her conscience would let her, she would now be sleeping.

He asked the highly gratified inspector: "And where is this Poinsetter woman?"

"In a cell by herself, sir. I don't care for the look of her very much. Might give us the slip. So the matron is watching her."

"I'll see her," said Horne, and he got up and left the room and went to the cells.

Grim place—a police station!

Far too grim it looked for Louise Poinsetter, when he opened the door, and, standing on the threshold, surveyed her.

It would not be her first acquaintance, as he knew, with such places. She had seen the inside of jails; she had basked in the highlights, been obscured in the low lights, of life. For all that she looked almost the perfect patrician as she sat on the narrow hard bed against the wall, those charming hands of hers, those light-fingered hands, folded languidly on her lap.

And he could not but admire her poise, her air of patience, as if she were resigning herself to all that would follow, and to another immuration from the world which indubitably she so loved, and with which she had gambled so recklessly.

But he saw what the inspector had meant by his remark, "I don't like the look of her."

Underneath that smiling calm was something fatal.

"All right, matron," he said. "Come back in five minutes. You're remaining with this lady tonight?"

"Yes, sir."

"That's perfectly absurd," said Louise Poinsetter gently. "They've searched me."

The matron went out, closing the door.

Louise looked up at Jonathan Horne.

"Good evening, Captain. Are you going to say that you're sorry to see me here? I'm sure you are not! I am sure you must be extremely glad to have caught me at last." She hadn't had time in the dark restaurant to pass the heirloom brooch, the wad of notes. The police arrangements for the restoration of lighting had foiled that. "It's the first time," she said, "in any round-up that I have been caught really red-handed. It seems so dreadfully clumsy, so unimaginative. In another minute I should have been safe."

"This time," he added grimly.

"This time," she acknowledged.

He leaned against the wall, his hands in his pockets.

To observers, had there been any, this would have appeared a dilettante conversation, just pleasant nothings of little moment; but their minds were at grips.

She had one thing, and one only, that she really wanted to say, and she was wondering if he would believe it.

"I am sorry to see you here, though," Horne said. "I am incurably sentimental, I suppose. It is the male way, and I hate to see a woman in duress even if she obstinately puts herself there. You don't really need to go on with this life, do you?"

"I suppose not; I suppose that I've feathered my nest, or could have feathered it, a good while ago. But the life's fascinating."

"Supposing I said," he countered, "that when you came out I'd try to help you, to—"

"A fresh start?" she cried. "Perish the words! I am a crook and a good crook, and I hope I'll never be anything else. How long will I get?"

He shook his head.

"I don't know. As you've been pretty lucky in your records so far—only about two cases ever proved against you, I think, and then it was held, no doubt, that you were coerced—perhaps you will get off with a couple of years."

"That's a long time," she sighed.

"It is a long time," he agreed.

THEN she said the thing that was in her mind:

"I suppose—I hope—that you will be a husband and father by the time I emerge again, Captain Horne. Too busy—and too happy—to hunt me!"

"Why should you suppose or hope that?"

"Because you would do for Eve Langham very nicely," said Mrs. Louise Poinsetter gently. Strange woman to sit there so quietly, thinking of others' romances! "And she would do for you. Most marvelously you'd suit each other. Even—" and she smiled—"a hardened crook like me hated to see her in that *galère*."

Then it was on Horne's lips to ask: "She's straight—is she?" But he could not ask it. He was ashamed to ask it, because he wanted so badly to hear the answer: "She is the straightest thing in the world." And over this, he must be scientific; the criminologist. Head must rule heart—except in so far that whatever he elicited now, Eve was to be safe from all other accusers save himself.

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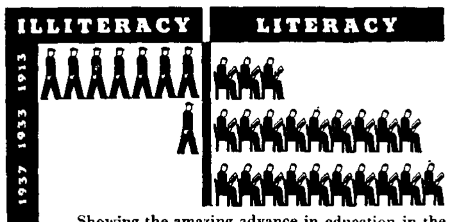

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"We're speaking of a straight girl, of course," said Mrs. Poinsetter. "Don't let's fence, or pretend. Believe me. She knew nothing. She would have had no hand in this at all. She has just been an innocent tool, and fool, but I suppose if you'd caught her here tonight, you'd have made her suffer for it."

"She'd be here with the rest of you," said Horne slowly. "She'd have had to be questioned anyway—if I had ever meant to catch her here tonight."

"And now," said Louise Poinsetter, "as the subject of jewels can't interest me just now—you put it at two years? So do I—let's talk of Eve Langham. *Why* isn't she here tonight, with the rest of us, being suspected and searched? I will tell you why, Captain Horne. You've practically told me. Because you took her away."

"Yes," he said, "I took her away."

"And why did you take her away? Because you're in love with her. You *are* a fool of a man."

THE airplane dropped gently out of a burning blue sky, into the same green field on which it had landed the day before.

"I'll want you again in an hour, or less," said Horne to the pilot.

The pilot lighted a cigarette and stretched himself on the grass beside his machine.

The best way to do things, Horne thought, as he strode towards the village, was to do them suddenly.

There was no man in the world more hotly impatient than himself when he walked into the tiny inn.

The old woman smiled to see him. Her ancient eyes interpreted his eagerness very shrewdly.

"There will be two for *déjeuner?*"

"No, there won't be two for *déjeuner*. There won't even be one, madame."

She was disappointed but resigned.

"And *mademoiselle?*" he asked.

She thought that *mademoiselle* was at the church. . . .

There, indeed, Horne found Eve with the old *curé*.

She might be angry, astonished, dismayed, frightened about her parlous situation, but at least she looked happy now to be in that dim old place with the frescoed Holy Families on the flaking plastered walls, and the altar draped in vestments of a beauty incongruous with the poverty of the little village.

She was standing full in a shaft of sunlight, and the old *curé* smiled at her.

And when he saw her thus, Jonathan Horne said to himself humbly in homely words: "She is a good girl. She is a very, very good girl . . . and I *am* a fool of a man."

Risking his chances with her, he had spent two hours as early as might be, that morning, on business of the first importance, and the result lay in his pocket: a special license for a marriage between Jonathan Horne, bachelor, and Eve Langham, spinster, at any place and at any time—at home. So that the sight of the *curé* and the old church and Eve in it made him say to himself: "The place and the time?"

It wasn't, of course, the place and the time; but it seemed to bestow a special sanction.

He swept off his hat, saluting the old man, and stood bareheaded beside Eve in the little church. "I've come back to you as quickly as I could . . . dear," he said haltingly. And she looked and saw a new man, her new Jonathan; arrogance gone, unkindness gone; a suppliant.

And then a miracle happened; afterwards, they spoke of it to each other as a miracle, that, as she looked into his eyes, and as, breathlessly, he searched hers, without a word of explanation, they understood; and fully, suddenly and completely they knew that they loved each other.

The old *curé* looked at them both, smiled, and wandered away.

Horne said: "Eve, will you take a great risk? Will you embark on the biggest adventure in the world with your eyes shut? Will you marry me somewhere, today, and talk afterwards?"

"Yes," she said breathlessly.

"And in case you feel there's a lot for you to worry about, first, Eve, I must tell you that there is no Regalia Club any more. That is over and done with, and tonight I shall show you the London papers and you'll read a tale. And your family. . . . I am doing what you asked me. Your brother-in-law is going abroad to my estate in Jamaica, so you see there is nothing for us to talk about imminently, except ourselves and what we want to do. Which is all as it should be, isn't it?"

"Yes, Jonathan," Eve said. "It seems so."

"Sweetheart!"

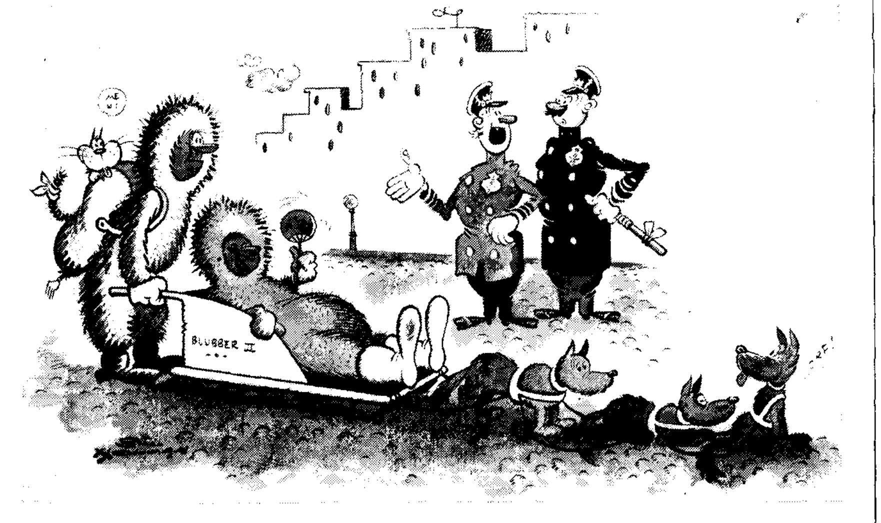
AND suddenly they laughed. And they went out of the little church hand-in-hand, back to the inn; back to the airplane.

Jonathan Horne was a very, very impatient man, which is why, when they landed out of heaven on a green English field outside of a coastal town, an expectant clergyman, apprised by telephone, waited in an urgently decorated church, ready to marry them.

"You show me what it means to be so darned rich, Jonathan. . . ."

"I can do better than that, sweetheart. I can show you what it means to be darned happy too."

THE END



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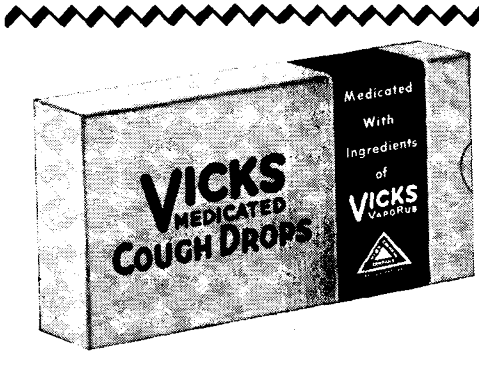
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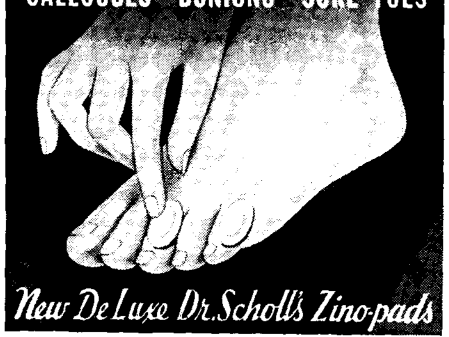

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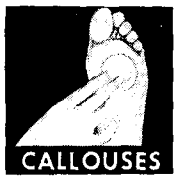

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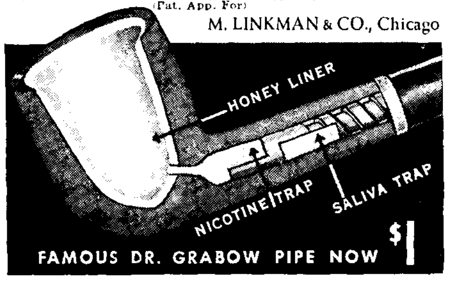

She Had to be Understood

Continued from page 23

that it would have been an equivocal tableau to observe. He turned back, feeling foolish and a little angry, but Sally had recovered her self-control.

She put her hands on his shoulders and looked up at him. "You understand others, John, because you've been hurt yourself. No one is to blame. . . . Good-by, John."

What kind of drama Sally was imagining he didn't know, but he knew darned well that, with Willard upset, this was no time for it. He was the angrier because this scene mustn't be mentioned to Julia. But, simply, he couldn't hide anything from Julia and at once found himself telling her about the afternoon. She frowned at Willard's behavior but, to his surprise, was suddenly laughing when he described Sally's.

"But hang it," he said doggedly, "Sally and Will are quarreling about something. Can't you find out what's wrong?"

"Oh, darling, not with seven mops in half a year! Somebody should tell you about poets!"

"What about poets?"

"O-oh," Julia said, with great awe, "they got thin skins, reader. They get hurt. Especially bum poets." That distracting dimple kept showing at her chin. "You know yourself, John, that girl simply has to keep dousing herself with tragedy. If there comes a time when she hasn't got a tragedy, she's always ready to go out and work for one. Poets," Julia said, "have glass jaws."

"That's twice. Just what is a glass jaw?"

She went to the shelves and got down a worn, calf-bound volume. She found a place in it, smiled at him, and read: "'Fabricius tells of one whose melancholy persuaded him his jaw was made of fine, transparent glass, so that while this humor abode he might by no means eat.'" Julia's face lighted gorgeously. "John, isn't that the most poetic delusion you ever heard about? Isn't that a tragedy no poet could help adoring?"

Suddenly the marital problems of Will Meredith didn't exist, for Julia was sitting on her husband's knees and had wound her arms tightly round his neck. "I'm crazy about you, you Neanderthal, John—saber-tooth Willis! How you manage your women! Sometime let's slay us an aurochs."

SNOW now fell steadily for three days. Bright blue days followed and Julia's customary wear became ski trousers. And toward sunset one afternoon, Sally, also on skis, came up the three miles from the village.

"That skirt's a fatuous thing," Julia said at sight of her. "Do you think you'd be unsexed if you wore pants? Come on in and dry your knees."

Sally sat on the floor before the fire and begged that no light be turned on. Twilight was her hour; decoratively resting on one hand, hip and thigh accentuated.

Suddenly Will arrived, enforcing an outward calm on obviously turbulent emotions. He surlily told Sally that he had stopped in to take her home. Sally fluffed her skirt and said, "I *adore* my hour—my twilight hour."

"Come on home with me," Will said, peremptory, hard-eyed.

Sally stood up and put on her coat.

When they had gone, John said, quietly seething, "I wanted to give her a clout on the jaw."

Julia nodded, laughed briefly, and was grave. "Will's big mistake was in not giving her one—or several—years ago." Gravity yielded to the dimple again. "I don't know how that book treated the glass jaw. But I think a good crack on it would cure the delusion. If the jaw was glass, it would break, and if it didn't break, then you'd have to admit you'd been wrong about it all those years."

"You lean toward pretty primitive remedies."

"That comes from marrying a Neanderthal," and she floated into his arms.

IT WAS not till the second afternoon that John started out to be stern with the Merediths. He was going to tell Will to take a brace, stop drinking, stop embarrassing Sally, stop being outrageous with his friends. He was going to tell Sally to come out of poetry and live in Cranston for a while. . . . But as he came through the door of Will's study, his plan vanished. For Will, drunk and abusive, rose from a chair and came at him. "Told you to stay away, didn't I?" Will said thickly. "Have I got to take a shot at you to prove it? The hell with you!"

One large fist swung at John with the full strength of a big man, but the blow carried Will off center and he toppled. John swore loudly and caught him. Will was maudlin at once, muttering weakly, "If you can't be hit, you can be shot."

John said, "You utter damn' fool!" and pulled him outside and across the snow, supporting him with one shoulder, then inside the house and upstairs. Furious, disgusted, he took Will's shoes off and put a pillow under his head, then stood above him.

"All m' affairs public knowledge," Will mumbled. "Why not? Husband of the poet—makes me public character. Drunk? Not so drunk I can't shoot straight."

No use to argue with a drunk—with a man so drunk he could threaten manslaughter. But tomorrow he would certainly have it out with Will Meredith, bring him to sanity, shame some sense into him. . . . As he went downstairs, Sally came into the hall, her face desolate. "Now you know, John, now you understand everything." The word disagreeably affected him but she walked blindly toward him and laid her head against his chest. "I'm glad you know," she whispered. "But . . . don't say anything, my dear."

"Go put an icepack on his head!"

She looked small and stricken. A little ashamed of his sharpness, he stooped and kissed her lightly. Sally clung to him, whispering, "John, dear!" He loosed her hands.

His emotions violent and confused, he submitted the story to Julia. Indignation in her eyes, she deliberated for some time before saying, "He actually tried to hit you? It seems to be Will's turn to be primitive. He would pick exactly the wrong direction."

"My college roommate!" John fumed. "We were friends in Cranston before you were born."

"So now he wants to shoot you. A perforated husband wouldn't have much charm for me, my dear. The frightened bride suggests that maybe you should do something about it."

"The shooting is just drunken talk. He'll feel like a fool when he remembers it. Do something? Well, stop looking cryptic and tell me what there is to do."

Tall, lovely, thoughtful, she said, "It's been pretty funny but a person can laugh at a joke just so long, even a good joke. This tragic delusion of Sally's is beginning to make me sick. It's Will's job to cure it but he's too soft. That puts it up to you. Or—" her foot was impatiently tapping the floor. "Or me. A shooting isn't my idea of poetry. Oh, John, you big simpleton, if you don't, I'll have to."

For all his urging, she would say no more than that, insisting it was his problem. He rose the next morning mightily resolved to bring Will Meredith to time. But he delayed starting for the village and just before noon Will himself came skiing up—dressed in rough clothes, an Adirondack pack on his shoulders, a hatchet at his belt, a rifle in one hand. He left the impedimenta on the porch and came into the house.

"You're right," he said without preface. "I've been a fool."

"You certainly have," John agreed with a full heart.

"I'm going up on Morgan for a week—that cabin of mine. Come on with me—we might kill a bear."

It was an indirect apology, as close to an entreaty as Will could come, an assurance that the old association was unbroken. And in that renewed fellowship, Will would unpack his troubles and talk them out of existence. "Of course," John said. "Go ahead and open the cabin. I'll roll a pack and be up in time for supper."

"Good!"

WILL'S restlessness did not abate; if anything, it increased. What a terrific hangover!—red-rimmed, evasive eyes, all the lines of his face deepened. He went to the cellarette and poured himself a pony of Scotch, his hands shaking. He gulped it avidly and at that moment Julia came in. She smiled and shook her head. "Before lunch, Will? What depravity! But how masculine you look in boots and breeches. Are you going hunting?"

John nodded. "He's going to the cabin on Morgan. I'm going to join him this afternoon."

A startled expression came to her face. Then she sat down and said casually, "It's too bad, John, but you can't go—not today. I've planned too many things." She flashed him a glance that was a steel-blue command. "I'm sorry, Will—I didn't know in time. You occupy the cabin alone for a day or two. John can come up later."

There was no appeal from that command. "Sorry," John said, "I'll be up later."

Black hostility was scrawled on Will's face. "Women are the damnedest!" he said. Rage thickened his voice, he gave John the same fiery hostility, growled, "I suppose there's plenty of time," turned on a hard heel and went away.

"What's the idea?" John demanded, as soon as the door banged behind him. "The one thing you've urged on me for weeks! The first sign he's getting sane again!"

Through the window, Julia watched Will, under arms and pack again, take up the trail toward Morgan. "I don't want you in a cabin on Morgan Mountain with Will Meredith just now." She moved toward the door, pulling off her sweater. "Early lunch today, John. This is the exact spot where a bum poet's gift for tragedy goes too far."

She was dressed in her skiing clothes when she came downstairs again, and through lunch she was remote, responding neither to John's resentment nor to his curiosity. Lunch over, she put on a heavy jacket and gloves.

(Continued on page 56)

"I tried all 3 lowest-priced trucks"

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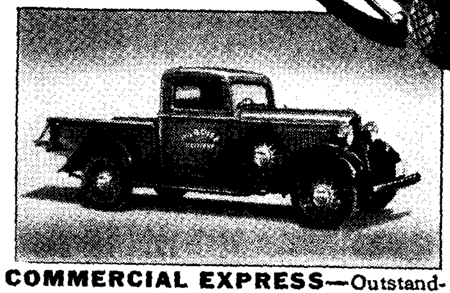

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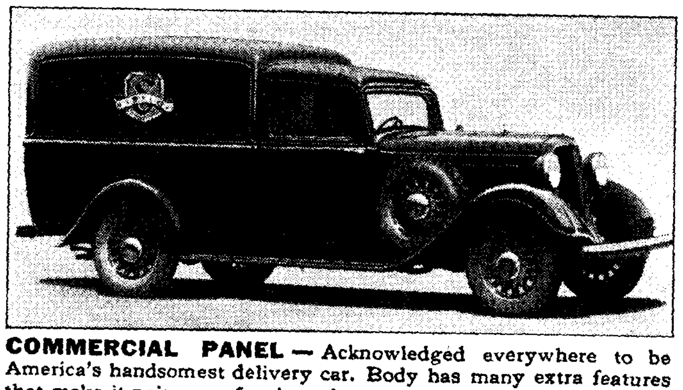

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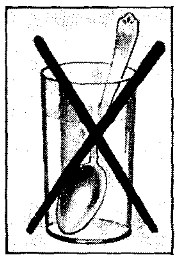

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She Had to be Understood

Continued from page 54

She drew a deep breath. "I'm going skiing. Do you know what you're going to do, John? You're going to call on Sally. You'll find her in a perfect revel of tragedy. Well, you're going to tell her you're not a minor poet. You're going to make plain to her that when you got married to me you didn't do it in a spirit of tragic renunciation."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"The way to cure a glass jaw is to smack it hard." She paused. "And the reason I wouldn't let you go hunting with Will is that accidents with firearms happen much too easily.". . .

John hoped but failed to bring some coherent idea out of tumult, skepticism and wild half-belief before he reached Sally's. She met him, pale as always, intense as always, and something more. "A revel of tragedy," Julia had predicted, and that aptly described her manner of ecstatic heartbreak.

"Will isn't here," she said at once. "I have to tell you, John. We quarreled last night. And this morning. He's gone to that log cabin of his—"

"I know. He stopped in and asked me to go with him."

"But you didn't—you came here!" Pleasure warmed her face and her voice sank. "Of course you've seen it looming up for a long time. . . . Something was bound to make us face it. He came to the head of the stairs yesterday. He saw you kissing me."

"He was a fool if he thought it meant anything."

SALLY went into one of her soliloquies. "No, it didn't mean anything. And it meant—everything. Oh, my dear. I'm so tired of mistakes and pretenses, tired of denying the truth, tired of my thoughts. Why should we go on pretending it wasn't bound to happen?"

She had curled her legs under her on a sofa and was decoratively sad with light from a window shining on her face—the poet of Cranston. "What was bound to happen?" John demanded. "You and Will lived like intelligent people for eight years."

"And all those years you were coming here. At last you came and told me you were going to be married. Then I understood."

His jaw dropped. "You understood what?"

So Sally came away from the sofa. She touched his arm. "Understood what strength you had, John, how you hid your wound like the strong man you are, how you had resolved to make your life over. I understood at last how I had hurt you, all those years."

Poetry! Simple and clear, in Sally's best style. Julia had been right. It wasn't Will who had had delusions, it was the poet of Cranston.

"That's what you've been telling Will!"

Her small hands fluttered, fragile, woeful, courageous. "Everything's mistaken and too late and changed. It's tragedy for us all. But at least we can face the truth."

"You've faced it so well he wants to take a shot at me! I've been married ten weeks. And you've been telling Will it was ten weeks of taking refuge from a hopeless love! You've stirred me into one of your poems—the farmhand who wanted more than the hills could give him! Poetry? Julia was right—it's cockeyed hallucination."

He heard a gasp and became aware that he had her shoulders in his hands. He shoved her away. This was what Julia had been disdainfully trying to tell him! Outrage grew monstrous, so that he stood there spouting fire. "Eight years of coming here and having tea and listening to poetry? And all that time I was helplessly longing for you? That's your poem? Why, you damned idiot, Sally, for eight years you were just someone that Will had married."

She was looking at him with staring eyes, one hand at her mouth, poetically postured even in dismay. An image of Julia came into his mind, Julia who was supposed to be his refuge from a tragic love. The image stirred him to greater rage. "Eight years of coming here at tea time? I'd been coming here for twenty years before you ever entered the house. There's no poetry in me, Sally, I never had a heartbreak in my life. I wasn't torturing myself with a forbidden love, I was just having tea with my friend's wife. Waiting for Will to get through with his day's work."

Julia laughing and deep-eyed—mirthfully deriding what he had been too plain in love with her to see. He went quite out of hand. "It was Julia I fell in love with. One day I was a bachelor chiefly interested in duck shooting. The next day I was a bachelor who was going to marry Julia if all hell got in the way. And I married her. That seemed natural enough. I didn't suppose it was anybody's tragedy. Julia did. Julia said—"

"At least you can spare me what Julia said!"

It was a hysterical cry, and, at last able to look at Sally, he saw that she had been all but shattered. She threw herself face down on the sofa and was noisily weeping. But a poet's tears could not halt him. "Dumb?" he roared, "who's been dumbest? The poet of Cranston, distributing tragedy to us all? Me, not knowing I had a mortal wound? Or Will, getting ready to shoot holes in me? Will has been," he decided at once and even more loudly, "the big, soft ox! He never learned how to manage his women."

He went into the hall, grabbed the first coat he saw in the closet and came back. Sally was still prone and sobbing. He pulled her off the sofa. He held out the coat. In a kind of catalepsy she slipped into it. "What are you doing now?" she moaned.

"He's up on Morgan Mountain with your delusions. Cleaning his gun to be a righteous husband. Telling himself that winter is the hardest time and we have to pay for our mistakes. Where—" John shouted, "where the hell are your skis?"

THEY were on the front porch and he dragged her out to them, then stood fuming because her shoes were inadequate. But Julia's car, with skis strapped to it, stopped at the front gate and Julia and Will got out. They came up the walk between banks of snow.

"Got him," Julia said. "He'd started back for more supplies, anyway."

She was hard and decisive but she caught sight of John's face and suddenly smiled. It was a smile that threatened to break up into giggles but it did not deter John. Still riding the crest of amazement, still shouting, he swarmed toward Will.

"You'd blacken your front sight for me, huh? Oh, a bright guy, Will, and very bitter—hitting the drink because that's what they do with wasted lives. You poor, dumb, stuttering fool, did you actually think I got married from a feeling of eight years' frustration?"

Julia's iron restraint let go. "Thanks, darling," she spluttered.

John charged on. "I don't mind your taking a poke at me, I don't hold a random shot or two against you. What gets me down is your idea that Julia is just a sort of prize in a popcorn box I got because I'd missed the circus."

Outrage now choked him off altogether. But he was standing within a foot of Will and glaring at him, probably with marked ferocity. Sudden rage broke out in Will too. "Wait a minute!" Will shouted, "Nobody can talk—"

Julia said soothingly, "John is being forthright, Will." She turned to John, "I've been exhorting too, darling, all the way down the hill. Our teamwork has been pretty good. So now let's all lower our voices."

Will's massive face cracked into a sheepish grin. "The point has been made, John, quite amply made. You were right first time. The town's been plentiful with fools for quite a while, but in any light you could pick me out first of all."

"Nobody's going to challenge that," John rumbled. "So what about it?"

WILL looked at Sally. Everybody looked at Sally and the afternoon had a sudden, shocked quiet. A red stain welled across her face. She went through snow to Will and gracefully collapsed against him, crumpled in body and spirit but crumpled decoratively. "I've listened to the bitterest things, Will dear. It's my fault, all of it's my fault, Will, and yet it isn't." Once a minor poet, always a minor poet. Sally was hushed—hushed and magnificent. "What is poetry?" she asked. She answered, humbly, "It's imagination, stirred to the core and seeing people deeper than they are."

Will's smile wasn't sheepish now; it was amused and tender. He patted her shoulder. "I know, Sally. You wanted more than the hills could give you."

Her slightness, even in her heavy coat, made his great bulk seem greater. John saw an odd expression come into his eyes—speculative, wondering, then decisive. Will looked—well, he hadn't shaved and his boots and breeches were disreputable, and his mackinaw and fur cap had an emphasized roughness. "I started to spend some time on Morgan," he said. "I'm going to. I can stand some camping out." He looked at Sally. "Go change your clothes."

Sally was small and fragile, Sally was miniature, Sally had lost stiffening. Diffidence suffused her face; she was pink and soft, even tremulous.

"Go put on some ski boots," Willard directed her. "And some pants."

Sally turned and walked toward the house.

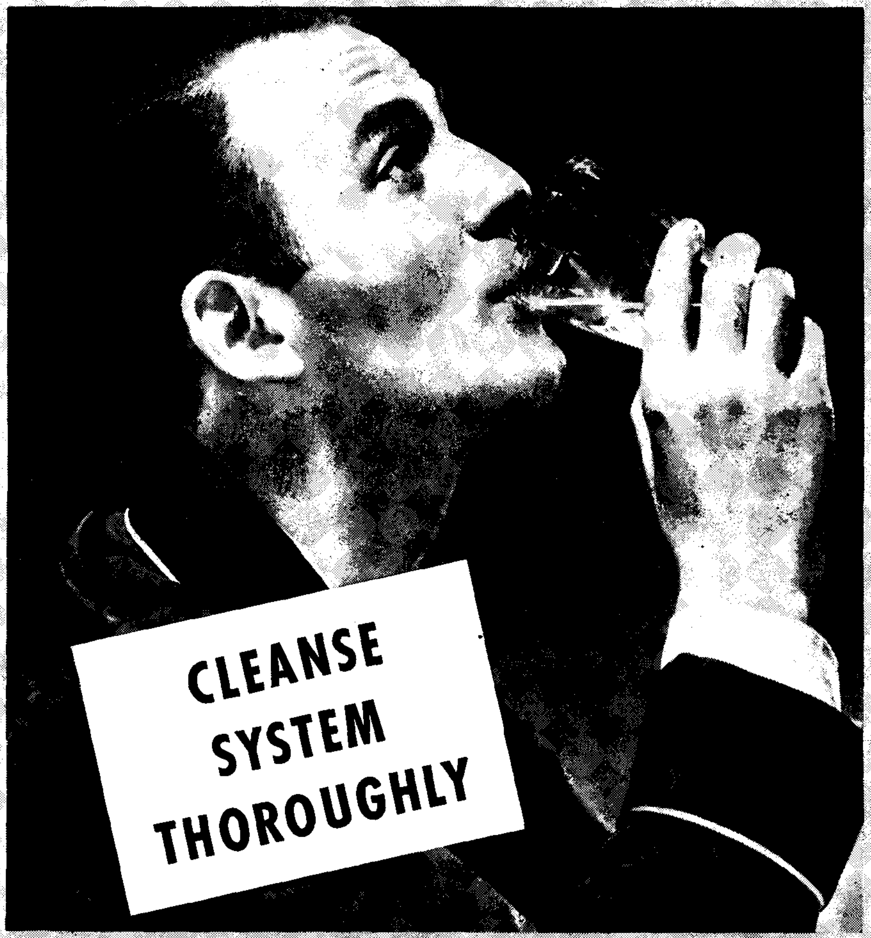
Julia pulled John away. He took Will's skis from the car, got behind the wheel and started the engine. As Julia settled beside him she said, reflectively, "I think I heard glass splintering."

She was uproarious as he drove away. "Can the bride and bridegroom now resume the troubled course of the first year?" She took a last look through the rear window. "On the trail of the aurochs—Will is putting on his skis." She laughed some more and then she sighed. "Sally ought to be quite a useful person, with a splintered jaw. I suppose there was no way I could have managed to hear it—John, you must have been simply marvelous. . . . Will you stop this confounded car and pay some attention to your bride?"

He stopped the car and she wound her arms around him. Gold curls in his eyes, her cheek against his, he wondered why she wanted to be kissed just then. He stopped wondering and kissed her.

IMPORTANT!.. this Basic step in Treating

COLDS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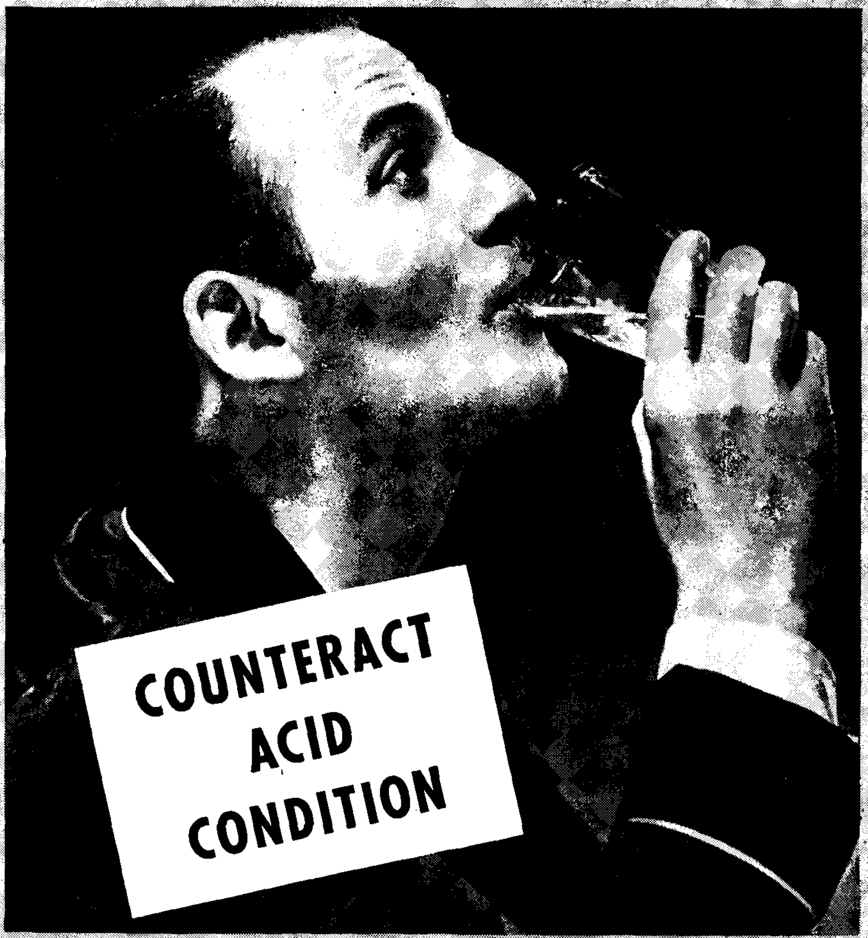
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These same results can not, of course, be expected from ordinary laxatives. For, while the usual laxative *does* cleanse your system, it is not designed to correct your acid condition.

So, at the first sign of a cold, take Sal Hepatica to cleanse your system and to correct acidity—get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way to treat colds successfully. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today!

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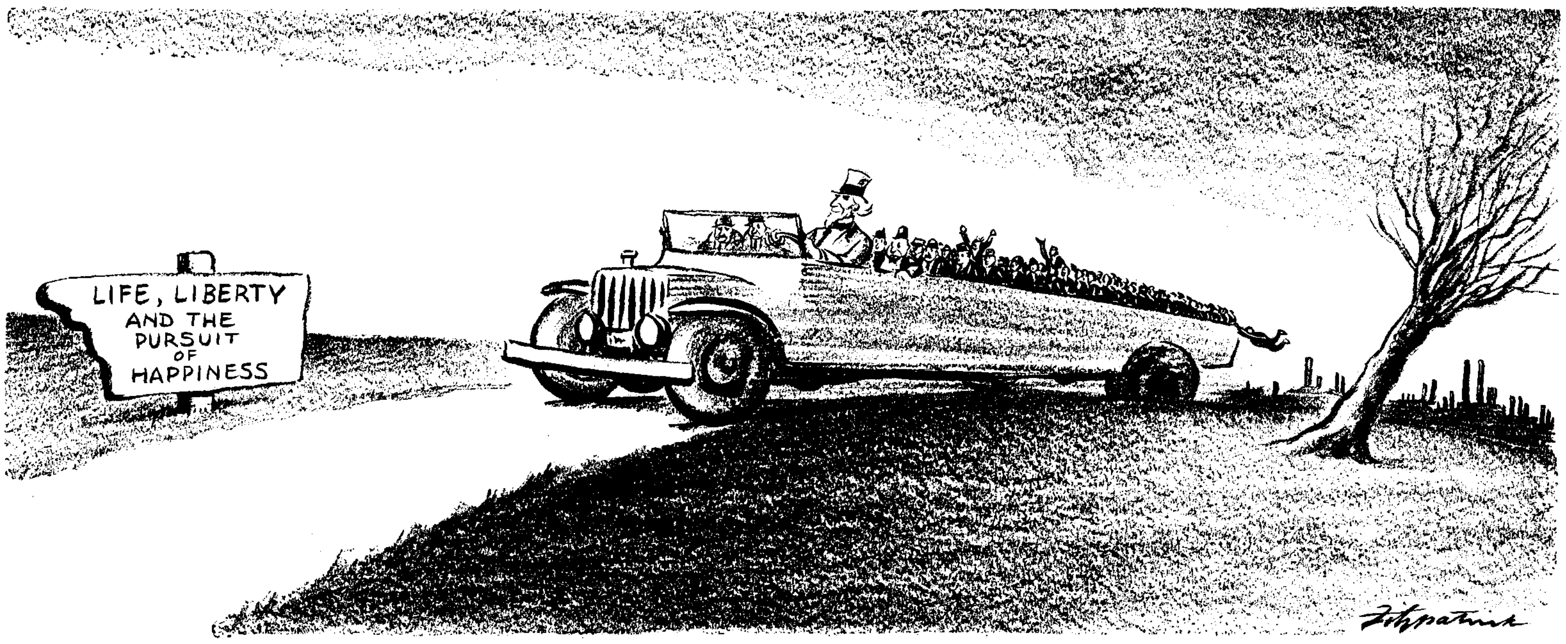
LIFE, LIBERTY AND THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS
Fitzpatrick

Two Years' Growth

TWO full years have passed since that tumultuous day on which Herbert Clark Hoover turned over the White House and the responsibility for government to Franklin Delano Roosevelt.

What years they have been! Within their brief space fateful decisions have been made. The towering emergency faced by the nation has been compared even with war.

The perils of war are, of course, incomparably more disastrous than any conceivable calamity of peace. In war, thought and energy are focussed on death and destruction. In peace our minds are centered on finding ways of saving ourselves and our neighbors from the troubles menacing all. Nevertheless, seldom, if ever before, have we consciously made choices filled with more long-time significance than during the two years which began on March 4, 1933.

Nicholas Murray Butler, veteran president of Columbia University, showed in a casual remark an almost clairvoyant understanding of the long-time meaning of recent excited events. President Butler said that the colleges would have to find new sources of revenue because the race of millionaires whose philanthropy previously endowed education was dying out.

This is not an exaggeration. The tendency and the purpose of the recent decisions have been to change the conditions which made possible vast accumulations of riches. Power has shifted from one group to another.

Before the Civil War the great landowners of the South were politically the most important group in the nation. The Civil War stripped them of authority. After, the planters, the manufacturers, merchants and bankers were dominant. No longer do the wishes and the will of organized industry and commerce prevail in national councils.

What happened to Southern landowners in Lincoln's time, what had happened earlier to the great British landlords, has befallen the leaders of corporate industry and finance during the past two years. No one man, no single group or even a single political party, can claim the credit or blame for this significant shift in power. The change came as a necessity of our new economic life. Through mechanical invention and organization we created conditions which could not be satisfactorily dealt with by the old rules of government and politics. New men and new rules were essential.

The conditions which produced the banking crisis have long existed. Herbert Hoover was not pleased with them. Intelligent, far-seeing bankers knew the dangers. As a nation we were not prepared to act, however, until the situation became so grave that those previously in control were no longer able to act.

The Roosevelt Administration did not deprive the bankers of their authority. President Roosevelt merely recognized an existing situation. The bankers had already lost command. The government stepped in to protect the public and, incidentally, also to protect the bankers.

The shift in authority, however, is definite and complete.

Similarly the action taken with reference to controlling industry and agriculture arose out of long-existing necessities. The NRA was an emergency measure, but the conditions with which the NRA attempted to deal went far back into our history.

In essence the NRA was an effort to establish some kind of rational government among competitive corporations. Previously, with antitrust laws and such we had endeavored to prevent corporations from growing too big. We had, unfortunately, only dim notions of when bigness became improper. In the long run, the principle of public control established tentatively in the NRA will not be abandoned. On the contrary, henceforth, not only in the United States but in all industrial countries, government will set the conditions under which corporations will do business.

On the relief side the federal government has accepted on an imperial scale responsibilities which were unavoidable. The hungry had to be fed and clothed and sheltered. At the present time we are trying to work out permanent methods of providing for those who under existing circumstances cannot provide for themselves. The social insurance plans look to a very long future.

History will undoubtedly record the fact that we were able to make such extensive changes in so brief a time because of the potent hold which President Roosevelt has had upon the imagination and affection of a vast majority of Americans. Without violence or serious controversy the course of the ship of state was altered. Confidence in the commander quieted crew and passengers.

No one not blinded by partisanship will argue that all of the legislation and all of the decisions of the past two years were right, wise and permanent. Mr. Roosevelt himself has said repeatedly that much of what has been attempted is frankly experimental in character. Experiments are not uniformly successful.

The President has also said, however, that the objectives behind the experimental legislation are permanent and enduring. These objectives boil down to the ancient American ideal imbedded in our Declaration of Independence. Equality of opportunity for all, a decent life under free conditions so that all may enjoy life and liberty and pursue happiness, is a worthy goal. It attracted men in 1776, and up to 1935 no more glamorous banner has been unfurled.

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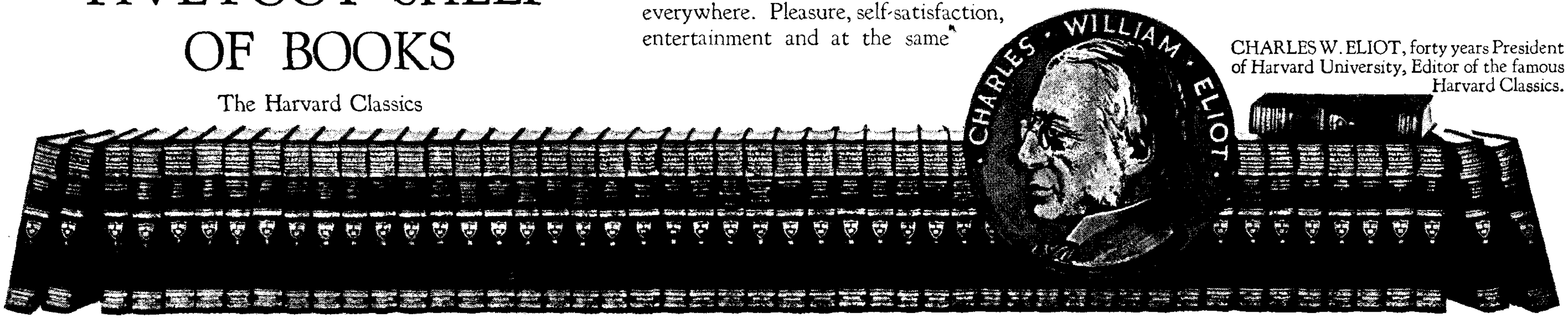

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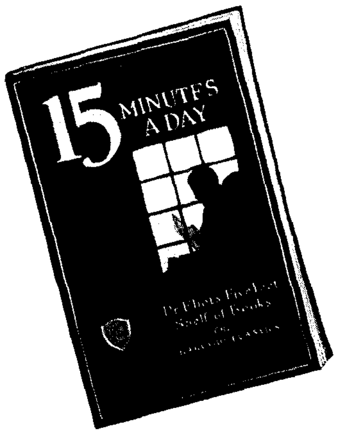

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